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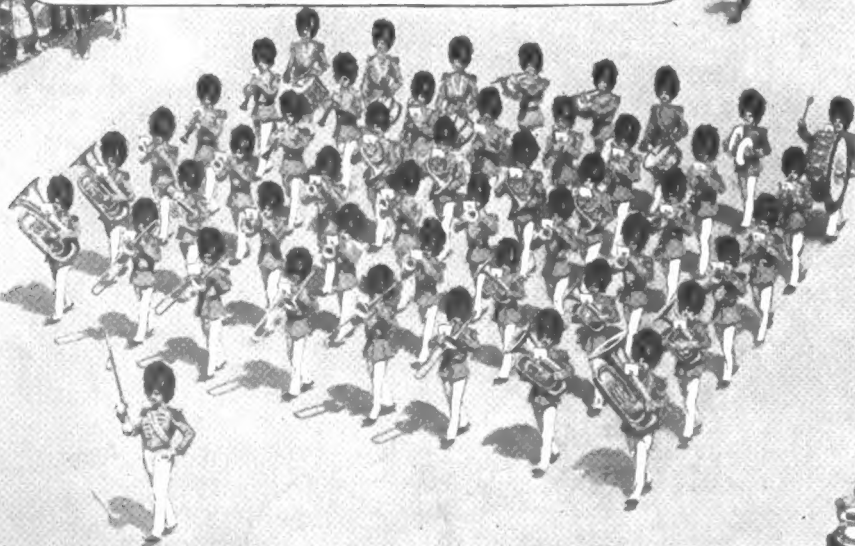
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RUSSIANS RETURNING WITH STRAINING
HOPE IN THEIR FACES.

WHAT FREE RUSSIA ASKS OF HER ALLIES

By Lincoln Steffens

ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

Here is an article in the series by which EVERYBODY'S is offering its readers remarkable opportunities to follow that "drama of deliverance" which began last March in Russia. At the outbreak of the Revolution, we cabled Isaac F. Marcossion, then in England as our representative, to go to Russia and get the first news story of those amazing Seven Days. A little later, William G. Shepherd started from America to follow up Mr. Marcossion with his own experiences and observations in Petrograd. By using the cable, we were able to present articles from both these men in the July number. Now comes Lincoln Steffens, bringing us news of the new Russia, already three months old when he left, and an answer, from the inside, to the question: Why wouldn't Russia fight?—THE EDITOR.

THE shores of Norway look just like the tourist posters of "the land of the midnight sun." They are rock; clean-washed, frozen, solid rock. And inshore, Christiania, the clean little capital, looks substantial and fine. But the cross seas of war and the Russian revolution were rocking the people, and the people were rocking the state; as the second-class prophetess had foretold on the ship the night before.

"Wait," she called down the stairs amidships, with the dark faces of the other refugees affirming her words. "wait till you

come to the land in the morning. You shall see that our revolution and your war are like the waves that tip up this boat and go on to tip up other boats till they come to the land. Land and liberty. But the revolution is only begun. When it is done, then the war will be over."

"And wars," said a man. "And autocracy," said another. Another said, "Plutocracy." A Russian said there would be "democracy."

"Really," I challenged. "Will Russia be a republic?"

"A republic!" the crowd echoed, and the

first woman, the fierce one, hissed that a "republic was nothing. . . . The United States is a republic."

"We shall have a republic, of course," a socialist said calmly. "But we here, we shall tell them in Russia that they will not copy the United States; that you are different from old Russia only that you have ten Tsars to our one."

"We shall have liberty," some one shouted. An East Sider I knew said "Free speech." A Finn called it "self-government, self-control," and a Polish fellow drawled, "Russian self-government means for other peoples too: Finns, and Liths, and us Poles; and all."

"You really hope for all that?" I spurred.

"Hope!" they exclaimed, almost in chorus. "We know. We are sure."

"But," I protested, "the French revolution; ours; yours—1905, 1908, Russia's; all the revolutions—history shows——"

"Oh, sure," said a black-bearded man, "but we know history and we shall go by it. We have studied why the others failed and—you shall see. We shall get all we have said, and——"

"Land," said a peasant-looking figure up the stairs, and the fierce woman backed him up. "Yes, land. Land and liberty." That is the slogan of the Russian revolution, like the Mexican. Land is the cry that is crying all around the world, land and liberty.

When the Russian revolt of 1905 was shot down in Petrograd and the government clamped the lid on thought and speech, the Russian writers turned to fiction, and the stuff they produced was so licentious, so sensual, so vicious that even our East Side Russians were shocked. That literature expressed the people. They, too, were vicious. History has other examples which indicate that a people will turn upon and rend itself in vice when a great, universal hope is disappointed. Would that happen again?

I wondered and, wondering, returned to the upper deck to Charles R. Crane. He knew the Russians; this was his twenty-second trip to Russia. He should be able to say whether all this faith, hope, and pride were sailing for a fall. The Tsar was gone, but had the Russians themselves the character to realize their dreams, the dreams of all the peoples? The little dancer who was giving him a Russian lesson closed the grammar over her finger to hear Mr. Crane's reply.

"The Russians," he said, "are a strong,

gentle people with a genius for cooperation and centuries of experience in local self-government and community ownership. They know what 'land' means; ninety per cent. of them already have some of it. And——" A burst of drunken song from the first-class interrupted, or inspired, the rest. "And," he concluded, "this Russian Revolution is a revolution without vodka, without drink."

The dancer reopened the book; the answer was complete for her.

THE Norwegians were short of food. Business was good. Their neutral ships were making joyous millionaires of the owners and speculators in shipping shares. But the people were poor, hungry, angry. Emboldened by the Russian news, they were saying in plain talk that theirs was a government by business men, chiefly shipping men, and that the national policy was determined by the shipping interest, not the interest of the people.

The United States had just gone into the war, and the American policy toward neutrals, who, like Norway and Sweden, were dependent for their life on trade with us—the possibility that we would cut off or cut down our business with them, was a fearful question there. The people wanted it taken up with us in their interest. A mob-like muttering which mixed up such words as "Bread," "Business," "America," "Russia" and "Revolution," "Peace" and "May first," broke into a popular demand for the resignation of two big shipping men from the ministry two days after we left Christiania for Sweden.

Stockholm was very like Norway. Everybody was talking about "May first" and "Bread," "Germany or England?" "the United States," and "the Russian Revolution." Food was short. Bread and sugar could be had only on tickets, and the king was setting the fashion in submission by taking out of his gold pocket-sugar-box at a tea a lump of sugar for his own cup. But we were advised by Swedish statesmen and journalists to wait there for the Swedish Revolution. It was "coming, sure, on May first." And the people were meeting and complaining aloud: that their nobility was pro-German by education; that the middle class was making fortunes out of trade with Germany; and that, therefore, the Government, which these classes controlled, was run

in the interest of business and Germany, not of the hungry people. The Swedish policy was risking a restriction of supplies from and by the United States.

Socialism is strong in Sweden, and Mr. Branting, the Socialist leader in the Rikstag, just back from Petrograd, was telling his people about it and warning his Government in public words that there was danger in Sweden, too; that May first was to be a critical day, and that, since the example

Hotel to go out one afternoon and see the soldiers disperse a mob in front of the Rikstag. We went, but we didn't see the soldiers disperse the mob. There were soldiers in the mob, and the companies that had marched under arms to the square had not moved the mob, hadn't even seen it. They marched by without looking at it, and their officers didn't dare to give the order to halt and fire. These officers, it was explained, had



THE MOBS BEGAN TO NOTICE IT,
"ARE THE COSSACKS WITH US?"

of the Russian soldiers in the Russian Revolution, the Government could not count on the Swedish troops.

The Government tried out his theory. We travelers were "tipped" in our Grand

heard what was done by Russian troops to their officers, and they knew something about their own troops which made them follow the men they were there to lead—right by the clamoring bread rioters.

Now, we Americans didn't know then what the Russian army officers had suffered. Leaving New York soon after the first news of the Revolution, we had been three weeks at sea and so hadn't heard a word of the astonishing news which to the people ashore was old, and nobody would stop to tell us about it. They'd tell us all about some detail of an event, not the event, or they'd discuss till we were tired the "next revolution" in Russia or in Sweden.

A Swedish brakeman from the United States on the train to Tornio explained at length that a soldier in uniform, especially an untrained recruit, was really a man, and a working man at that; and that on May first the Swedish Government would find it out, as the Russian Tsar had. But it was hard work to get out of him the fact, which had set him thinking, the very illuminating fact that the Russian Revolution went through because the old soldiers had been killed off in the two years' fighting with Germany; fresh troops were in the Petrograd regiments; and these raw men, being workmen, students, peasants and revolutionaries generally, forced by conscription to take arms, refused to use them to shoot down their "comrades," the people in the mob, and sometimes killed their own officers instead.

The reason the big Swede gave for his interest in his argument for conscription and his utter lack of interest in the fact back of that argument was that the fact related to the first, "the old" revolution in Russia, five weeks old, whereas he and his friends were watching for the next, the real revolution in Sweden on May first.

"Why don't you wait here for it?" he asked. "It's only a couple of weeks off now."

A revolution in hand was worth two in the future of Sweden, we told him, and went on through Sweden to Tornio on the famous Russian frontier, where the red flag that is flying clear across Russia first startled us.

There the Russians bought Petrograd newspapers, and all the way down through frozen Russia they were reading and talking about the "news." And they told us things. But they told us that a certain revolutionist high in the council of the cause, was on the list of police spies, before they told us that this list was being printed day by day in the papers, and we had to drag it out of them that in the seven days of street fighting which made the revolution in Petrograd,

the secret police archives had been set on fire, the building burned and that "some of the damning records had been saved." They knew all that, and their interest was to look through the lists for the names of men and women they knew and had trusted, and to note the price of their treason.

"So-and-Sosky!" they read, and then with a gasp: "Fifty rubles a month!"

A British officer on the train told us that the Russian soldiers and sailors had killed the "right officers," before he told us they had killed any. It developed bit by bit that he had been all through the revolutionary scenes at his military post town; had seen the Russian soldiers and sailors rise up and, overthrowing their old officers, elect new ones. But what interested him was the truth so amazing to him, that "these soldiers and sailors evidently knew their officers well. They killed the brutes, cast out the incompetents and kept or promoted the officers who understood and worked at their jobs." That he would talk about, that and what was coming next—on May first, which he dreaded.

OUR train emptied us into Petrograd one midnight, more confused, more eager, more curious than even we reporters are used to being. What we knew was worse than nothing; it was just a lot of disconnected, contradictory flashes of scenes. The picture on my mind of the city I was stepping into the darkness and mystery of, was like one of those post-impressionist paintings you can make nothing of, or an anarchist's nightmare; a terrifying vision of an ignorant, brutal people hungry for food and hungry for vengeance, loose, free—free to wreak their will; who had, as a matter of fact, done very little killing and plundering so far; who had, indeed, up to now, shown astonishing self-restraint and even good judgment; but, then, they had only half-done their work and were waiting, panting to finish it—on May first.

That's what I had been led to expect to see in Petrograd, Russia. What I saw was—Order; no government and no disorder. What I heard was—Justice; no law, but all men full of respect for all men. And what I came to feel there was that I was one of a great, strong, young people in a state of exaltation; lifted by ideals far, far above anything I had ever believed the human animal capable of in mass. That was the key

to my understanding of the Russian Revolution.

It may not last—this state of mind. It had lasted from the start of the Revolution to the time I got there; it lasted during the five weeks I was in Petrograd; and that means that it outlasted the riots of May, when we went to the verge of civil war. And it lasted—I found it all through Russia and Siberia on my way home. Men and women everywhere were rising above themselves to work out with humility and confidence, with passion, but with caution, their common—the nation's, a people's—job.

"It can't last," the foreigners there said, "it simply can't." And nobody says it can. I don't. I think I saw the beginning of the descent to earth just before I quit Petrograd. I heard some parlor Socialists, society folk and foreign investors discussing ways and means to split the Revolutionary Government: break off the Jews from the Gentiles, the soldiers from the working men, and set the peasants against both.

But this I can say: "Some of us who lived with the Russians in their joy, will never again lose our belief in the possibilities of human nature in the mob; of man in the mass."

And this also I will say: "The Allies must realize this, the exalted state of mind of the Russian people."

They didn't then. They were sending to Russia commissioners from France, from England, from the United States, and these am-

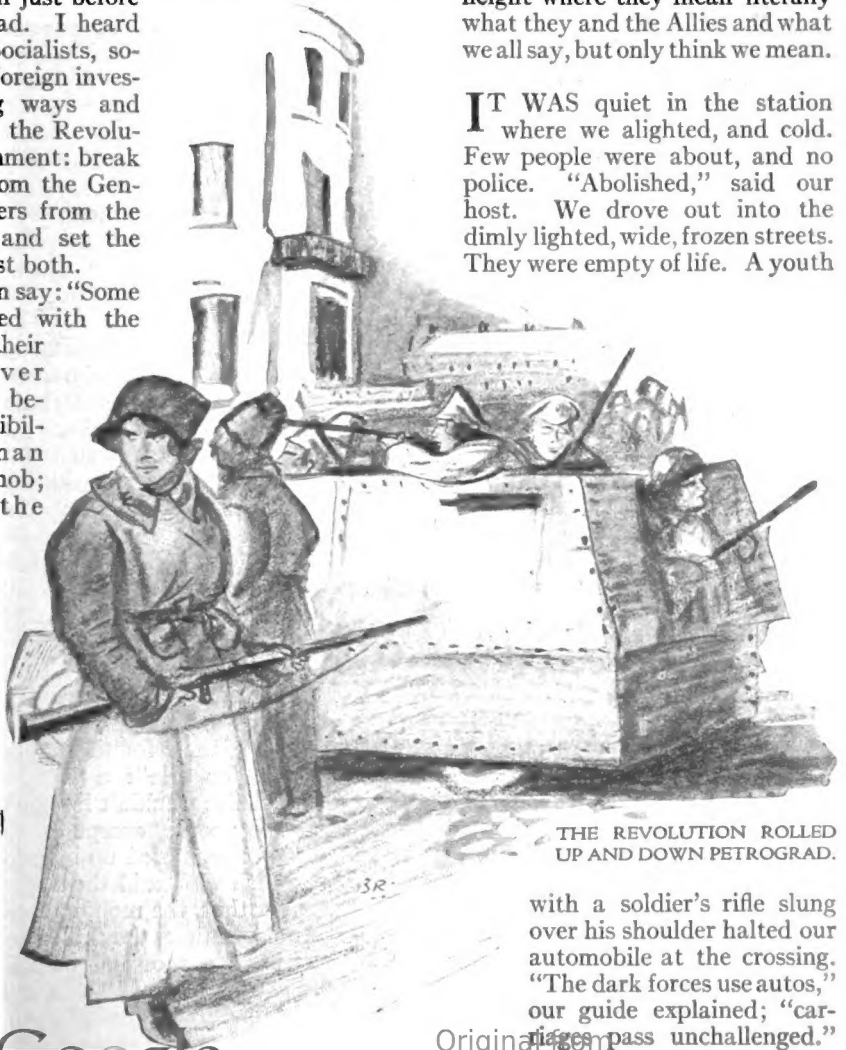
bassadors to a people were hearing all this wonderful tale of liberty, order and idealism impatiently. When the elated Russians, full of the vision of the life before New Russia, had risen to the height of their eloquence, the foreign commissioners would say:

"Yes, yes, that's all very fine, but how about the war? Will Russia fight?"

They got no answer. There was then an answer, a great, a true answer. The answer is, "Yes, Russia will fight and fight as a nation, like a race of freemen, too—if——"

Let's see if we can't get that "if." It's for us. The Allies control it. And it's not impossible to get it. It only means getting an actual conception of a nation, a whole nation of people, lifted up to a height where they mean literally what they and the Allies and what we all say, but only think we mean.

IT WAS quiet in the station where we alighted, and cold. Few people were about, and no police. "Abolished," said our host. We drove out into the dimly lighted, wide, frozen streets. They were empty of life. A youth



THE REVOLUTION ROLLED UP AND DOWN PETROGRAD.

with a soldier's rifle slung over his shoulder halted our automobile at the crossing. "The dark forces use autos," our guide explained; "carriages pass unchallenged."

The guard took our pass to the automobile light, which shone on his young face. A student.

"Can such as he keep order in a revolutionary metropolis?" I asked. "Oh, no," the guide said, seriously; "the people themselves keep order."

Waved on by the people's policeman, we passed the smoke-stained walls of a stone building that had been fired, and I looked to our guide for an explanation. "A court," he said. There were two other burned buildings. "Police-stations."

"Were courts and police-stations all that were destroyed?"

"That's about all. The mobs were—rather—careful."

We seemed to drive miles and miles through a deserted city. We saw not five human beings. But when we got to our hotel, it was full. Our reservation was the only vacant room. Petrograd was crowded with people from all over Russia: peasants from Siberia; soldiers and sailors from the front; officers run out of the service; delegations of working men elected in other cities to govern their new government; landlords, nobles, and business men retreated there for safety. The great city was not dead; it was harboring two million souls that were merely quietly asleep.

Russia was corrupt, so corrupt that her Tsar was believed to be controlled by the Germans, and no doubt some of his generals were. The exact truth of this will come out in certain trials to be held later, but that's of the future. We're looking back now, for a moment. The Russian people believe that their Government was sending the Russian army out to be defeated; that a million or two of their fathers, sons, brothers, and friends were killed by a corrupt conspiracy between the old régime and Germany. Were they enraged? No. They were hungry. The Government thought they were angry, or perhaps they merely thought they ought to be angry, and would soon rise up in revolt. The people think that the Government wanted to force on the revolt and get it over with; that that is why the Government held back food and maltreated the bread-lines. Certainly the Government was prepared for revolution; and the revolutionists were not. The plan on which the city was armed with machine guns has been found since.

The Russian Revolution is attributed to

provocation by the Government. It was the Government that was violent, not the people. The Government attacked the people, who merely moved away from the bread-lines. But, hungry, they came back, and again and again were beaten by the police; and, gentle, as everybody says, they didn't resist.

The soldiers came—the Cossacks; old regiments, but, as the Swedish brakeman said, new men; working men, peasants; "comrades" full of the teachings of "the propaganda." They didn't shoot; they didn't use their swords; they were gentle with the mobs. And the mobs began to notice it. "Are the Cossacks with us?"

One day, the third of the seven, the police fired on the mob, and the soldiers fired on, charged, and drove out the police. Their officers commanded them to turn on the mob; they shot their officers. "The soldiers are with us!"

That was the real sign. The revolution was on. The working men were on strike, so were the soldiers. It didn't go all at once. Some regiments turned before others; some units of a regiment turned and others didn't; and there were fights, there were battles in the streets and in the armories, blood; quick battles. The strikers won, armed and unarmed, and all turned upon the police, who retreated to cellars and roofs, but armed there with rifles and machine guns, fought. They fought like rats. The police shot into crowds that didn't see the police till the police attacked them—for revenge, apparently; in despairing hate.

And the mobs, the brutal Russian democracy, what did the dreaded people do? Sometimes they caught and killed the police. Not often. Once they fought and some of the crowd died to get a squad of police in a fighting police-station, and they killed them all, and burned the station; but that was because they found the basement full of "food for sale": a Russian police graft. The police wouldn't let the shopkeepers sell to the people, except on tickets, but they, the police, stored up big stocks and sold to the rich who paid them graft prices.

For that, the mob, in sudden fury, killed. And sometimes they killed because in a battle between a roof full of police and a street full of people, many people were shot down. But this wasn't typical. All witnesses agree that the typical thing was for the people to

fight up under a building that harbored an attacking squad of policemen; go up, under fire, to the roof, fight well and take the police, and bring them down to the street. There always some voices clamored for blood. But always also some voice said:

"Niet, niet." That's what the Government did. We mustn't do any of the things the Government does. We must take the prisoners to the Duma and let them be tried."

And this was done. And the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee, which had been formed on the model of the Workmen's Committee of 1905-08 by adding the soldiers, condemned these police prisoners to—the loss of their privilege of exemption from military duty. They were sent to the front. Sometimes they were placarded and marched through the streets, but—that's about all."

The first act of this revolutionary Government was to abolish capital punishment. And the first leader, Kerensky, sounded the note of that Government:

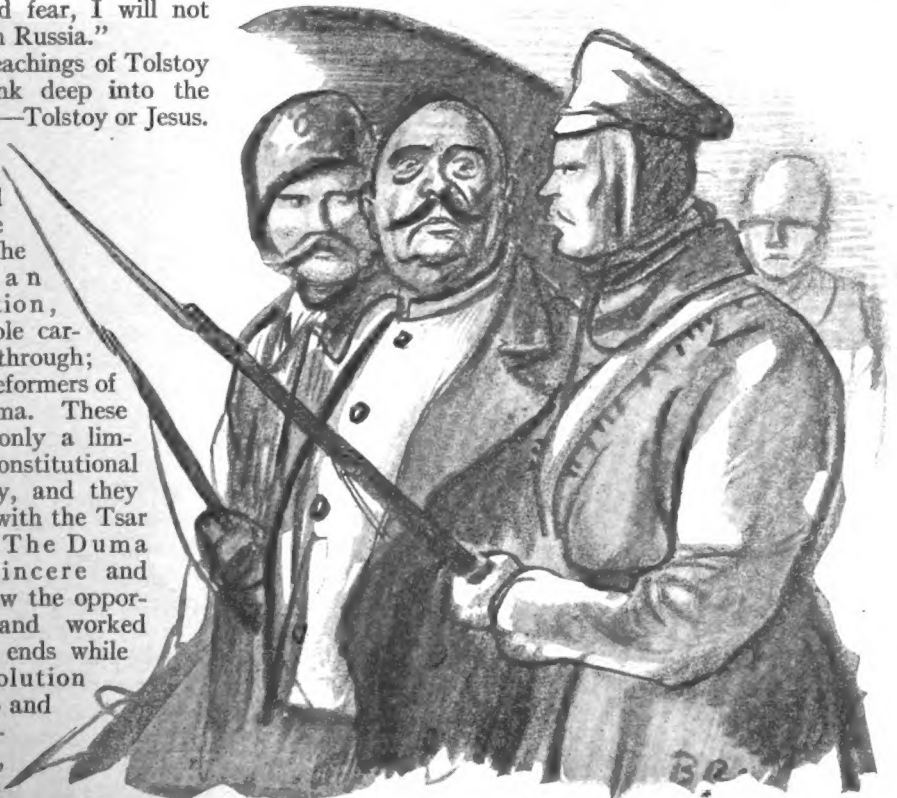
"If we must govern by force and fear, I will not govern in Russia."

The teachings of Tolstoy have sunk deep into the Russians—Tolstoy or Jesus.

The Government and police made the Russian Revolution, the people carried it through; not the reformers of the Duma. These wanted only a limited, constitutional monarchy, and they pleaded with the Tsar for it. The Duma group, sincere and quick, saw the opportunity, and worked for their ends while the revolution rolled up and down Petrograd, along the front,

into Moscow and other cities, and spread all over Russia. But the people won and they have held the victory. And it is a remarkable fact that disconnected as these uprisings were, not in close communication, they followed, with a few explainable exceptions, everywhere the same course, through the same stages, in the same moderate spirit, to the same end: the very same form of government.

When I started out through Russia and Siberia with the Russian Commission to the United States, we heard of independent republics which we had to pass through and which might hold up our train. We used to joke about having neglected to get passports for these republics. Mr. Bakhmetieff, as a representative of the Provisional Government, was keen to ask at each such center what the situation was. Everywhere the answer was the same: First, there was a perplexed complaint that they couldn't get from Petrograd any response to their inquiries for orders, instructions or even advice as to what to do. And, second, when



THEY KILLED THE BRUTES OF OPPRESSION

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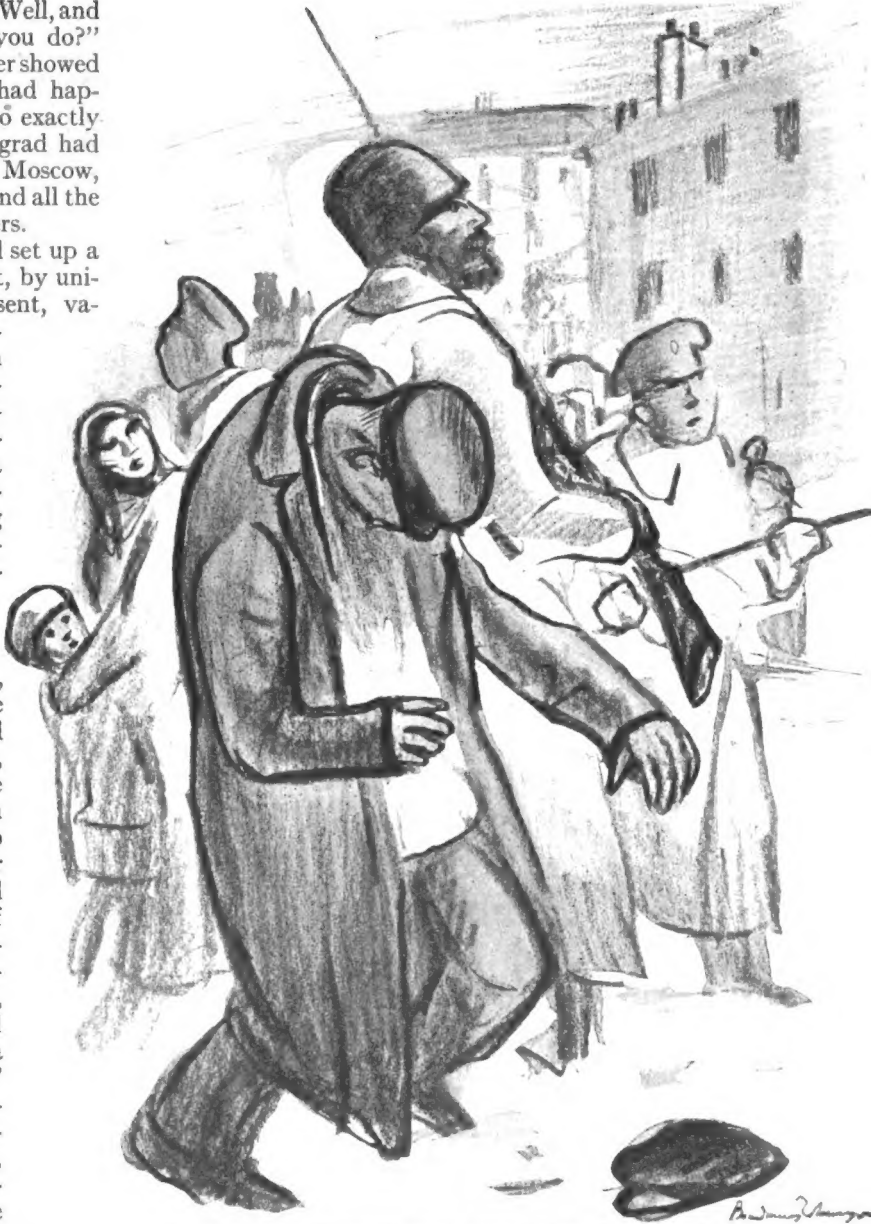
we asked: "Well, and what did you do?" Their answer showed that they had happened to do exactly what Petrograd had done, and Moscow, and Riga, and all the other centers.

They had set up a government, by universal consent, variously obtained, with a Provisional Government so-called, a group representing the Zemstvos, the business men, landlords, and, as they said, the middle class. And under that, but with the sovereign power to veto or command the acts of the Provisional Government, they had organized a Soldiers' and Workmen's committee, which represented "the common people."

And, as for the tales of an independent republic, that was a misunderstanding of the conflict of interest between these two groups or forces, as represented by the very same conflict in Petrograd.

"We have not voted to support the Provisional Government because it doesn't seem to represent us, the people, in its foreign policy."

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PEOPLE WERE SHOT BY THE POLICE FROM THE ROOF.

THAT'S the point. That brings us to May first, the day all men seemed to dread, the day which had been set aside for a Labor Day, a day when the Russian people were to celebrate the triumph of their revolution and the prospect for liberty the world over. And because they thought all the rest of the world, England and the United States and France or at any rate all the

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other free peoples would want to rejoice with the Russians, they moved up their May Day eleven days. They violated their Greek calendar to make their May Day our May Day. So it came suddenly to us, but not without warnings.

We were told we mustn't go out that day, and that, the night before, we must lay in a store of food. We did this last. Everybody did. And that was necessary, for no worker worked in Petrograd on May first. But we went out. The people were out before us. We heard the song, the Russian Marseillaise, and the calls, the honkings of the armored motor-cars and automobiles. All "the peepul" of Petrograd, all were out from early till late. And so were we. I went all over that city, all day long, and it was a day to remember. It was sunny, cold, very, very cold, for the ice had not run out of the Neva; and that's the sign of spring at Petrograd. But it was sunshine, physically and spiritually. The Russian people were glad, warm, kind, and organized. The same arrangement which had made the great funeral of all the people killed in the Seven Days a marvel of order and dignity, was followed on May first. Everybody knew where he was to go, where to march, where to speak or listen, as he wished. And anybody and everybody spoke; and all said what each thought. The notes sounded were happy—hope and faith and brotherhood.

I saw two processions meet on the bank of the Neva. One was of jolly Russians: men women, girls and boys, soldiers and workers; the other of Tartars, Mongols and Chinamen, workers who did the dirty work of the city—street-cleaning, sewers, draining. These were shy, abashed, not sure. The two processions cheered each other; then, moved a bit, they halted to sing the revolutionary song together; and then, at a moment I felt—everybody seemed to get the full import of it—the two or three races rushed together, and embraced, and wept. A moment, and they recovered their dignity, and marched on their way. But the Mongols were not shy any longer; they looked a bit astonished at one another, but their step was sure.

That dreaded day ended like a holiday in New York in a general retreat of the crowds homeward, with babies crying, mothers worn out, and even the fathers and brothers and the girls too tired to shout or sing.

But the weary people were satisfied, and certainly they were innocent.

"Ah, yes," said the head-waiter at the hotel; he was "loyal"; he didn't take part in this rubbish; he despised it: "You wait." And he was right. But we, sure now of the people, paid no heed. We inquired about Stockholm. Had the Swedish revolution come off? There was news from there, but only about that Peace Conference. No revolution. But a Socialist in touch with Sweden, said: "No, no revolution on May first. But wait. Revolutions never come off when scheduled. But the causes of a revolution are in Sweden and" (he named a few other countries) "—you'll see. And you'll see here, too, soon."

Next day there were street meetings; a few, but active. We heard the words "Miliukoff," "Peace," "Germany and the Allies," "England," "the United States," and a lot about "Secret Treaties." We remembered hearing those words on May first, but more quietly spoken. On the third the whole city was excited by many such meetings; on May fourth (our date) there was shooting on the Nevski.

"Now you're seeing what we saw in the Seven Days," said the Americans who had been through that period.

It wasn't so terrible. There were mobs; and military motor-trucks and armored cars, full of armed workmen and wild girls and angry soldiers, shot here and there, like bullets, and there were clashes between contending crowds. But I think you get a wrong impression of such things, because we reporters, naturally, pick out to report only incidents, and there were enough street battles on May fourth and fifth to give, if described, a sense of great violence and disorder. That wouldn't be true. There must have been thousands of meetings and hundreds of parades that day, with at least a million people deeply moved and partly armed; and there were but three "bloody incidents," and—seven killed and wounded. That was the news. I was in the biggest, hottest mob all the afternoon of May fifth, the last day of the "rioting," and this is what I saw:

It was in the Marinsky, in front of the Council of Empire. The Provisional Government was supposed to be sitting there, listening to a committee from the Council of Soldiers and Workmen, who were protesting against Miliukoff's foreign policy.

As a matter of fact, this critical meeting was two blocks away, at the Ministry of War. Gutchoff, the Minister of War, was ill, and the meeting was held at his bedside. Some of the mob learned this, and went there, but the great crowd, in ignorance, remained before the Council. A threatening regiment—threatening not the crowd, but the Council—marched quietly into the square and lined up before the great building; and another; and others; some armed, others unarmed; some with officers, some without; but all in good order, in perfect formation, and all silent. There were speeches, many at once, but far enough apart to avoid confusion, and whenever a soldier felt inclined to speak, he fell out, took the box, spoke and returned to his place. It was remarkable. This and other incidents bore in upon me the truth of Charles R. Crane's statement; he said that the Russians are a strong, gentle people experienced in self-government and co-operation. And they have a sense of order, too; of organization, and of liberty. This last is the amazing thing.

Most of the speeches in that crowd were one way. They said, as their banners said: "Down with Miliukoff." And the complaint was, in brief, that the Allies had among themselves certain treaties, made in secret and kept a secret, by which, at the end of the war, they were to add to their dominions over certain weaker nations, and that Russia had one with them. Russia was to get Constantinople, for example. But the Russians did not want Constantinople, unless the people of Constantinople wanted to join Russia. Russia, new Russia, wanted to gain nothing out of this war except what the war was for: freedom and democracy for all the world. So Miliukoff must repudiate this treaty, and ask the Allies to come together again and repudiate all these secret treaties. The United States and Russia, the two new allies, should demand that the war be fought out only for justice and right; not for money, or territory, or empire, but for ideals.

The speakers were passionate; so was the crowd. Feeling ran high and deep. They said they were willing to fight for all this right there in that square at that moment, and you felt they were. There was a psychology about it; it gripped one, carried one along with it. But right in the midst of it, at the height of the feeling, after

a good speaker had expressed that crowd to its satisfaction, a little clerklike dandy got up, and began in a rasping voice to speak against this view. There was a murmur of anger, and I thought the moment had come; there certainly would have been trouble in some countries I know. Not in Russia. That hot mob turned upon that murmur:

"*Niet*," a dozen voices said. "Silence! We must hear him out, too. Everybody can say all that he thinks."

And the little speaker, interrupted for a moment, proceeded to explain at painful length that Mr. Miliukoff was standing sincerely and bravely for the inviolability of an agreement. Russia, old Russia, but yet Russia, had entered into contracts with her allies for the war, and Russia, new and old, was in honor bound to keep those contracts. The United States might ask for a revision, but not Russia; not Mr. Miliukoff.

Other observers of this and similar incidents, despised the Russian crowds because, having cheered one view, they'd cheered the opposite, as in this case. I don't feel that way about it. I had a conversation with Mr. Miliukoff on this subject, and he had an element of right, as the little speaker did, and it seemed to me hopeful that the Russian mob saw it; that they could get and applaud two ideas. But the best is that they would listen, as they always did, and as they always insisted that an audience should, to any speaker, no matter what he said. There was a moment when Lenin, the veteran radical who came home through Germany, was most unpopular both with the Provisional Government and the people; they said he was jeopardizing the Revolution; but the Soldiers and Workmen wouldn't forbid his meetings, and the people kept a small crowd before his house, to see that he was protected and heard.

Nor would they let you judge him. Once when a member of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council was abusing Lenin for the trouble he made, I asked suddenly,

"Is there anything in the charge that Lenin is in German pay?"

"Certainly not," said Lenin's enemy. "Lenin is as sincere as any of us. Only he is arrogant and risks the cause just to stick to his own theory."

Nobody suspected anybody of meanness or materialism, and that's what I

mean by exaltation. They didn't suspect others, because they weren't guilty themselves; they were in the flood of idealism. Even Miliukoff, denounced all over Petrograd, clear across Russia and all along the front for his policy, was never accused of evil intent; only of obstinate wrongheadedness. But the rest of this story shows that.

Take the supreme moment of that meeting at Mr. Gutchoff's bedside, where a majority of the Provisional Government and all the Soldiers and Workmen, were trying to persuade the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Miliukoff, to resign or demand of the Allies a clearing up of the matter of the secret treaties. One speaker, flushed and eloquent, was quoting President Wilson, showing that he was saying for the United States just what the Soldiers and Workmen were saying for Russia: that this war must be for no extension of territories and no compensation or revenge, but only for conditions that would make for permanent peace and a freed world.

"Are not you ashamed, Paul Nicholevitch," the orator said, pointing at Miliukoff; but he stopped. A cry: "Dalo! Miliukoff," one cry, fired like a shell from the crowd in the Marinsky, before the Council of Empire, screamed down the Moika Canal and burst in the smaller, intenser crowd in front of the War Minister's palace. It sobered the speaker. He repeated, but in a softer tone he said:

"Are not you ashamed to let the leader of the oldest, the least democratic, the most corrupt and plutocratic of the republics, lead the world in the declaration for the idealistic ends of this world war, while you, the leader of the youngest, the newest, the most hopeful of all democracies, you lag; you stand with the old empires for the old, dead diplomacy?"

But even this man, afterward, when I spoke to him, said:

"Miliukoff ashamed? No, he was not ashamed. I spoke too strong. Why should Miliukoff be ashamed? He was honest; he was in earnest; God, he may have been right. Maybe we are too deep in the old tangle of the treaties and too weak to demand a better understanding. Maybe it is for the United States to do; or, better still, the Allies. And why not? They want the Russian people to fight. We can't make them fight. We'll try, but—I think only the United States or the Allies can

make the Russians fight. How? Why, by themselves, voluntarily calling a conference of all the allies, the old allies and the new: England, France, all—and the United States, New Russia and—yes, and China, and there openly agreeing, all, to fight on, only for—what they, what we all, say is what we are fighting for."

Miliukoff resigned; not that day, however. The mobs disturbed the councils of the government and caused alarm—for the Revolution. So the Soldiers and Workmen posted placards and passed the word otherwise, asking the people not to hold meetings for a few days; to trust them, their leaders, to work it all out right, and keep perfect order and silence—for just a few days. And the people obeyed. There wasn't a street meeting in Petrograd for three days; not a peep.

The councils met in quiet, and in quiet studied their problem. Mr. Miliukoff said that it wasn't fair to ask him and the Provisional Government to carry out, not his, but the Soldiers' and Workmen's policy so against his convictions. The Soldiers and Workmen ought to do it themselves. They were taking now all the power and none of the responsibility. He wanted the Provisional Government to give way to the real government, the Soldiers and Workmen. And they wouldn't! So Miliukoff resigned. And the rest of the Provisional Government, wishing the Soldiers and Workmen to come in and take their share of the responsibility, could get only a few to come. The Soldiers and Workmen refused the crown. Why?

I asked them, several of them, that question. The demand of the Government seemed reasonable, but they all gave the same answer:

"*Niet*. We would fail, and that would mean the failure of the Revolution. We have not forgotten the lessons of history, the experience of 1905-08. No, no. We shall make mistakes, but shall not make the same mistakes that we made before. We want the middle-class government to govern—for a while, while we have the capitalistic system, but we want the power."

"But why, why?"

"Why? Because if we, we Socialists, took the throne, our people, the Russian people, would expect us to set up a Socialist state all at once. That can't be done, not all at once, like that. Not now, with this war



THE TYPICAL THING WAS FOR THE PEOPLE TO GO UP, UNDER FIRE, TO THE ROOF, FIGHT WELL AND TAKE THE POLICE, AND BRING THEM DOWN TO THE STREET.

on. The first few governments must fail. Let them be the bourgeois governments. They'd fight us if we took power and tried out all our ideas. That would be civil war. We want no civil war. We know what we

are about. We are avoiding civil war and saving the Revolution, we with the power, they with the responsibility. And some of them also understand that. It is all open and perfectly agreed among us.

There will be sacrifices, but only of good men, not of the people, not of the Revolution. The Russian Revolution of 1917 will go on to the end."

"You mean," I said, "that Kerensky will go down as Miliukoff did?"

"Kerensky?" he said. "Kerensky will die. I love that man. We Russians all love Kerensky—but, Kerensky doesn't matter. Nobody, no individual, matters. We Russians have seen all our greatest spirits die—for the cause of Russia's freedom. We are used to it. Any one of us would be glad to go and serve and die for Russia, as Kerensky must."

Kerensky, the non-resistant, took the portfolio of War in the ministry formed after Miliukoff resigned. And he, the man who signalled the Russian mob not to kill, took the War Department because the new Provisional Government wanted to respond to the call of the Allies and finish the war. That government knows vividly what it is so hard for the outside world to grasp, that the Russian people are really free. The soldiers gave up thirty thousand rifles to the workmen in Petrograd alone; the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee represent a people that are armed. The Allies keep sending commissions to the Russian Government to get it to *make* the Russians fight. No government can make the Russians fight. But the Russian leaders agreed that if there was any one among them who could make the Russians *want* to fight, it was Kerensky. He is a sick man; he didn't like, he didn't want the job. He preferred Justice; he was happy in that department; he was making it stand for mercy. But he consented; he is Minister of War; and he does his best, as the news shows.

He personally led a part of the Russian lines to begin attacks on July first; and other parts, inspired by their example, charged. But the "advance" was not effective. Magnificent, it is not war. And the loss was terrible to the simple soldiers who couldn't resist the appeals of Kerensky and the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council. There may be other such attacks, and, of course, they may catch fire. But what the Allies need and what Kerensky asks is that Russia, the nation, shall go to war, united, organized, inspired.

Kerensky's friends in the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee told me that Kerensky said: "I will give not only my

strength, I will give my life to make the Russians fight. I may get the soldiers to charge, and I'll beg the nation to join in an all-together fight. But I can't. I know I can't. Only President Wilson and the Allies can do that."

Only the Allies can make the Russians want to fight, and they can do it only by dealing in the spirit of New Russia with the public opinion of Russia. That public opinion may be based on an illusion. That illusion may have been planted by the Germans, and it probably was, for the Germans, the German people, seem to have the same idea. No matter. The fact is that the Russian and German soldiers have been talking man to man for months for miles along the trenches; and that, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of Russians have left the front and gone back home to a million places in Russia and Siberia, and there and all along the road they have spread the opinion that some of the Allies have secret treaties by which each of them is to get an increase of empire. That's what took the fight out of the Russians. That's what the Allies have to deal with. And the Russian statesmen suggest a way to deal with it:

Call a conference of the Allies, with the new allies: the United States, New Russia, and China. See that the Russian representatives represent the Russian people and have their full faith, as, for example, Kerensky has it. Then if the secret treaties are an illusion, if there is nothing bad in them, put, say, Kerensky, in a position to go home and say so.

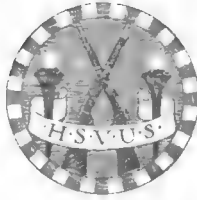
If they are not an illusion, it is harder, but not impossible.

Soon after I got to Petrograd, an Englishman, a high-minded, scholarly Liberal, who was there on a mission for his Government, said he was glad the Americans had come into the war, because he thought we would "put the war back on the high plane where it was with us English at first."

That's all the Russians ask, the people, I mean, the mob, the free, armed Russian mob, and that mob is not unreasonable. If my report shows anything, it shows that the Russian people have not only self-government, literally, but self-control; that they are fair; will listen and, listening, can accept two ideas at once and consider them, talk them over quietly together and act upon them.

·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER



CITIZENSHIP

Chicago's Big Week



ON WEDNESDAY, June thirteenth, when Chicago's High School Volunteer Week was in full swing, the following telegram went from the President of the Board of Education to the Secretary of War:

"On behalf of the boys of the Chicago high schools, whose spirit and high patriotism during the past months of their military training has been an inspiration more powerful for the public welfare than can now be reckoned; and on behalf of those other citizens of Chicago who have earnestly been striving to share the burden of the great task which now confronts our country, I respectfully protest against the orders that make it necessary for Captain E. Z. Steever immediately to leave this city for duty at the training camp at Des Moines in the midst of the most important week of his work here, and earnestly request that you issue new orders that will permit Captain Steever to remain in Chicago until the close of the competitions of the High-School Volunteers of the United States now in progress.—
JACOB M. LOEB."

That telegram tells the story.

The H. S. V. U. S. idea has won Chicago, and many other important centers in the great Middle West. Behind the slo-

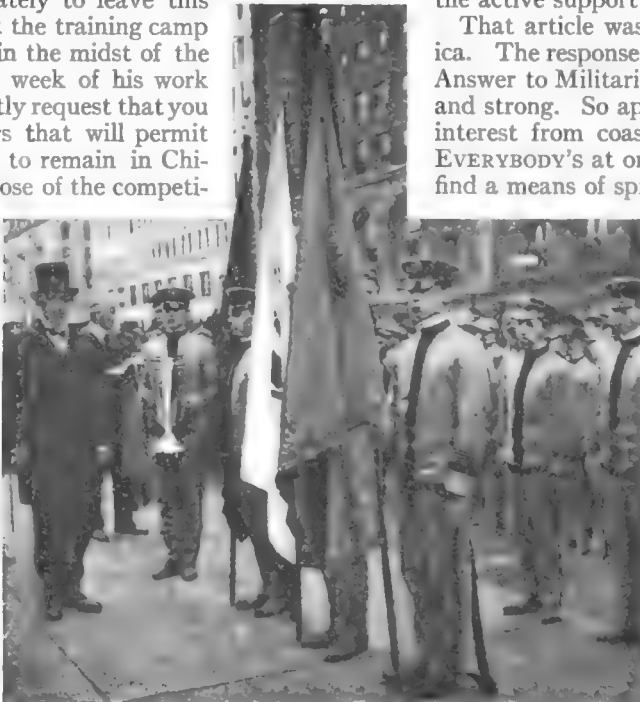
gan, "For Better Citizenship," Steever has rallied parents, teachers, preachers, business men, and public officials, regardless of class, circumstances, creed, or prejudice. The tens of thousands of citizens who dropped business to turn out and cheer for their own lads in the competitive events of the week of June eleventh, gave final proof that the H. S. V. U. S. has developed from a big idea to an institution.

And in less than a year!

IN FEBRUARY, 1916, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE printed an article telling of the work of Edgar Z. Steever, an army lieutenant who had worked out, in Wyoming, a system of school boy cadet training so democratic, so effective in the building of sound bodies, clean minds, and true citizenship, that after five years of acid test it had the active support of a state.

That article was news to America. The response to "Wyoming's Answer to Militarism" was instant and strong. So apparent was the interest from coast to coast, that EVERYBODY'S at once set about to find a means of spreading the idea in a big, organized way.

So, last July, after five months of endeavor to find a practical plan big enough for the idea, to find a method of organization that could be applied without action by Congress, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, declared itself ready for a



LEADERS OF WINNING COMPANIES IN THE NATIONAL COMPETITIVE REVIEW RECEIVING H. S. V. U. S. REGIMENTAL COLORS.



Chicago Tribune.

RIGHT TO LEFT, CAPTAIN STEEVER, CAPTAIN BAIRD, HOWARD WHEELER, LIEUTENANT BRISCOE, WATCHING KANSAS CITY WIN THE H. S. V. U. S. WAR GAME AT THE NATIONAL COMPETITIONS.

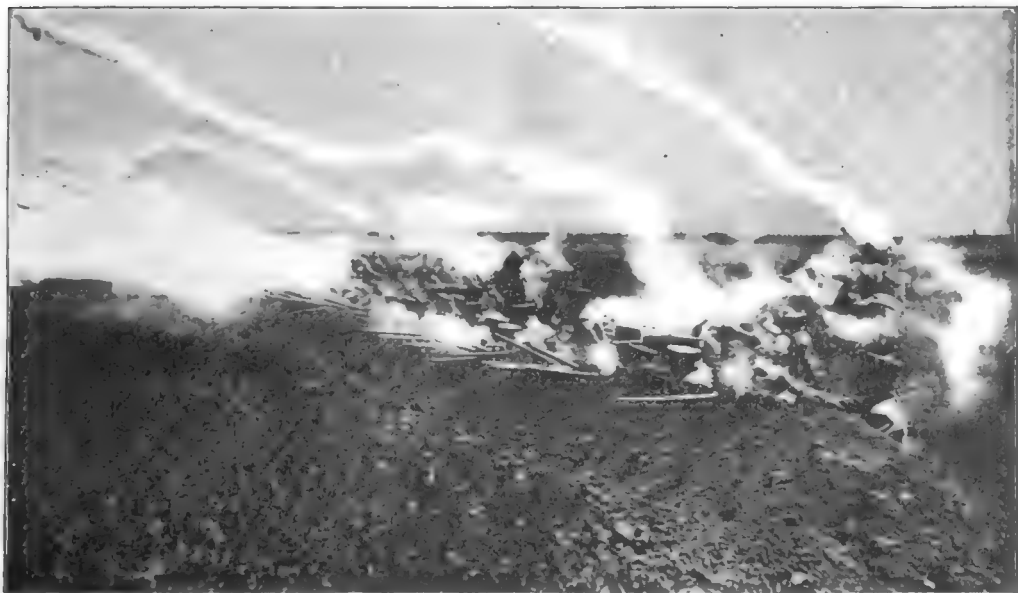
big try to give to every American high-school boy the opportunity of the Wyoming high-school boy.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE then proposed a national organization of high-school boys, to be known as:

THE HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES

That was the beginning. By December the War Department had explicitly recog-

nized the soundness of Steever's idea and the practicability of applying it nationally. By action of the Secretary of War, Captain Steever with four commissioned officers and sixteen sergeants, was detailed to the military school at Culver, Indiana, to introduce the High-School Volunteer plan of military training into the schools of Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and such other centers as he could reach.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

CHICAGO HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS IN THE GREAT H. S. V. U. S. WAR SPECTACLE AT SPEEDWAY PARK.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE GREAT COMPETITIVE REVIEW, CHICAGO, JUNE ELEVENTH, CROWNING
THE FIRST YEAR'S WORK OF THE H. S. V. U. S.

Steever began this work last January. To-day the High-School Volunteer plan is in active operation in forty cities, scattered from coast to coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf. The H. S. V. U. S. includes more than twenty thousand high-school boys and girls, organized on a regimental basis, according to districts. It embraces the schools of Denver, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, and Chicago.

The week beginning June eleventh was devoted by Chicago to competitive events in which High-School Volunteers from all over the country gave a demonstration of manliness, patriotism, and military efficiency which astonished even seasoned army officers.

ON JUNE eleventh I stood on the side lines while three thousand five hundred boys in uniform and carrying rifles marched down Michigan Avenue. I should judge there were more than forty thousand people watching them. I saw a man in the front rank in the reviewing stand frankly raise a handkerchief to his eyes. He was not the only one who felt the same emotion. All Chicago was feeling just what

he felt. There was something about the fixed purpose of those lads that stirred a love of country far deeper than that aroused by the ordinary military spectacle.

Chicago, at least, has come to see that the power of the American boy to make an individual or city feel that way, holds profound promise for the future of this nation. The boy who can stir within the individual or within the city a deeper love of country, can do it for the nation.

From the first event in the competitions, through the war-game championship, won by Kansas City, until the close of the battle spectacle at Speedway Park, no one could have watched and not been impressed with the democracy, the high patriotism and clean manhood which Steever has built up as the foundation for the training of our school-boys for better citizenship.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE feels deeply that in building the characters of these boys, all those engaged in the work are building not alone for this great crisis in our national life, but for those years, peaceful or not, that are to come after this war.

—HOWARD WHEELER.

The Executive Committee of the H. S. V. U. S. is now at work upon plans for the next school year, and there is high hope that even should the Government need every officer, who has been instrumental in carrying on the work so far, a corps of men trained in the H. S. V. U. S. method will be ready to continue and spread it.

Start a High-School Volunteer organization in your city this fall.

Full information concerning the H. S. V. U. S. and any phase of its activity can be secured by writing to Headquarters, H. S. V. U. S., EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, N. Y. C.

MRS. DEERING'S ANSWER

A Romance of the Secret Service

By Alice Garland Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

DAVID GILCRIST, as he got into his dress-clothes, glanced for just an instant at the mirror above his dresser. He had noticed, for the past year, a growing grayness about the temples, and his scrutiny now confirmed it. He smiled as he turned away. Government service is very apt to add that to its other hall-marks. In other words, if you go into the thing as Gilcrist had done, wholly for the sake of conscience and the Star-Spangled Banner, you are bound, with the rest of the battle-flags, to become somewhat worn.

In the army it is different: gray hair goes splendidly with epaulettes on dress-parade—just so much silver added to the effect of the gold braid; but in plain Government service, gray hair is—just gray hair. Besides, you are set apart among the silent ones. Sometimes, at the gay dinner-tables, Gilcrist felt like an old woman knitting, picking up threads. So many meaningless stitches, and there was a heel rounded off, that would fit a man's foot. It was a part of Gilcrist's duty to spot the right man, and report his findings to the Secret Service Bureau. To put it tersely, Gilcrist was an inside man *outside*, which means that nobody except his Chief knew his business, and that it was fairly important, with an excellent salary. The only honor attached to it was Gilcrist's own.

But Gilcrist's honor was *Gilcrist*. He had been able, all his life, to look straight in the face, not only men, but women—which is a much more unusual thing. Don't draw the inference that David Gilcrist was a saint. Under a vast control he had a perfect devil of a temper; but even when it blazed high, he was a gentleman.

Some people said that an early love-affair—the girl had died—had still its influence on the straightness of Gilcrist's life. In a way this was true. The memory of it was like a white flower, eternally fresh, which Gilcrist wore in his buttonhole; but he was also quite alive to other blooms. It was only that he never plucked them ruthlessly to cast them away.

He was on his way now to a dinner-dance at Mrs. John Elliot's, and as he slipped into his coat he realized that he had still ten minutes to spare. All the same, he looked up with annoyance when, without any warning, his man announced a visitor. But even as he frowned, he found his gaze arrested—young Boyd, of his own office, stood holding on to the door-jamb.

Gilcrist stared at him a moment, then he said quietly: "Hello, Steve, what's wrong?"

"Wrong?" Boyd repeated the word rather stupidly as he crossed the threshold, very slowly, and sank into one of the deep leather chairs. He turned a haggard face to Gilcrist. "Why, I've—happened to lose some papers, that's all."

"Ah," said Gilcrist. He went over and closed the door carefully, then he came back



and stood regarding the younger man with a slight frown. "I've just ten minutes," he said. "Tell me in a word or two—from the beginning."

Boyd locked his hands about one knee, and fixed his eyes on a medallion in the rug. "I was on my way to the War Office. The Chief had just given me strict orders. I was to put them myself into Morton's hands." He stopped for an instant, and then went on with short, clipped sentences: "I had the thing in my breast-pocket—with my wallet and some loose bills. Well, I met Ten Eyck in his car, and he offered me a lift. We stopped a moment at the club—" he paused abruptly.

"And you—*drank?*" asked Gilcrist. His tone expressed a slight disgust; to him a man under orders was like a prisoner on parole.

Boyd swallowed hard. "Good God, Gilcrist, *no!* Ten Eyck did, but—he can stand a lot and not show it. Well—when I was getting into my coat again the packet slipped out, on the table. Our office seal was on it, of course. I picked it up, and said nothing, but on the way out Ten Eyck joked about cypher codes. Said Europe had us beaten a mile! That was all; we went on past the Peterson place, and he dropped me off at—Mrs. Deering's. She—she is a friend of mine, you know." He was flushing, all at once, hotly. "When I got down to the War Office—they were gone!"

"What did you do?" asked Gilcrist. He had pulled out a cigar, and was looking at it with a curious, level gaze; he did not attempt to light it.

"Do!" Boyd groaned. "What could I do? I went back, step by step, over the ground. I phoned the club and Mrs. Deering, but they had found nothing; then I called up Ten Eyck—and he—seemed rather amused!"

Gilcrist made no comment. "Of course you reported it at once?"

Young Boyd slowly lifted his eyes. Under the reading-lamp they looked hollow, rimmed with blue shadows, as if he were cold. "No," he said hoarsely, and again, in a tone sharply staccato, "no!"

Gilcrist watched him for a moment. There were both tolerance and pity in his expression, together with a certain stern judgment.

"Steve," he said quietly, "the Chief has got to know this thing, through either you—or me."

"*Gilcrist!*" The word was an appeal. Boyd got to his feet. He looked very young, and as he fixed his eyes on Gilcrist it was as if he were facing the judge in some last court, knowing the decision would be against him. "Do you think," he cried, strangling a sob in his throat, "I don't know what I've done? But you've got to give me time, Gilcrist—a chance!" With a mute gesture he flung a full wallet across the table. "It wasn't just—theft," he went on more calmly, "you'll admit that! And Ten Eyck was the only man I saw! You know what Washington has been up against this past winter, information leaking out, bit by bit, in spite of our office. Well, *well*—can't you put the thing together?" He straightened, staring across at Gilcrist as if he would make him see.

Gilcrist glanced at his watch. "You can't implicate a man like Ten Eyck without proof, Steve," he said evenly. "He's too big and too clever. But that's neither here nor there—the Chief has got to know."

The younger man walked unsteadily to the window, turning his face to the night outside. "Then it's the end of the world," he said, "for me."

"Careers are like rubber-bands, Steve—they stretch and snap back and hurt you, but they don't always break."

"I'm not referring to that—" the answer came as if from a great distance. "This afternoon I—asked Mrs. Deering to marry me."

Gilcrist looked at him suddenly. "Mrs. Deering?" he said. His voice sounded incredulous and a trifle chilled.

"Yes. I—I've cared for a very long time."

"And she—?" Gilcrist's gaze had not wavered.

"She cares enough," said Boyd doggedly, "and she's going to care some more—if nobody spoils it. She's to give me her answer to-morrow! Can't you see what it would be, if she knew this—that I couldn't be trusted? Not only with this, but with *her*? Oh, I know what I've done, I tell you! God knows what information I've given out—if I were on the field I'd be shot—for sleeping at my post! All the same, Gilcrist—give me a chance. You've done such bully work for the Bureau, and you've always—" he choked a little, "been my friend—"

Gilcrist regarded him a moment in silence,

then he stood up. "I've got to get on," he said gently. "I've—something to do on my own account. I'll tell you what, Steve; stay here for an hour or so, in my rooms—I'll think the thing out on the way. Later I'll

phone you, 'or—come back." He took up his gloves and silk muffler. "Did it ever occur to you, Steve," he ended, "that one's country is a pretty big thing?"

Boyd stirred. Gilcrist's chance remarks often stirred him.

"A pretty big proposition," repeated Gilcrist from the doorway, and he smiled a little. "I think I'd rather get into a mess, serving mine, than be a prophet with honor in another." It was Gilcrist's crumb of comfort!

ON HIS way along the quiet streets his mind moved thoughtfully, revolving certain things the



"AH, ONE'S COUNTRY!" SHE SAID. "I HAVE ONE, TOO—BOUNDED ON THE NORTH AND SOUTH BY DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISILLUSION, ON THE WEST BY—POVERTY."

Chief had said to him only that morning. They had been sitting for a moment in the inner office, and the Chief, a big man had suddenly whirled around in his chair——

"To certain Washington officials," he said succinctly, "this office is just a—button. Put a thumb on us, and we are guaranteed to do the rest. Well, in this new business—I propose to live up to our guarantee!"

Gilcrist had nodded. "You mean," he said, "that it is up to us to stop these leakages?"

The Chief waved a heavy hand. "It's easy enough to stop 'em," he said, "afterward. Any old fool plumber can stop a leak, but it takes an *expert* to find it." His eyes met Gilcrist's in a narrowed gaze. "I expect you to do that, Gilcrist," he added quietly, "in twenty-four hours. I don't want you to bother me with any reports till you do."

Gilcrist got up. "I may use my own methods?"

"Use any damned method you please."

Gilcrist smiled, then, without another word, he went out.

GILCRIST was apt to smile and grow wordless in the face of any serious business. And he knew exactly what his country was up against. She didn't happen to be a battleground, but the tricksters of the world were trying to make her a vast, strategic plain for their moves and counter-moves, and it was vital to keep her clear of this. The Bureau had orders from the Capitol to "allow no fooling," and certainly Washington several times recently had been fooled.

The climax had come yesterday, when some secret orders to the War Office in code had been intercepted, and a blank form substituted, nobody knew how—the messenger had been for years a trusted employee. The papers had passed directly through the usual officials to his hands, and directly from him to the War Office, yet somewhere in the transit they had been changed for blanks!

It was with the idea that those papers were still somewhere in Washington, and a clue, that the Chief had called Gilcrist to a conference that morning—and now there was this careless mischance of Boyd's like a trap-door suddenly opened and shut in one's face!

Gilcrist did not doubt that these two sets of papers had gone the same way, but it was up to him to prove it. Traitors, to be effective, must work as one man, and *through* one man. Therefore, no matter how vast or complicated his backing, there was just one man, to Gilcrist's mind, who would prove the key to the trick, the trick-card to the game—this game of espionage that had never been played more perfectly nor more tirelessly than now!

It was this that he wanted time to think over, the chance of putting his finger on the go-between—this, and a near view of Arnold Ten Eyck. That he could be sure of at the Elliots', for Ten Eyck was very popular socially just now—one found him everywhere.

As he entered the brilliant room and glanced swiftly about him, Ten Eyck's face was the first thing he saw—pale, elongated, like some old Italian bas-relief, heightened in its effect by the trim, clipped beard. The next moment he was greeting his hostess, a little, elaborate woman in a glitter of sequins.

"You are to take Mrs. Deering in to dinner—Norma Deering, you know—now isn't that nice of me?"

Gilcrist, his expression unchanged, pressed her hand. He had the feeling that she had gathered him up to read, like the fragments of a letter, but that she would not, in any event, give him away. He made, however, as he passed on, an entirely irrelevant remark:

"I see you have music. May I be a little boy, and ask them to play my favorite piece by and by?"

Her eyes, as she nodded, followed him in mild amusement; but he had his own plan.

He had come, primarily, to watch Ten Eyck. He wanted to see, on this odd, oblique face that was worn like a mask, some play of emotion, of real feeling. He wanted to provoke it, in his own way.

Gilcrist, in his work for the Bureau, depended on no particular method. His first lead was often only an instinct, some secret, psychologic pressure that his mind brought to bear on a sign too trivial to notice, like a straw in the wind. It was what his mother called "inspiration." The Chief put it down to just "damned cleverness." But Gilcrist could smile at them both. Like mother-love, wise to some symptom a physician might overlook, it was with Gilcrist just an infinite, painstaking vigilance—

the thought of his country gripping forever at his heart.

As he sat with Norma Deering through the elaborate courses, he kept this constantly in mind. Ten Eyck sat opposite, so that Gilcrist, without losing for a moment his real purpose, could keep watch, even while his pulses were leaping to her charm. For she held that, always, for him. He felt it anew to-night, even in the face of a leaden disappointment that lay like a stone at his heart at the thought of her affair with young Boyd.

For it was only an "affair", Gilcrist told himself steadily. Boyd, at twenty-two or thereabouts, could be no plausible mate for a widow of twenty-seven, mature not only in her beauty, but with a knowledge of worlds that to Boyd must still be undiscovered countries.

Her knowledge was, he admitted sadly, her own signed warrant that she had no business with a youngster like Boyd. She was too clever at pulling heart-strings—she had pulled so often through months gone by at his own! But something other than his heart had kept him from crossing the deadline—his will. In his heart, then, let the leaven go on working—his lips knew how to keep silence. Love, in Gilcrist's life, had been a thing laid away, high on a shelf. Now that he had grown to his full stature, he knew that he could reach it again—he had only to put out his hand. Well, he was not quite sure yet that he wanted to put out his hand.

He drew himself up with a snap to find that Norma herself was speaking, in her rather low contralto, regarding him with wide, dark eyes.

"Why haven't you been to see me? I used to think we had so much to say to each other—that left the rest of Washington out."

"Why? Well, for one thing, I've been practising the rôle of silence."

She smiled a little wistfully. "I see. It certainly appears effective! You seem still to have nothing to say to me!"

He looked at her with a straight gaze. "I have much—if I had your permission."

She stirred. "Connected—with yourself?" She was putting the question lightly, to cover some deeper earnestness.

"No—" he spoke bluntly, "connected with my young friend, Stephen Boyd."

Her eyes wavered, and then dropped.

Her lips parted in a slight, uncertain smile. He thought she changed color a little, but she seemed not to know what to say. Quite slowly she turned away from him, to the man on her other side.

Gilcrist knew that his sudden thrust had hurt her. Well, he was hurting her for the sake of young Boyd! He chained his own attention again to Ten Eyck, the man he had come to observe, to find, with some slight surprise, that in the interim Ten Eyck had been very evidently *watching him*. It was a polite and carefully guarded surveillance, that gave no hint of the object behind it; but there *was* an object—of that Gilcrist felt sure.

As their eyes for an instant met in a cool, level gaze, Ten Eyck's became all at once opaque, like lighted windows with blinds suddenly drawn, and Gilcrist, without any train of sequence, found himself thinking again of trap-doors suddenly shut in one's face. That instant blotting out of expression on Ten Eyck's part set him aside, for Gilcrist, as a marked man—it was the straw in the wind.

Norma was speaking to him again, with an air of anxious friendliness. "Did you know I met your mother last week, at a charity bazaar? She struck me as being—a mother."

He nodded. "She is true, like the north star."

"I know." She was looking at him with sudden, strange wistfulness. "So many of us haven't stars—or mothers—to guide us. Mine died when I was born."

He did not answer, but he looked at her quickly. She was not, he decided, making a bid for his pity: she was simply stating a fact that had changed her life. She dropped the subject quite hurriedly.

"The music has stopped," she said. "Tell me, what is your favorite 'piece'? I heard you speaking of it to Mrs. Elliot."

As if in answer, across the sudden lull the violins broke out again—to Gilcrist, like a multitude of voices, echoing the voice within his heart! He lifted his head. He had the look of a man who has uncovered.

"They are playing it now," he said. "'My country—'tis of thee!'" His eyes, seeking Ten Eyck across the table, felt suddenly urged back again, as if some strong lever worked against his will. Slowly he turned them to Norma Deering's face. She was sitting, her hands in her lap, like a



"I WILL SIMPLY ASK YOU TO GET OUT."

person whom virtue has suddenly gone out of, staring past him, in a strained earnestness, at—Arnold Ten Eyck!

But the shock to Gilcrist was not that she was giving Ten Eyck away, it was that in that brief instant—she had given herself away!

It was one of those flashes that illum-

inate whole blank pages, like a light switched on. Gilcrist felt suddenly cold, as if some icy hand had passed over him, turning him to stone, with everything else about him frightfully alive. The nozzle of a bottle was thrust through the gap on his right—a waiter was refilling his glass. With a slow, stiff movement he raised it to his dry lips and set it down again, empty.

Some one was speaking above the voices of the violins—it was his hostess, signaling to him with her fan. "Mr. Gilcrist—this *ought* to be your favorite. Aren't you going to stand?"

As he looked around he could see that all but he and Norma had risen, and he got suddenly to his feet, pulling her up with him. His eyes were on Ten Eyck, leaning, still with that masked indifference, lightly on the back of his chair.

"Did you think," he said, "we hadn't a country like the rest of you, Mrs. Deering and I? I'll say it for her—and all of us—God bless America!"

It was as if, lifted for a moment out of his habitual silence, he must throw down the challenge to chance traitors, must voice, like those violins, his supreme and abiding creed—and his faith! But what Gilcrist was most conscious of was that Norma, with her strained, half-smile, was clinging, as if to steady herself, to his sleeve.

As they sat down again, with emotions once more subservient to a light conventionality, Gilcrist helped Norma back to her old manner. He was steadily kind, and a little cold, in spite of the fires that burned beneath his quiet conversational phrases. Ten Eyck he was through with, for the moment. It was Norma now whom he must reckon with, and twist to his own ends—sorry ends for her, he thought, with a sudden feeling of savage tenderness that amazed him, it was so

primitive, and so strong!

As they rose, half an hour later, he put a question to her, with deliberate lips. "Are you staying for the dance?"

She shook her head. "No." She was glancing about her, timidly, he thought, and just at that moment Ten Eyck passed

by.

Gilcrist's eyes were sternly fixed on a point somewhere within the palm-filled recess where the musicians still played on; but he had caught, as Ten Eyck brushed past them, a faintly nervous gesture with one of her small hands—she had sent him, as the deaf-and-dumb would speak it, the word—"To-night."

But he only said: "I am not staying, either. I will see you home."

She looked up, startled. "Oh, please——"

"I am sure you will allow me," he said. His voice was calmly determined. "There are things I want to say to you—with Washington shut out."

She smiled at him uncertainly, but he was hardening himself to the business in hand, that would be such a sorry business for her! Again he felt rushing over him that strange, swift tenderness, as silently, threading their way through the crowds, he went out to summon her carriage.

HER apartment, on an old street in the best part of the city, he had seen many times. Once he had come there often, drawn almost to an avowal, and then—stayed away, to lock it in the silent chambers of his heart. But he seemed now to be seeing it with new eyes, in the light of pitiful revelations. The fire lighted, with one chair drawn in front—a silent witness of hours lengthened out by loneliness; the bird in the cage, sending out its small, chirping note—her only welcome; the violets in a brass bowl by her letter-rack, cultivated into an artificiality like hers—she who in some simpler life might, like a violet in its native woodland, have proved so sweet!

She was pulling off her gloves, and as she stood, drawn to her slender height on the hearth-rug, he wondered just what was the pitiful force that had led her on. For there was some force, he knew—which had hung, like a flaming sword between them, to shut him out of that inner garden. He was going to enter it now deliberately, but only to hang it with the apples of bitterness.

"Well," she said, "here we are, with Washington shut out. Now then—" with a little feminine gesture she struck a match and came across to him—"where is your big black cigar?"

He lighted one carefully, while she settled herself in the big chair. The firelight, playing over her face, showed it slightly weary, but her eyes were watching him

with a certain strained brightness, as if they could not rest. He still stood, leaning against the center table. He had not realized it would be so difficult to begin, nor how deeply he had felt the hurt within his own heart. He had a feeling of blank dismay. Here at her door began that delicate trail which he had since yesterday morning been seeking so silently. He must follow it now, in spite of its implications, to the end!

If he could only have doubted his conclusions, instead of doubting her! But he could not. The trail, in the face of a hundred flashlights thrown suddenly over it, was so plain! A woman's trail, after all, blocked by such foolish little hindrances, such pathetic deceits! He recalled now so many things—chance phrases, her habit of innocent questioning, her eagerness to be *au fait* with the world of affairs as he knew it, her sudden abstracted silences, blank moments in their past intercourse when the space between them had been clogged with emotions too complex to define. More than anything else, a thing she had once said to him—"If one could only be sure that conscience was God's way of telling us there was still a—chance!" He had thought it then an oddly irrelevant remark; now he knew it for one of those instants off guard when she had allowed him a glimpse of her soul.

"Did you come," she was asking a trifle unsteadily, "to talk to me about—Stephen Boyd?"

He shook his head.

"Because—" she suddenly sent him the ghost of a smile—"I think I can promise you it is not serious. He will—get over it!"

"I am not thinking of young Boyd," he said. "I came here to ask you to tell me a story."

"A story?" she fixed him with her wide, dark eyes.

"Yes. The story of yourself."

She sat for a moment quite still. "You are presuming I have one?"

His gaze met hers with a quiet steadfastness. "I have read a chapter in it myself to-night!"

She seemed, for the first time, to get the full impression of his earnestness. Her lips, as she continued to look at him, were slightly parted. Her face had paled, even under the glow of the fire.

"And you want to begin from the

beginning?" She was smiling again, in the old wistful manner.

He made a gesture of assent.

"But if I tell you," she said abruptly, "that it began—badly? That it would—hurt to go over it? That I never allow myself, now, to look back, that I just go on, and on—to the unknown end?"

"I would like to feel that it is going to be a happy end."

She gazed thoughtfully into the fire. "Ah, once I, too, wished for that! I have given up the idea."

"Why?" he was leaning toward her, in sudden desperate earnest.

She rose, turning away from him. "Because happiness—comes *honestly* or not at all. Don't ask me to tell you any more—let us leave things as they are, and still—" her voice faltered—"be friends!"

Suddenly he saw that her eyes, turned from him, were brilliant with tears. The sight shook him as all her words had not done. He realized at that moment that she too had cared. He laid down his cigar and, crossing his arms, stood looking in his turn into the fire. She was still turned away.

"Perhaps," he said steadily, "I had better begin things by telling you something about myself. I came here to-night to ask you to give me a—packet, sealed with a red seal, which Stephen Boyd—dropped here this afternoon."

The room, as the crisp words struck it, fell into an odd, shocked silence. There was only, to make it more vivid, a sudden sharp crackle of sound as a burning log dropped down, split in two. He did not move his eyes from the burning track. He thought of her life as being that, or of a star, fallen without warning, from the heavens.

Her voice, very low, was speaking, as if from a distance. "I am afraid—I do not quite—understand?"

He faced her then, his expression one of honest sadness. "I think that you *do* understand—and that it is giving us both pain."

She stood apart from him, her face slightly indistinct in the shadows, her arms dropped at her sides. He hated to see her that way, facing the bar of his judgment. But all she said was: "Then you *are* in the Secret Service—after all." She said it without apparent emphasis, like a child repeating a new lesson, only he saw that her eyes were burning bright.

He lifted his head. "Yes. For the sake of serving my country."

She drew a deep breath. "Ah, one's country!" She was steadying herself against the table, smiling at him a little, with a smile more heart-breaking than tears. "I have one too—bounded on the north and south by disappointment and disillusion, on the west by—poverty—" she sent a swift glance around the richly quiet room, "yes, in spite of all this, poverty! It is the reason why I have had to bound it on the east by—self."

"My hope is in the east," he said.

She shook her head. "You see—" she was making a desperate effort at composure — "out of my own mouth I stand condemned! Yes, Mr. Gilcrist, I will give you—the packet."

He stood looking across at her. He had never felt her charm so potent as now, when she was so completely off guard, and at his mercy.

"But first," she said, "I would like you to listen to—the story you asked me to tell. Oh, it is very short, and—and threadbare."

She was not looking at him now, she was staring aside, her eyes darkly tragic. Her voice was low, but faintly vibrant, as if in spite of herself she was urging it on.

"If it pains you," began Gilcrist, "to recall—" but she made a little gesture with her hand.

"It is in four chapters," she said, "and it begins with a child, who never learned what it was to be a child. Her mother was dead. Everything about her had died except her father and a little dog. He—kicked the dog to death one day because, like the child, it was forever getting in his way!" She looked up at him. "That is the end of the first chapter—shall I go on?"

"Yes," said Gilcrist gently, "go on."

"In the next, the child grew up—to find that her father was clever, as a trickster is clever. He lived by—close bargains, and a drug. His last was to sell off the girl, for thirty pieces of silver—to a man whom she could not—tolerate! Shall I—go on?"

"Go on," said Gilcrist hoarsely.

She had locked her hands together. "It was a very short chapter, that third one—the girl's married life. In it she learned the strength of disillusion. The man shot himself one day in a European café—on account of a woman who was not—the girl. She had been left behind in—Washington,

to earn her own living." She stopped. Her hands fell apart again. "Do you still—want me to go on?"

Gilcrist did not speak, but as if she heard his assent she took up the thread again. Her voice was very low—the vibrant note in it had died.

"In the fourth chapter the girl made a bid for—her wares. They were just good looks and a clever knack of saying things that made her friends. That is, they seemed to be friends—they were really enemies of the girl's best self! But for the sake of food, and a roof-tree, and common, heart-breaking things, she kept on. She—found out something once that made a United States senator—send her a check! That was the beginning. It was a good market, and in spite of conscience and loneliness, and—ugly nights, the girl did the things she should not have done because the things she—ought to have done would have left her to starve!"

"Go on," said Gilcrist. He was very pale, but his gaze did not falter. Neither did hers.

"There is such a very little more," she said indistinctly. "Among all whom she knew there was just one—who had made her wish to be different. But she knew it was no use; it was too late to bid for—any kind of happiness; so she hid it all, even from him, hoping that if he found it out he would always remember that she had *wanted* to be different, and that once or twice she had tried to be good for a little—till the current she had made overwhelmed her again, and carried her on—to the end."

"But it is not yet the end!"

Her eyes, with the tears dried on their lashes, were fixed on his. Looking at him still, she drew from her breast a small packet, sealed with a red seal, and handed it across to him. "I was to have passed it on to-night. Will you give it, instead, to Stephen Boyd, in my name! Tell him it is my answer. It is also," she said a little brokenly, "the cure!"

As he took it their hands met. He held hers for an instant silently, then he said, with his own voice a trifle unsteady, "And what of—the cure for you?"

She was very pale. "It is beyond that, just as happiness was beyond."

"But what if I could guarantee happiness—the cure!"

With a sudden rush of tears she gathered

some violets from the brass bowl and held them out to him. "You are magnanimous," she whispered. "Thank you, with all the soul I have left, for what I dare not let you say. And now—it must be good-night!"

"Perhaps, but not good-by."

She looked at him mistily. "I think it must be good-by, too."

He spoke to her doggedly. "I am coming here to-morrow—to discuss the cure."

"Oh," she breathed, "don't you see it? The cure for *you* is what counts, and that must be indeed good-by. For your sake I am strong enough to say it!"

She had already turned away from him, back to her chair by the fire. He saw her so, as he stood for an instant in the doorway, shielding her eyes with her hands. Then he went back to Stephen Boyd.

IT WAS the easiest point along the road he had set himself to go. To get for a few moments, back to Stephen's version of it, to Stephen's boyish finalities, and away from his own, holding so much deeper issues—it was like stopping at some half-way house where he might gird himself with the courage to go on, to finish the thing up for the Bureau, no matter how it hurt Norma or himself. There was Ten Eyck too, to think of, and—Norma's sign with the small gloved hand! He could still only think of her as a sign, pointing, like a finger-post, to the villain in the play. It was up to him to follow her leadings, urge himself on, when his heart, in its deepest pity, was so eager to hold back—to give her, because she was so pathetic a plaything of circumstance, one more chance!

Chance! the chief would have said he had already given it—in having her love. The chief's ideas were still a bit old-fashioned—he believed in keeping his face to the enemy. But Gilcrist with calm courage could turn away. It was as if in those brief and passionate moments of betrayal Norma had showed him the whole tortuous course—he *knew* the kind of trail she would follow—there would be time still, he thought, with pain at his heart, for all he had to do!

Gilcrist did not deceive himself. Back of all his pity, of all his hope, lay love. It had come to him again, not in the guise of a white flower—rather a poor, shamed, encarnadined blossom, bruised by too rough handling, dusty with the common dust of

the wayside, yet a flower to him still! Might it not be that her chance lay in just that? To have him take her up, possess her, cherish her in honest, tender ways, within some safe and quiet recess of the heart?

He found Boyd pacing the length of the room. He had turned on more light and it showed his face still boyishly pale and set. "Well," he cried sharply, "you've been awfully long! I thought you were going to phone?"

Gilcrist came in and closed the door; his own face looked very worn. "Let's try to keep cool, Steve—I've only ten minutes or so, and then I must be off again. You see—you can't send some things over the wire—for instance, a woman's name."

Boyd stood arrested. "What do you mean?" he asked. His voice, as he caught Gilcrist's expression, grew thin and sharp with anxiety.

For answer Gilcrist took a sealed packet from his breast-pocket and threw it across the table. "I have brought you," he said slowly, "Mrs. Deering's answer—a day ahead." He did not look at young Boyd.

There was a sudden, leaden silence. Out of it the younger man spoke hoarsely. "Just what," he said, "are you—daring to imply?" His words were choked, tremulous with a passionate disbelief.

Gilcrist made no answer. He wanted young Boyd to work the thing out for himself.

Boyd stood, irresolute. His eyes, fixed intently on Gilcrist, seemed suddenly to narrow till they were dark pin-points. "If you mean—" he said passionately, "to insinuate—things against *her*, you lie!"

Gilcrist looked at him then. It was as he would have looked, a long way back, perhaps, at his own youth—feeling sorry for it, because it was still so young! There was pity there, and honesty, and that was all.

Suddenly, as he stared at Gilcrist, Boyd's denials crumpled up and went under. "You mean," he said, "that she took them—my God—" he threw back his head with a gesture of finality, covering his eyes with his hand.

The room was very still. They could hear a little French clock of Gilcrist's ticking steadily on a shelf. Suddenly Boyd straightened. He was frowning heavily, his face streaked with crimson. It hurt Gilcrist more than anything else, that he

could not set her right in the face of Boyd's shame for her.

"I suppose," said young Boyd, "that it is—up to me to finish off my job." With a little jerking motion he reached over and crushed the packet in his hand.

"If you mean," said Gilcrist quietly, "that you are going to hunt up Morton at this hour, it isn't necessary, Steve; in fact—" Gilcrist sighed a little, "we are going to open up that packet right here."

Young Boyd stared. "Are you crazy," he said, "to interfere with—with what the Chief—"

Gilcrist merely put out his hand and with a steady gesture slit the seal across. "You see?" he was holding them out to Boyd with a faint smile. "They are just dead blanks."

"My God!" said Boyd again. "You mean that—she changed them—"

"No, Boyd," Gilcrist's voice was very kind. "I mean that the Chief sent them out just that way. You were what we call a decoy, Steve, that's all."

Boyd lifted his eyes. "You mean like—marked bills?"

"Exactly, like marked bills. You see, I happened to know the mark." He was pointing to a tiny red line, like a thread, on the under cover.

"Then—" Boyd's face was a study—"I needn't have—hit the handle!"

"I think," said Gilcrist, "I wouldn't feel that way. The Chief, Steve, is a great man. It may have been a double test."

Boyd stiffened. "I see, of—the thief and—and me! I suppose," he added, "you'll report me for this, then, to-morrow?"

Gilcrist looked at him. "No, Boyd, you are to report yourself, as a messenger who has learned the lesson set for all of us—to keep faith."

Without a word Boyd gathered his hat and coat and walked to the doorway. "I—you've been *bully*, Gilcrist—I guess that's all there is to say."

Gilcrist nodded. "That's all right, Steve," and then he added a quiet little sentence: "Just keep it in mind, will you, that one doesn't send a woman's name over any kind of wires?"

And Boyd, with a look that was a promise, went out.

Gilcrist, alone for a moment, got up and walked to the window. The next move must be an ugly one: he was going back to



"MAY I ASK THE REASON FOR THIS SUDDEN INTRUSION INTO A PRIVATE ROOM?"

that firelit room where he had left her, on the off chance of meeting Arnold Ten Eyck. Ten Eyck, with his mask off, his slender, immaculate palm held out with her price! Such a pitiful price all through,

so far beneath the values God had sent her into the world with! It was terrible to him to think of Ten Eyck in her rooms as the sordid, clever emissary of some land beyond the seas, secure in his American birthright,

mowing down her poor little fields for the sake of some European harvest!

He had not asked her to implicate Ten Eyck. She would have covered him, borne the brunt alone, as she had borne all along all life dealt to her. But Gilcrist did not doubt that Ten Eyck was there, staged for the play, tipping those masters of his the wink, smiling his odd, oblique smile, and—headed straight for the devil!

He parted the curtains and looked out, while his little clock struck eleven small-voiced, silver chimes. The city had fallen into that rapt half-sleep that presages quiet dreams. Well, he, too, had his dream. To keep the faith! As he had said to Boyd, it was the big lesson set in some way for them all. She had learned hers badly, but life is patient: she might, with some more honest teacher, learn it over again. The need to forgive? God Himself set the pace for that, with His "seventy times seven." Judgment? One Judge alone was righteous! Love, after all, was the thing that counted—love shorn of its passion and its dross; love that was *faith*! He could, then, love her, and be true to his own vision of things.

His man, with one of his scrupulous taps, was opening the door and crossing on tiptoe with a letter. "Special messenger, sir—said there would be no answer."

Gilcrist guessed, even before he turned it in his hand, that it was her verification of good-by. He opened it carefully, with little tremors, like a working seismograph, at his brain. There was neither beginning nor ending:

I am writing you this from a new world. I hardly know why—perhaps because I want you to believe that whatever the difference costs me, I am going to be different. It is the only tribute I can pay to your faith and your kindness. But we must not meet again—I have put, while I had the courage, the things I have lived with behind me, for the sake of the things *you* are living. I start out with what they are as my one asset—so very much more precious an asset than any I have ever known! I can say then good-by, and because it *is* good-by tell you this—that the cure for me, if there is a cure—is your own steadfast truth!

Gilcrist, staring down at the sheet of plain white paper in his hand, had the sensation of a man who suddenly hits a blank wall which blocks the road ahead. She meant it indeed for good-by. She had al-

ready gone out into the void! And it could not be that, for so many, many reasons—he felt them pressing like a tight band about his temples, making him think. He turned the paper over, examining again the envelope; there was nothing, not even a post-mark; the messenger had gone; he might, given time, have ferreted the thing out, found her point of delivery—the Chief had given him twenty-four hours—but she had cut him down to twelve!

He went slowly across the room, the paper still in his hand, and switched on his desk-light. Only one idea possessed him, that whatever she had put behind her, wherever she had gone, there were two who had vital interests in getting at once on the track—Ten Eyck and himself.

As he turned the key and opened a small drawer, his face fell again into set lines. He was once more the Agent, the Inside Man outside, confronted by the implements of his trade—two small revolvers, one in a plain leather case, the mate to the one he carried in his pocket; fac-similes of handwriting; a bunch of marked photographs; a railroad pass-book; a magnifying-glass.

As he took out the glass his eyes suddenly fastened on one of the photographs, a picture post-card, taken in South America six years before, showing a group of officials and secretaries—a defunct South American president and his staff on the steps of some public building. Gilcrist, with a slight line between his brows, drew it from its elastic band and put it in his vest; then he turned with the glass to Mrs. Deering's letter.

An instant later he laid the glass back and sat thinking. Then he reached up and held the paper flat against the electric bulb above him. In the eleventh hour he found at last the way to her made plain—by a water-mark! Many a time, from the same small hotel, hidden close in the heart of the business section, he had written on this same plain paper to the Chief things that could not be sent over any kind of wires. It was strange that he was only to retrace his steps, along the line of old duties, to find her now! She was just fifteen minutes away from him, and he was going straight there.

He took up his desk 'phone, and called up the Bureau. The night-clerk took his message. No, Rawlins was not in yet, but Hardy was there.

"That's all right," said Gilcrist. "Just tell him to be at the San Antonio in fifteen minutes for a late supper, and to bring the bull-pup along. Thanks, good-by." "Bull-pup" was one of Hardy's pleasantries; it simply meant, in Hardy's code: "Bring an automatic and be on the job!"

Gilcrist smiled as he sent his man down for a taxi.

HE FOUND Hardy waiting for him in the small lobby; Hardy, who had long figured to himself as a permanent Sherlock Holmes. It was significant of Gilcrist's standing at the Bureau that in his presence Hardy petered down to a humble edition of Dr. Watson. Gilcrist gave him a nod as they passed through the corridor; the next moment he was speaking to the head waiter. He turned to Hardy:

"We can't have the little dining-room—it happens to be in use."

It seemed to Hardy that Gilcrist's tone was significant. He was standing by a table near the small room's entrance, with his back to the dropped portières. As they sat down, the waiter went off with their order.

Gilcrist, at that instant, leaned across and spoke to Hardy. His voice was low and distinct. "There's just one thing, Hardy—if you and I should meet a man to-night, with a woman, I want you to forget the woman."

Hardy nodded. "Sure thing," he said, and stared at Gilcrist. He thought he looked pale, and very tired; but Gilcrist did not speak further, and, like Dr. Watson, Hardy must wait for a lead.

Gilcrist, it seemed, was waiting too; his face bore a look of strain; it seemed to Hardy, watching closely, that he was listening for some sound through those dropped portières; but when it came, after a long, hushed interim, it struck Hardy with a distinct surprise. It was a woman's sob.

The outer room where they sat was almost empty. It was early midnight, and the place was remote; there were only a couple of waiters clearing dishes away at the far end. Hardy, glancing uneasily at Gilcrist, felt sure he had the clue, but Gilcrist waited still. He was certainly pale now. The muscles of his lean hand, resting on the table, were stretched and taut. At that instant, a man laughed, in a light and callous undertone!

Gilcrist, on his feet now, fixed a quiet gaze on Hardy. "That," he said, "is my quarry." He spoke like a man under intense repression. "I'm going inside, Hardy—when a man steps out of that room, get him. That's up to you."

Hardy nodded, his hand already in his hip pocket. "I see. Flourish the bull-pup!"

"Just get him," said Gilcrist. "Take him straight to the Bureau. I'll follow. There's a taxi outside. If they bother you here, show your badge." He nodded. The next instant he had lifted the heavy draperies and stepped through.

It seemed to Gilcrist, as he entered that little room, that he was living life's biggest, most intricate moment! Under the light of a silk-shaded lamp, at a small spread table, sat Norma Deering. She was leaning forward, with parted lips, her eyes transfixed as at some inner and haunting vision, her face a white, soft blur. Ten Eyck, a cigar between his lips, stared insolently across from where he stood by the window. On the floor between them were little blue paper fragments, matching the leaves of a small check-book still in Ten Eyck's hand!

Gilcrist, confronting them both, felt that he held somehow the issues of life and death for all three. Nobody moved, until Ten Eyck spoke, in his controlled, slightly musical voice:

"May I ask the reason for this sudden intrusion into a private room?" He was not a man to bother with small hatreds. A very large one was at that moment blazing across at Gilcrist from his eyes.

Gilcrist met it without a shadow of feeling. "To be explicit," he said quietly, "there are two. One concerns Mrs. Deering, the other concerns yourself. It has been growing more important for the last seven years."

Ten Eyck, his eyes on Gilcrist, sent out deliberate little puffs from his cigar. He had his mask on; behind it his muscles moved, very slightly.

"Well," he said, "I am not interested in either of your reasons. I will simply ask you to get out!"

Gilcrist, his hand on the drapery behind him, did not move. "Seven years ago," he said evenly, "I was sent to a South American republic on a little matter of business for my Government. I happened—" he smiled—"to run into one of their rather upsetting revolutions! At a very tight place in it I also



"IF YOU MEAN—" HE SAID PASSIONATELY, "TO INSINUATE THINGS AGAINST HER, YOU LIE!"

happened, at the risk of my own, to save a man's life. His name," said Gilchrist slowly, "was Rodriguez, but he had been born in California."

Ten Eyck, flicking the ashes from his cigar, made a little jerking movement with his lips. "Apparently you missed the point, Mr. Gilchrist, of my last remark. Well, I will repeat it. Kindly, and without further reference to old melodrama, *get out!*"

Gilchrist's grip on the drapery tightened.

He appeared not to see Ten Eyck, but to be speaking to some point just beyond him. "It was a mistake," said Gilchrist steadily. "Three months afterward he stabbed an official high in power, and absconded with public funds. He was traced, under the name of Wentworth, to Mexico—there the trail dropped."

"Mr. Gilchrist," interposed Ten Eyck, "I am neither concerned with South American history, nor with you. You will leave this

room in two minutes, or I will take other measures. Now do you understand?" His voice, under its control, had worn out its softness. It was like a steel wire, vibrating across the room. Norma Deering, her lips still parted, stared piteously at them both.

"Under the name of Wentworth," continued Gilcrist clearly, "he dropped under, to appear, a few years later in—Washington, as the accredited agent of tricksters across the sea. Papers were missed, codes tampered with. Secret orders, as late as yesterday, were abstracted; but no matter—that particular theft being discovered, those papers, in spite of this man's cleverness, were so much waste. They simply became a footprint on a covered trail! Everything this man did was covered, just as his face was covered with a beard! His ways were mean ways, ways of crucifixion, that even women were made to walk. His manners were polished and—covered. He wore the mask of a gentleman, and he covered himself, like a cloak, with the name of—Arnold Ten Eyck!"

The room seemed suddenly full of jarring, disconcerting discords, spreading themselves over great, gaping silences. Outside, a waiter jangled some dishes; a taxi-driver called an oath from the street below the little window; Gilcrist could hear his own breaths, forced into steadiness by his will.

Norma, with a sharp little cry, had risen. She was standing so, her face dead-white, staring at Ten Eyck. It was as if she saw him as Gilcrist did, with the mask off, for the first time. Ten Eyck himself, his cigar still gripped between thumb and forefinger, was the first to thrust a sentence roughly into the jargon of little sounds:

"Take back that damned lie!" His eyes, on Gilcrist's, struck like flint on flint. Little beads of sweat stood like a fine dew on his smooth forehead.

Gilcrist was drawing something, a postcard, from his breast pocket. "There is one thing, Rodriguez, that never lies—the camera!"

Ten Eyck, staring down at the upturned pasteboard, turned suddenly the color of ashes.

"You gave it to me," said Gilcrist, "on the twentieth of September in 1908. You were one of the under-secretaries, and you are standing next to the man you afterward murdered! But my reason, Rodriguez, is not a desire to make you pay up a

bad debt! It is to get rid of one of the parasites who are living on the life-blood of my country! We shall turn you over as a criminal, in order to get rid of—one more spy!"

Ten Eyck, with a rapid movement, had thrust his hand into his breast; the next moment Norma Deering, with a little cry, had struck down his arm! Something fell and lay at Gilcrist's feet, like a silver streak on the rug it might have crimsoned.

"Oh, no," said Gilcrist, "not before a woman!" His tone was still controlled. "I think you had better go," he said.

Ten Eyck, in a flash, was past him, through the red draperies, and in that instant Gilcrist, listening, heard Hardy's short dropped words—"Right here with me, old cove!" There was a sharp, concentrated scuffle, the head waiter's frightened protest, and then two words from Ten Eyck, under a fiercely taken breath—"Damn you!"

Footsteps, uneven but progressive, died steadily toward the stairs!

GILCRIST, his head lifted, looked across at Norma. She was sitting by the little table again, turned away from him, her cheek pressing against the chair-back. He could see that in an unobtrusive way she was crying softly, trying not to let him know. He thought, as he saw her so, that often she must have sat like that through the years, alone with fresh-made miseries, only to-night she was not alone!

He stood quietly, his arms at his side, watching her. He had never seen her that way, shaken, with all the barriers down; always she had been brilliant, proud, controlled. Now, in her quiet dress, she seemed shorn of the old, artificial sweetness, but to have gained something, a simpler beauty, that struck him to the heart. He crossed over to her slowly, and stood above her, waiting.

She became suddenly still. It was as if, without any visible touch, she felt his hand upon her, constraining her to calm. She did not look up, but she said something, with earnest, still quivering lips:

"I would like you to believe, in spite of what it seemed to-night, that I have kept faith with the thing I set before me. I did not intend that any part of the old world should find me here, and to-morrow I was going away! He followed me—

for his own ends, and because he did not believe it to be true!"

"And I followed," said Gilcrist simply, "because I believe with all my heart that it is true. Come, Norma, I am going to take you home." She faced him then, with troubled, tear-wet eyes. "Home?" she said.

"Home," said Gilcrist, and his voice was very gentle, "to my mother, Norma." And then he added, with his eyes on her eyes, "You see, all my hope is in the East, still!"

He was holding out his hand, but the appeal, after all, was in the gaze he fastened on her. The room seemed all at once very silent.

"Once," he said, "a girl who died read me a verse from a book. I think she voiced

what I have always felt for myself, and what I feel to-night, in a larger way, for you; that a light shines, if we keep our faces to the light, through every darkness; that a Day-star, when the dawn comes, arises in the heart. Can't you believe that, Norma?"

She turned her eyes to him humbly. "Then it must be the new dawn now," she said brokenly, "because—I am facing *my* light, in you!"

"Then," he said, "my dearest, my dearest——"

She swayed a little, suddenly wreathing him with her arms. "If love is like that," she whispered passionately, "then take me, take me—I want to keep faith forever, with God, and my country, and *you!*"

ARE YOU LOVING ENOUGH?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

ARE you loving enough? There is some one dear,
Some one you hold as the dearest of all
In the holiest shrine of your heart.
Are you making it known? Is the truth of it clear
To the one you love? If death's quick call
Should suddenly tear you apart,
Leaving no time for a long farewell,
Would you feel you had nothing to tell—
Nothing you wished you had said before
The closing of that dark door?

Are you loving enough? The swift years fly—
Oh, faster and faster they hurry away,
And each one carries its dead.
The good deed left for the by and by,
The word to be uttered another day,
May never be done or said.
Let the love-word sound in the listening ear,
Nor wait to speak it above a bier.
Oh, the time for telling your love is brief,
But long, long, long is the time for grief.
Are you loving enough?

THE QUILL DRIVER

By
Maud Mortimer

DRAWING BY RALPH BARTON



A GREAT character in Salle II was *le petit père*. We called him so partly out of affection, partly because he was small and over forty and wore a comic crocheted pink-pointed nightcap, with a tassel on the top, drawn tightly over his head; but chiefly, I think, because he had a young daughter of fourteen round whom his thoughts, when they did not dwell on his next meal, continually played.

Seeing this rather pitiful little man in the last bed on his side of the ward, I went up to him and asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"Why, yes, madam," he answered in a voice that had in it an ancient note of complaint but was relatively to the moment cheerful to the point of heroism, "if you would get me a little comb I should be very grateful."

"A little comb. Why, what would you do with it, *mon vieux*?"

He was lying there waiting to have a leg amputated, and the request struck me as irrelevant.

"I should comb my mustache with it. Do you not see how much it needs it?"

Between amusement and pity I was more than anxious to get him the comb. After I had made a vain search, one of the nurses came to my rescue:

"There is a little comb in a leather case among some presents sent out for the

Christmas trees. You will find it on the shelf in my room."

Away I flew for the comb and back to the *petit père*, who greeted me with a radiant smile.

"Anything more you would like?"

"I am ashamed to ask, but if I had a small note-book, it would make me very happy."

The small note-book was also found and carried to him, and from that moment until he left the hospital we were, of course, boon companions. When he came around from the anesthetic I must promise to be there, promise to hold his hand through the first painful dressings when, since I must tell the whole truth, my protégé would yell quite piteously, while others round him in the operating-room, some with greater ordeals than his to be endured—ordeals generally borne without a groan—would not unkindly chaff him:

"Yell, yell, little father! It will do you good."

And he: "Oh, but those blessed drains! Who will dare to say that they cause one no agony?" And, looking apologetically up at me, he would add: "Hold my hand tight and I will scream no more. But *oh! là là*, it does hurt!"

No one of all the silent spectators thought an iota the less of *le petit père* for his screaming. Not all could be the same kind of hero. Had he not faced the music and lost a leg? And what of his Military Cross?

Besides, his pink nightcap was in itself a passport to indulgence, as was also his love for his little daughter.

"Do not tell her they have taken off my leg. It will make her so unhappy. Tell her rather her little father has an insignificant wound and will be with her soon for a long vacation."

Each day he showed me the note-book with its written side growing thicker and thicker. Such fine neat handwriting. And from it he would invite me to read, licking his lips over the happier phrases, and accepting as no more than his due all words of praise. The diary, for so it became, began with the minutest details of how he was wounded, how long he had lain on the field, how the stretcher-bearers had found him and carried him away; of the drive in the ambulance, his reception in our waiting-room, the hot scrub he had there, with every particular of his first dressings, the character of each of his doctors and nurses, and his many small adventures right up to the gift of the comb, leaving it on record that he had only to ask to receive in true biblical fashion.

The story is nearly a counterpart of so many. The only amusing part of it is that, after several weeks, we discovered that he could not write a word himself, could not even sign his name, and that it was his comrade in the next bed who patiently put it all down for him.

Of course he received the *Médaille Militaire*, and they added a "palme" to his old Cross. His past record and his lost leg were letters-patent to that. But when we congratulated him, his face took on a woe-begone expression, and his pals after much suppressed giggling confessed that he was afraid he would now die, since a belief held that only the dying were ever decorated by the General. After that they would tease him and tell him how pale he looked; that he had better make haste and see a priest.

He weathered the storm all the same, and finally the day came when we were obliged to send him on to a base hospital.

"Good-by, sister. You have been very good to me. I will often write to you."

I smiled, knowing the secret, and wondering how it would be when he no longer had his neighbor to cover the pages for him with that careful, neat handwriting. I need not have worried at all. Could not the *petit père*, with his mustache carefully

combed and his flair for a good tale, find as many kind comrades as he could wish? Presently his letters began to flow in, long sheets packed with closely written words. Let the *petit père* speak in his own words, which cover the ground so felicitously, so unaffectedly in their passion for revealing detail, and in their keen sense of life.

I hasten to write this letter to give you my news and receive yours by the same token. I got through the journey very well. I arrived at Dunkirk at eleven o'clock. At midday, bread-soup, meat, vegetables, and wine. At two o'clock, tea. At three o'clock, coffee, bread and milk. At four o'clock, coupling-up of the Red Cross train. Finally at five o'clock, the train took its departure and you may imagine how happy I was to be off in my compartment. I find myself, luckily, in the company of the *joyeux* from Salle III. The countryside is exquisite to see. Unfortunately the night comes too soon and I can make out nothing more. At seven o'clock, we find ourselves in the station at Calais and for supper we are given meat, cheese, bread, wine, with coffee to finish up. We go on again at five o'clock the next morning, and are given bread-soup, black coffee, rolls and butter.

The day begins to dawn and we perceive pretty green plains. It is a beautiful sight. It refreshes me after the muddy plains of Belgium. At the station of Rouen the morning meal is passed round; broth, ham, boiled eggs, jam, cigarettes, and oranges. We leave that station at midday. We cross the Seine, from which a thick mist rises.

And so on through many pages of notes on the long journey.

A later letter, less well written (Was he by that time separated from the *joyeux* of Salle III?) runs:

I have arrived at Havre. I have not suffered and have been well fed. At the hospital where I now am I must undergo another operation. May it be the last! I am on a low diet but what they give me is very good. I am very much troubled but not on account of my leg. I have received bad news from home. My poor old mother is dead. You may imagine, madam, how great a pain this is to me. I think the news of the loss of my leg added to her great age must have caused death. . . . I continue to write every day in my note-book. I think, dear, madam, this is all I have to tell you to-day. Send me, of your kindness, a packet of *Bastos*; I cannot get them here. I will send you the money for them. . . .

Poor little father! most unpretentious and sincerest of quill-drivers by proxy.

THE SLACKERS

By

William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

STEVE ALDRICH got up as the train slowed down for his station. He pulled himself together, and in his eyes there was a look rather sullen, rather defiant, as if he were getting ready to face a hostile audience of some sort. And that was because he was not in uniform, and, in the town in which he lived, every other able-bodied man of his own age was, or else had taken steps to that end. May and war had come together; Aldrich knew that the town could not altogether be blamed for feeling that war had found him unready.

Through the window, as the train slowed down, he could see a company of men in uniform marching along the road, and above the grinding of the brakes hoarse words of command came to his ears. That was the home-defense corps out on a hike. He wasn't eligible for that; it was limited, conspicuously, to men who were over age, or who had wives and children dependent upon them.

Steve was glad to find few people getting off the train, and gladder still that most of them went immediately to the waiting motors that were parked at the other end of the station. He turned off the other way himself, and then saw, too late to avoid her, that one girl was taking the same course. It was Janet Thorpe, and she gave him a long look before she followed it with her short, jerky nod. He grinned at her instinctively, and then changed to a rather grave bow. And he invented an errand inside the station, so that she might walk on ahead of him. He didn't want to walk with Janet or any one else.

It wasn't that he didn't like her. He did, and always had, and they had been neighbors since their childhood. It was just that he wanted to be alone. Yet when he followed her, after a minute, he found him-



self thinking about her, perhaps just because she was in front of him and he couldn't very well help seeing her.

She was swinging along, carrying a lot of papers in important-looking envelopes, looking very different from the other girls who happened to be in sight. She wasn't in keeping with the day, as they seemed to be, in their fluffy, summery clothes, their bright-colored sweaters. She was too businesslike. She was wearing a stiff sort of suit of some roughish stuff—a neutral, lavender-shade wool jersey, it was—though Steve couldn't have told you that—and stout, sensible shoes. But she really wasn't a bit unfeminine; she just looked more definite, more determined, somehow, than most of the girls he knew. There was nothing soft or appealing about her.

At the post-office she turned in, and he saw Molly Pearson and Elsie Ames, their arms about each other, standing just

outside. He stiffened a little, but he forced himself to go on, and take off his hat, and grin at them. They both nodded to him, and Molly, who looked a little scared, and yet as if she might at any moment break out in a giggle, gave Elsie a little shove.

"Oh, Steve," Elsie said then. "We were wondering—have you applied for a commission yet, or enlisted, or—or—anything?"

"Yes—have you, Steve? We're curious, because all the other men have, you know," said Molly.

He flushed brick red. You see, there was the beastliest implication about those questions that no mere setting down of the words can possibly convey,

"No, I haven't," he said gravely. And he forced himself to look squarely at them, meeting their scornful young eyes.

They said nothing more. But for a moment he continued to look at them, and, over their shoulders, he could see Janet coming out of the post-office. It was plain that she had heard, and her eyes were bright, and alive with curiosity and interest and some other emotion that was rather hard to classify. He turned away abruptly, and walked on. Six times in the quarter of a mile he had to walk to reach his home, that experience was repeated—whenever, indeed, he met a girl he knew.

In its form the question he was asked varied, but so little that it was obvious that the thing had been prearranged. And Anne Peyton, tearing past him in her roadster, saw him, and turned at the next corner to swoop down upon him. She was in a sort of khaki uniform—officer's blouse, short skirt, leggings, campaign hat. They became her marvelously well, and she wore them because she was one of a group of girls who were in camp a few miles out of town, drilling, learning how to shoot, and living under military discipline.

"I say, Steve," she began, in her brusk way, "how about you? Have you come through—or are you going to? I mean——"

"I know what you mean, Anne," he said, meeting her eyes. "You're the eighth between here and the station."

"Well—it's your own fault, Steve," she said. "When every man in your crowd——"

"I know," he said steadily.

"Can't you say anything?" she demanded furiously. "If there's some reason—Steve—you're not going to be the only man in town to wait until they draft

you? You're not going to be a *conscript*?"

"I don't know," he said, quite simply. "I really don't, Anne. If it comes to that, they'd call me pretty early, I should think."

"Well!" she said, and made a gesture of utter bewilderment and disgust.

"I'm sorry, Anne," he said. And then, when she said nothing more, he went on.

He was tremendously fond of Anne. Indeed, he had been, and not so long ago, mighty close to being in love with her; they had gone about together a good deal. And if the sort of thing she was doing now, this camping out and tearing about in uniform, repelled him a little, he couldn't help seeing that the very things about her that had been most potent in attracting him to her were what made her go in for it.

He liked Anne, as every one did, for her enormous, her inexhaustible vitality, her unquenchable enthusiasm. To Steve the sort of thing Anne and those other girls were doing seemed pretty cheap. He thought he could guess pretty well the sort of impulse that had moved a lot of them. But he knew that in Anne's case his criticism didn't apply; that she believed absolutely and with all her heart that she was doing her part. He remembered that in the early days of the war Anne had done more than any other girl in town to organize Red Cross work and Belgian relief and all the other things that had then been so supremely necessary. And, though it seemed to him that she had been betrayed by her enthusiasm, he couldn't help admiring her for it.

And, anyhow, he wasn't in a position to criticize Anne—or any one else who was doing, or trying, however inefficiently, to do something. He flushed brick-red again, though he was all alone, at the thought of the wretchedly obvious retort Anne could make to him if he asked her if she expected women to be sent to the trenches.

Then he was home, and he went up-stairs at once to see his father. He found him in the library, with the warm afternoon sun pouring in through open windows. He was convalescent now, after the savage illness that had held him bound through most of the winter, but Henry Aldrich still looked miserably weak and ill. A big man, he was greatly wasted; his cheeks were sunken; there was little blood in them, or in the fingers of the thin hand he held out to his son. But his eyes lighted up when he saw Steve. Had you seen that meeting you

would have been able to measure the depth, and the warmth, and the fineness of the relation between them.

"Well?" said Henry Aldrich.

"Things look fine," said Steve. "Feel up to hearing about some of them?"

"Surely, Steve. I'm feeling stronger each day. Oh, I'm on the mend now! I'll be able to relieve you before long."

"We needn't worry about that. I'm up to the job until you get ready to come back."

They talked for an hour, until the shadows on the lawn were growing longer, and

manager, an ideal subordinate. But he lacks grasp, the executive quality. Steve—we can't let the business go! That mustn't happen!"

"I know it, sir," said Steve doggedly. And the same look that had been in his eyes as he faced the scornful regard of the two girls at the post-office was in them again. He went over to the window and looked out. "I think—I think I'll go over and play nine holes before dinner," he said. "I've been cooped up most of the time this last week. I feel pretty frowsy."



"I'D NEVER DREAM OF DANCING WITH A SLACKER."

Henry Aldrich was nodding as he listened.

"Well—that's about all," said Steve, finally, and his father roused himself, with a faint start, and nodded his head two or three times, with a good deal of emphasis.

"You are doing better than I could have dared to hope, Steve," he said. "Except for you— Well, things would have gone to smash. Simpson—Simpson's a splendid

"Do that," said his father. "By all means. You've got to look out for your health, boy."

The exercise did Steve a lot of good. He might have played a full round, because, although it was Saturday afternoon, he had the links pretty much to himself. Three or four girls were playing, but he didn't come up to them, and only saw their sweaters in

the distance. And he passed old Colonel Jackson, who stopped in his search for a lost ball long enough to glare at Steve. People were remembering, in these days of war, that the colonel had earned his title in the Civil War, and not for service on some governor's staff. Steve couldn't help wincing at the look the colonel gave him, but he squared his shoulders and went on.

Rather to his surprise, there were a good many people on the porch when he got back to the club-house, to bathe and change into flannels. He caught glimpses of men in uniform: chaps from training-camps, or full-fledged officers, already commissioned, who had week-end leave. He could hear the big phonograph in the living-room grinding out dance music, and the shuffle of feet that told him that the rugs had been rolled

up for an informal dance. He hadn't meant to go up-stairs, but he found himself out of cigarettes, and did go up, meaning to get some at the office and go on.

A one-step was just beginning when he reached the big living-room, and he stopped, rather than thread his way through the couples who filled the floor. He felt awkward and constrained; he was sure his face was getting red, because it was so hot. He hated himself for that—but couldn't do a thing about it. So he stood, looking on. There weren't many men, after all, and except for himself all were in uniform. The girls outnumbered them at least two to one, so that there was a quite unusual proportion of wallflowers. Steve glanced around, and it seemed to him that Florence Barnett was smiling at him, half invitingly. He didn't want to, but he didn't see how he could, in common decency, do anything but ask her to dance. Florence was a soft little thing, but nice. So he went over to her.

"Will you dance this?" he asked, and smiled down at her.

"With you?" she said, looking at him wide-eyed. "Oh—have you enlisted, Steve, or applied for a commission? Because, of course, I'd never dream of dancing with a slacker."

He straightened up as if she had shot him. Two or three girls who were sitting close by, and had heard, laughed nervously, and drew the attention of every one in the room to what was happening.

"I'm sorry," he said, and bowed. He knew his cheeks were red. But in a moment they weren't. As he made his way toward the door they were dead white; even his lips were bloodless. And then he heard his name called, and spun around to stare at Janet Thorpe, whom he hadn't seen at all.



ANNE PEYTON, TEARING PAST IN HER ROADSTER, SAW HIM AND TURNED.

"Oh, Steve!" she said again, "I don't dance, but if you're going toward home I'll walk along with you."

He stared at her, dazed, bewildered. And again a ripple of nervous laughter started, and ran around the room, as a flame runs through dry grass. She came toward him, and they went out together. Not until they had passed down the drive, and come into the highroad, and turned toward home, did Janet break her silence. And then she didn't speak, but laughed. He turned on her sharply, his face drawn. He was like a man who had been hit by a modern high-velocity bullet. Bewilderment was just beginning to give way to pain and shock.

"Don't!" he cried. "Janet—why did you come along?"

"Because I saw Florence deliberately get you to ask her to dance so that she could do what she did, perhaps," said Janet. "I—well, I can't see that sort of thing, Steve. I can't see myself doing it—or going around with white feathers to pin on slackers, if they come to that, the way they did in England, at the start."

She smiled faintly as he stared at her. "You see, lots of them think I'm a slacker, too," she said serenely. "Anne Peyton wanted me to join her camp, and I wouldn't. And some one else wanted me to learn to drive an ambulance—and there was a chance to learn how to drive a trolley-car, to replace motormen who join the army. They're pretty much down on me because I prefer to stick to my own game. Those things are bully—I haven't a word to say against any of those girls. Only——"

"I didn't realize girls came in for it too," he said. "But—you're doing something—that's what you meant, isn't it? I'm not. I'm just sticking to my own job—and we don't make munitions or anything connected with the war. How do you know that they're not right about me, Janet?"

"I don't know that it's any of my business," she said. "No one's appointed me to help you make up your mind about what you ought to do, or want to do. It seems to me that there's too much of this moral suasion being used to make men volunteer. All the people who are doing it have been fighting for conscription, or universal service, or a selective draft, or whatever you choose to call it, and now they want to spoil it, as far as I can see! They talk as if a man ought to be ashamed of

being a conscript. That doesn't seem like a very good way to make universal service popular!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Steve. "After all, one would rather volunteer than feel one was forced in. But——"

"I don't see how you can mix up the two things," said Janet. "Isn't the very idea of conscription to have every man in on the same basis—to fix things so that we won't have things like—that exhibition of Florence's? So that you men will all know when your turn is coming, and be ready to go when you're called?"

"I suppose it is," said Steve. "But——"

"Oh, cheer up, Steve!" she said. "Don't look so blue, for Heaven's sake! You don't have to tell me anything unless you want to. But—I've known you all my life, Steve. And I think I know you fairly well, too. I suppose if I really thought you were a slacker—that you didn't want to do your share, I—well, I suppose I wouldn't be walking with you now."

"Gee!" said Steve. "Janet—why—Janet——"

And then, somehow, in a rush of words that seemed to come without any real volition on his part, he told her things he had kept from every one. He told her about the task his father's long illness had thrust upon him; about the long winter of harassing toil and endless anxiety.

"I suppose every one thinks dad's pretty rich," he said. "And—he's not. All the money's in the business. And that was all right as long as he was on the job himself. But he went down at the worst possible time, and things had skidded pretty badly before I could catch my stride and get hold of them. I'm holding them now, and I think I can keep on doing that. But if I quit now, before he's ready to take hold again—well, that'd be the end of the whole shebang. The business would go under. We'd pull out all right ourselves, probably—there'd be enough left to look after dad, and I wouldn't matter, of course."

"But—I've got to think of the people that are dependent on the business, Janet! I've got to keep it going for their sakes! I suppose some of them would get other jobs—I'm pretty sure some of the older ones wouldn't. And, besides—a lot of our people enlisted right off, because we arranged to pay wages right along, so that their folks would be all right. We've got to make good

on promises like that, haven't we? And——"

"Of course you have, Steve," said Janet. "I was pretty sure there was some reason. But why didn't you explain, Steve? Any one would understand."

"That's just it, Janet! I haven't been able to tell a soul! I can't let any one know everything isn't all serene with us. You see, we're a stock company, though dad's got control. There are men right here in town who invested on his say-so. They'd trust him, all right—but they wouldn't feel that way about me. No reason why they should. They'd get nervous, if they knew we were in difficulties. And they might try to interfere with me, and make things worse. And, anyhow, the word would get around that we were sailing close to the wind, and all sorts of people would drop on us—we'd go under in no time. So—I've just had to keep quiet. I haven't even been able to talk to dad about it—about how I wanted to break away. It would just have made him feel worse, and made it harder for him to get well."

He broke off abruptly, and his face grew hard. "If any of this talk about me gets back to him!" he said. "I can stand it all right, but——"

"I guess it won't, Steve," said Janet gently. "I—I'm awfully glad you've told me about this, Steve. I didn't need it to make me know you were all right, but——"

She put out her hand suddenly, and touched his arm, in a gesture shy, awkward, infinitely tender. "And if it's helped to talk about it——"

"Helped!" he said. "Why—Janet—it's made all the difference in the world! I don't care what any of them think about me now——"

It was so dark by this time that they couldn't really see each other's faces. And they had walked on and on, far past their homes, which stood close together. They had come, indeed, to the spot where the road they had been following ended, and they stood by a broken-down fence, looking out over the river, flowing dark and silent, far below. Above the hills on the western bank the faint afterglow of the sunset lingered, and above it green sky blended into the deep blue of night.

Janet roused herself suddenly. "After all, there's dinner!" she said. "I've got to fly, Steve. Look here—let's stick this out together, shall we?"

She held out her hand. A curious impulse made him lift it to his lips and kiss it, and she snatched it away furiously.

"Well——" he said, oddly embarrassed, when she didn't speak. "Sorry, Janet. But—you—you've bucked me up tremendously, Janet."

"That's all right," she said, her voice muffled. "Coming?"

They turned and walked back together, and at her house he left her, and went on home to join his father at dinner. Afterward he sat alone and smoked, and read a book that was already dog-eared and covered, as to the margins of its pages, with penciled notes. The book was one of those manuals prepared for men who contemplated an effort to win a commission in the new army.

But he couldn't get his mind properly set upon the use of machine guns in covering a retreat, which was the topic he had reached in his book. Constantly the scornful eyes of girls he had known all his life got between his own eyes and the printed page, and he could hear again the edge upon their voices as they asked him whether he had enlisted or asked for a commission, and the nervous laugh that had run around the room at the club when Florence Barnett had devised that last refinement of torture.

He rebelled, as he sat there alone, against the fierce unfairness of it, the intolerance, the readiness they had all shown to believe the worst of him! He could see now what he hadn't seen before—how right Janet was. He understood what they had meant who had fought for conscription or universal service, and for the abandonment of America's traditional adherence to the voluntary system. Voluntary enlistments! He could appreciate the mockery that might lie hidden in that phrase! He wondered how many men anticipating the draft, had volunteered already, to avoid the stigma of conscription, driven by a compulsion subtle, relentless, utterly unfair and undiscriminating.

It was his own case that he came back to again and again, of course. But it seemed to him that many men must have faced, must still be facing, some such problem as his. He thought of things he had read about the early days of the war in England: and in Canada the talk of slackers. Much of it had been justified, of course. There had been slackers; there would be here.

But he could see, all at once, that conscription would and should, if properly used, protect some men while it drove the slackers into the ranks.

He was reacting now, with a fierce pain, to the treatment he had had that afternoon from Molly Pearson and those others. They had felt so differently about him such a little while ago! He wasn't vain. He wasn't the sort to pride himself about the way he stood with women. But he hadn't been able to evade altogether a knowledge that had been fairly thrust upon him. Girls had always let him see that they liked him. He was the sort of man girls do like. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't taken advantage of his privilege rather to pick and choose among them when it came to distributing his attentions.

And now the only one who hadn't condemned him out of hand was Janet Thorpe!

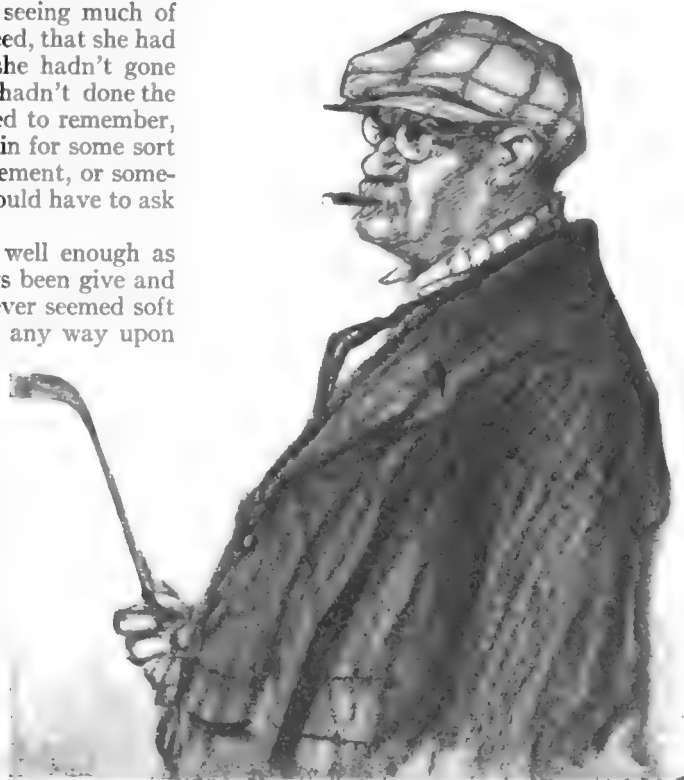
He thought of Janet a good deal that night, and he found that most of his thoughts about her, and his memories of her, were rather remote—of remote things. He realized that he had lost touch with her of late; that he hadn't been seeing much of her. It seemed to him, indeed, that she had rather dropped out; that she hadn't gone about as the other girls did, hadn't done the things they did. He seemed to remember, vaguely, that she had gone in for some sort of work in town, in a settlement, or something of that sort. He would have to ask her.

He could remember her well enough as a youngster. It had always been give and take with her. She had never seemed soft or appealing, dependent in any way upon her sex. It seemed to him now that she had often been rather left out of things the other girls were doing. He had a memory of her in dancing-school, awkward, unhappy, clumsy. Later, at parties, she had been wont to hide away; she had been the sort of girl, anyway, with whom boys danced only at the bidding of conscientious hostesses. And there was another memory, startlingly vivid, of the time when Jimmy Burton had caught her under the

mistletoe at a Christmas dance, and kissed her, and been scratched for his pains.

Yet none of these memories he found of her accounted, somehow, for the way she had behaved that afternoon; it seemed to him that he would have to begin to reconstruct his knowledge of her. He felt that she must have changed a good deal of late. And because she had shown him this new aspect of herself at a moment when he was abnormally sensitive, because he was so grateful to her, he wanted to understand her fully. He would have turned to her, anyway, after that talk they had; the sheer need of human, and especially of feminine, companionship would have driven him to her.

But he wanted to see her because she was—well, Janet Thorpe; not just because she was the only girl in town who wasn't openly scornful of him as a slacker and as the only man in the suburb who was going to bring upon it the disgrace of waiting to be drafted instead of volunteering before conscription went into effect.



THE COLONEL STOPPED IN HIS SEARCH FOR A LOST BALL LONG ENOUGH TO CLARE AT STEVE.

She surprised him in all sorts of ways. He couldn't analyze their relationship, of course; he wasn't introspective enough to see his own side of it properly, and he wasn't a sufficiently close observer fully to appreciate the difference between her and girls like Florence Barnett and Molly Pearson, for instance. But some rather striking things he could and did see. It seemed to him that it was almost a point of honor with Janet not to take advantage of her sex. When he was talking with her he was always forgetting that she wasn't a man, and saying things he would never have dreamed of saying to those other girls. He called things plainly by their names, and he found Janet ready to meet him, able to talk to him about all sorts of topics of his own choosing.

She was more like Anne Peyton than any of the others. But there were striking differences between her and Anne. He said something about that, once.

"I know it," said Janet. "That's one reason Anne and I don't get along any too well—we're too much alike. Only she's too emotional. She feels things. But she isn't like most tremendously emotional people. She doesn't stop at feeling. She goes ahead and gets things done, too. The trouble is she sees only one side of a question. That's why she's so intense. This camp of hers—the training——"

"That's been bothering me," Steve interrupted. "I'm just as strong for Anne as ever. Somehow, I don't resent her coming after me as she did. She didn't make me sore, the way the others did. And this military-training stunt—it seems to me pretty futile, and rather cheap; and still——"

"Here's the way I size that up," said Janet. "It makes me think of a stream tearing along, going to waste, when it might be guided into a channel where it would turn wheels and develop power—all that sort of thing. But even having the stream is something, because some time it will be harnessed. You see, Anne saw what a lot of us have seen—that a lot of women here have been slack—awfully slack. And she's gathered them together. She's got her stream between banks, even if it isn't running in the right direction. So, if the time comes, it'll be easier to divert that stream into a channel that will make it do something useful. It's no use talking to Anne now—she's much too impatient. And she hates me. She's ever so much more down on me than

on you. She can't see why I won't go into camp—or at least go along with them when they go to town in motors and make a whirlwind campaign for recruits. That's the difference between us. I can see her side, even if I think she's wrong. She can't see mine. But she will. And she is doing some good, of course. She's stirred up some girls who really would have been slackers except for her."

"Janet—what are *you* doing?" he asked her suddenly.

"Nothing," she said. "Not the way you mean. That's why they're all so down on me. I belong to a committee that's doing some work in the garment industry in the city. It seems pretty important to us, though it isn't a bit showy or dramatic."

They had many talks of that sort. It was Janet who seemed, in subtle ways, determined to maintain their relationship on an impersonal basis. Steve found himself resenting that attitude of hers before long. But his resentment wasn't profitable; he couldn't seem to find a way to overcome it. She was bewilderingly frank. But she would have nothing sentimental; she shied away whenever there seemed to be danger that they were approaching something of the sort. She never repeated that momentary display of tenderness, when she had put out her hand to Steve after his explanation of his position.

Her manner baffled Steve. He made clumsy efforts to pass the barrier she had erected. But her defense was the absolutely impregnable one of seeming to be ignorant of his attempts. If she recognized the opening moves in the age-old game of sex, she did not show it; she made no reply to Steve's gambits. She would talk as much as he pleased of his own affairs; she made precociously wise comments and suggestions. But she was dumb as soon as he wanted to talk about her.

Steve needed all the help he got from her. He had no more experiences like the one at the club, because he saw to it that no girl got a chance to repeat Florence Barnett's thrust. And, after two or three days, girls stopped asking him if he had enlisted or asked for a commission or joined the coast patrol. In other ways, however, the pressure upon him was continuous. There were a dozen weddings in the town that spring; military weddings, all of them, and most of them hastened on account of the war.

Pointedly, invitations came to Steve's father but not to him. Checks that he sent to two or three of the numerous relief funds were returned. And generally, so far as the social life of the town was concerned, he had ceased to be; he was an outcast, a pariah.

People didn't stop speaking to him or bowing to him; there seemed to be an agreement to stop short of that. He rather wished that it were not so. His position was anomalous; it betrayed him all the time, and led him into traps. He came home rather late one evening, and it happened that in the smoking-car, after half the journey, the only passengers besides himself were Mr. Pearson, Molly's father, and Mr. Ames. Mr. Pearson tossed from the window a cigar that was burning badly, took out another, and then looked for a match. He had none; neither had Mr. Ames. Steve held out a box across the aisle.

"No, thanks," said Mr. Pearson, and sat still, his unlit cigar in his mouth, until the brakeman came through and furnished him with a light.

And there were other incidents in keeping with that one.

It would have been harder for him than it was if he had not been so busy. The pressure of his work at the office was continuous, however, and each day brought its own problems. Henry Aldrich was gaining steadily now, but slowly; one of Steve's tasks was to force him to obey his doctors and take plenty of time to get well, instead of risking a relapse by returning to work too soon.

Steve had felt that the critical period for the business was over; indeed, it had seemed to him, on that day when the girls of the town had opened fire upon him and



"I'VE KEPT YOU HERE WHEN, I SUPPOSE, YOU'VE WANTED TO BE TRAINING SOMEWHERE?"

he had talked himself out to Janet, that he had only to keep on breaking even, holding things as they were, to be able to turn a satisfactory business over to his father when he was ready to come back. But now queer things began to come up daily. Orders were canceled in such a way that it was impossible to secure others to take their place. Salesmen reported that old customers were turning them down without an explanation, and then placing orders with rival concerns. So intangible was the condition that it was a long time before Steve began to see that he was the victim of something like a boycott on a small scale; it was even longer before it occurred to him to connect that with the social boycott he had to endure at home, and before he saw that men must have joined women in the drive against him.

As soon as he admitted that possibility, it was easy for him to confirm what was, at first, only a guess. Some of the concerns that had canceled their orders were controlled by men who lived in his own town. Anne Peyton's father was one of these. And in other cases the connection was easy to trace, indirect though it was. When he was sure, he lost his head for the first time. He went straight to Roger Peyton. And in plain terms he stated his suspicions.

"You're a bright boy, Steve," said Peyton. "That's why we feel as badly about you as we do. As far as I'm concerned—and I think a good many other men feel the same way—I'll do nothing to make it easy for a man who stays home to grow rich while others are giving up their business to serve their country. You've got it in plain English now!"

He couldn't believe that this new attack could have really serious consequences. And yet, within a week, he knew that he was facing a crisis infinitely more serious than any he had survived during the winter. It had been necessary to buy raw materials far in advance, and to tie up a dangerous amount of capital in that way. He couldn't afford to lay hands off and reduce production; the business wasn't strong enough, financially, to carry over idle stocks to the next season. And it was too late now to get rid of the material for which he had no use; other concerns in the same line were not likely to come to his aid. In the emer-

gency he thought, at last, of an old friend of his father, who was closely associated with the intensification of government activity. This man, leaving his own business, had devoted himself to War Department affairs. Dropping everything, Steve went to Washington and explained his whole situation and that of the business to John Borden.

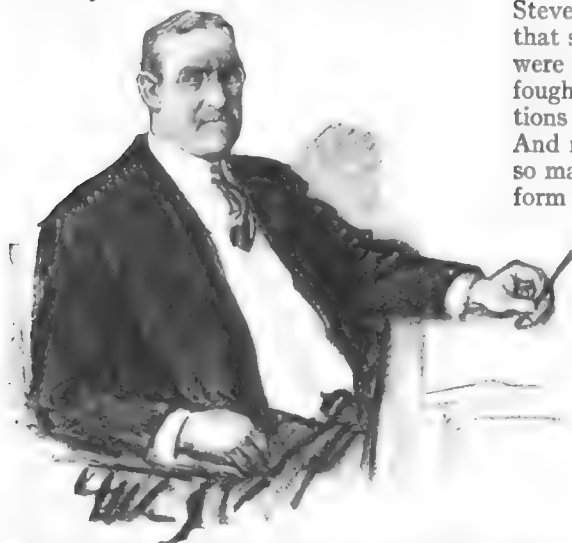
"H'm!" said Borden. "Pretty irregular, Steve. But—well, it's the sort of thing we ought to be able to handle, whether we're supposed to or not! You can't explain, of course! A lot of your patriotic competitors would hear about your troubles and jump at the chance to drive you into a receivership. Suppose I call in one of our technical men. If your plant can handle some specialized munitions work we may be able to help you out. There'll be no profit for you—but you can keep going, maybe."

Steve passed three more anxious days and nights. But in the end Borden's energy and influence got him Government work that insured the meeting of his pay-rolls and money enough to pay his bills as they fell due. He had to work night and day, almost literally, for three weeks, during the delicate and difficult period of converting the plant and altering much of the machinery to handle the new work. In that time he saw Janet only twice, and little more than that of his father—from whom it seemed to him better to keep all knowledge of what he had done.

"I've got a fight on my hands, too, Steve," Janet told him. And he noticed that she was pale and tired, and that there were deep circles under her eyes. "We've fought for years to get decent working conditions for women in the garment trades. And now, because of the war, and because so many factories have got to rush on uniform orders for the army, they're trying to wipe out everything we've done! They seem to think that all the protective rules we've fought for are favors—ways of coddling women who work! They can't see the truth—"

He did ask her a few questions, but he was too much absorbed in his own problem to be really interested in hers. And Janet, seeing that, smiled wisely, if a little sadly, and made him tell her more of his own task.

It wasn't easy for him to keep



"I'LL DO NOTHING TO MAKE IT EASY FOR A MAN WHO STAYS HOME TO GROW RICH...."

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

things from his father. With his returning strength Henry Aldrich's keenness was returning too. And he was sensible, in some measure, of the ordeal through which Steve had been passing. On the night when Steve was able, finally, to feel that the new order of things at the plant was smoothly and definitely established, his father greeted him with shining eyes.

"Another week, Steve!" he said. "Pride was up from town to-day. A week from to-day, he says, he'll bring Hammond with him, and they'll make their final examination. He says he has no doubt that they'll discharge me, cured!"

"Great!" said Steve. "Gee—everything's coming my way! But don't crowd things, dad. No use spoiling everything to save a few days."

"I'm trying to be patient, Steve," said his father wistfully. "But it's pretty hard. I've kept you here when I suppose you've wanted to be in training somewhere?"

"Lots of time for that," said Steve. "I'll be off, of course, as soon as I'm sure you're all right."

Henry Aldrich nodded. Knowing Steve as he did, it hadn't occurred to him, of course, that there could be any question about that.

So Steve could see his release in sight at last. He felt as a boy does during the last few weeks of school, when he marks off each day on a calendar, with his eyes always on the date marked in red that will be the last one of school.

He went over after dinner that night to see Janet, and, to his surprise, found her just getting home.

"Hello, Steve!" she said wearily. "I had to stay late—and I had dinner in town. Sit down and wait. I want to change into something cool—"

"No," she said, when he protested. "I'm too tired to go to bed! I'd rather talk, really! And I haven't seen you for ages."

She was all in white when she came down, and she looked like the small, tired girl she was, and not like the efficient, capable person he had been seeing all these weeks. He took both her hands and drew her to a deep, soft-cushioned couch, and made her sit down, and piled up cushions behind her. And she sighed, and laughed, rather wanly, and let him do it.

"I'm dead, Steve!" she said. "And you—you look as if you were, too. The worst

of being a slacker is that you work so hard!"

"Never mind about me," he said. "I'm all right. And it's just about over, too. Another week, about—"

She sat up. "Oh, I'm glad, Steve!" she said. "You've brought it off, then? And your father's all right?"

"Practically. Yes—I'm sure he is. But, Janet—you've got to stop driving yourself this way. You look like a ghost to-night—"

"But ghosts don't have headaches and blisters on their feet and pains in their backs, do they, Steve? Oh, I'm no ghost. I'm perfectly all right, really. Just a little tired. People are so difficult, sometimes. They seem to love to work at cross-purposes—"

She stopped, and sank back into the cushions, her eyes closed. Tired as she was, Janet was lovely that night. It seemed to Steve that he remembered her, always, with her hair done in some tight, uncompromising fashion. And now she must have taken it down, while she was up-stairs, and put it up again loosely, and she was softened in the oddest way. Her throat was bare, and alluringly soft. A great tenderness for her came over him suddenly, and he leaned over impulsively and took her hand. She roused herself and opened her eyes wide to stare at him.

"Janet—" he said. "Oh, Janet—you don't know what you've done for me! I'd never have got through without you. Dear—I—I—want you—why—do you know I've fallen in love with you—"

"Oh, Steve!" she said. She freed her hand gently. "I—oh, I hope you aren't going to spoil everything! You—you haven't fallen in love with me, Steve. If I weren't tired to-night—if I hadn't dressed this way—" She shook her head, as he made some incoherent protest and tried to take her hand again. "Oh, I know! You're sorry for me to-night. And you think you care about me because I've been able to help you a little. We've been such friends, Steve—can't we go on? Have we got to spoil all that?"

"Janet!" he said, angrily. "You—you haven't any right to say that! I—I do care! I never began to care for any one as I care for you. Why, Janet—"

She had turned from him, and he could hear her sobs. And she spoke, brokenly, at last. "Steve—please—I can't stand it

tonight!" she said. "I'm too tired—too worn out. Go—go—away—please——"

Dazed, bewildered, half pitying, half angry, he stood and stared down at her, as she lay, a huddled, sobbing heap, on the couch, her head buried in the cushions. He wasn't quite wise enough, or brave enough, to pick her up in his arms. It seemed to him that there was nothing for him to do but to obey her, and go. And he did, his mind a welter of confused thoughts, his pulses pounding. But in the confusion of his mind there was just one thing upon which he was clear, about which he was irrevocably sure! He did love Janet—and if he couldn't have her—well, nothing much was going to matter, ever!

It was a good thing for Steve that his crisis in the affairs of the business was about over, because he wasn't much good in the next few days. He couldn't get near Janet; she simply wouldn't see him, or talk to him, even on the telephone. He bombarded her for two or three days, and then he got sullen, and stopped. And he had a pretty bad time. He was suffering from the inevitable and natural reaction that followed the long strain. Janet's conduct only made matters a little worse.

He braced up a little when his father was finally released, according to schedule. He had to, for his father's return to the office involved all sorts of explanations, and in the course of them some of the truth as to what Steve had had to endure came out. Henry Aldrich looked grim, but he didn't say much. There was, after all, very little to be said. The whole thing had been so inevitable.

Steve wondered, with some bitterness, what would happen when he applied for his commission—or, if he failed to get that, when he enlisted, as he meant to do. Would the girls who had been persecuting him try to make amends, or would they feel that he was yielding to compulsion, and deserved no credit? It didn't seem to matter much. He came back, always, to Janet and the bewilderment and the pain of her desertion of him.

He sent in his application with the idea of getting into one of the August training camps. And then he laid siege to Janet, because—he wasn't going away without seeing her once again. And if he couldn't see her by fair means, he would use strategy. His method was simple. He planted

himself at the gate for each train and waited until, at last, she came. She went white when she saw him waiting, and threw out one hand, as if she were protecting herself.

"Hello!" he said calmly. "We're going to have dinner around here, somewhere, Janet. Come on."

She hesitated, looked as if she wanted to demur—and then yielded. And he took her to one of the big hotels near the station, and found a table, and ordered dinner—all without exchanging a really unnecessary word with her. And then he leaned forward across the table.

"Now—" he said.

But he was interrupted. A hand fell on his shoulder, and he looked up angrily, to see John Borden smiling at him. What surprised him was that Janet was holding out her hand to Borden.

"I saw you two come in—and I couldn't help coming over for a minute," said Borden. "You look tired, Miss Thorpe. Better take it easy for a while."

"I'm going to," she said. "I—I think I've earned a rest, if I am a slacker!"

"I agree with you!" said Borden. "Steve—I'll bet this girl hasn't told you what she's done!"

"She hasn't—much——"

"Oh—" said Janet weakly.

"You can get the details from her later," said Borden. "What it comes to is this: She's forced the people in charge to see that the way to get a maximum of work on the contracts for army uniforms is to keep hours and rest-periods and all the other protective features exactly as they were before the war. The way she did it was to induce half a dozen manufacturers to stick to the old schedules voluntarily, while others were tossing everything overboard and trying to speed up production by abandoning all restrictions. And it worked! Miss Thorpe's helped to prove that shorter hours and bigger pay and good working conditions aren't gifts to workers—that they make for industrial efficiency. Simple little job!"

"By Jove!" said Steve, staring at Janet. "So you did do some war work, after all——"

"But it was only because this war touches everything!" she said. "It isn't just a matter of bandages and drill——"

"Exactly," said Borden dryly. "We've been finding that out, and we're going to find it out more and more. What's next for you, Steve? Anything I can do for you?"

"I think not," said Steve. "I've made my application—and I'm hoping to get called for training. If I'm not, I'll enlist."

"All right," said Borden. Then he grinned. "I had an amusing time to-day," he went on. "I had lunch with Peyton. He suggested that I might go home with him and make a speech to a lot of girls his daughter had mobilized in your town. So—I did. I told 'em all about you too. They—well, they're rather low in their minds just now. And it's only fair to warn you that they're likely to want to square themselves."

"Gee!" said Steve. "I wish you hadn't done that! They were all right—I couldn't explain——"

"No—but I could, now!" He smiled at them both, and went off quickly.

"Lord!" said Steve ruefully. "I don't want to see any of them now, Janet! What a mess!"

"I'm glad they'll know about you," she said. "Oh, Steve—I can't help it!—I hate them when I think of the way they treated you——"

And something in her voice, in her eyes, brought his errand back to him.

"Janet!" he said. "My dear! I don't care a snap of my fingers about any of them! It's you! It's the way you've been treating me that's finished me—dear—isn't there a chance for me?"

She didn't answer for a moment. And he saw that there

were tears in her eyes again. "Oh, Steve!" she said. "You—aren't you just being chivalrous? You know—all those other girls—that you used to go about with, and like so much—they'll be friendly again, now——"

"What of it?" he said. And his amazement was so patent that it convinced her.

"Steve!" she cried, but in a voice so low that only he could hear her. "Oh, my dear—if you really care—of course I want you! But if you were just lonely—how could I take what you offered me when I thought that? Oh, Steve—I had to be sure——"

Probably he didn't understand, even then. Not altogether. But it didn't matter.



"I CAN'T SEE MYSELF GOING AROUND WITH WHITE FEATHERS TO PIN ON SLACKERS," SAID JANET.



THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

THE story begins a short time before the outbreak of the great world war, and Arnold Pennell, who tells it is projected into the next century by means of a vacuum cylinder equipped with a time-clock set at a hundred years. The cylinder is the idea of Herman Lazaroff, a brilliant young materialist who looks forward to a scientific world freed of faith and humanitarianism. Lazaroff is associated in a biological lab-

oratory with Arnold, and the two men are both in love with their chief's daughter, Esther. One evening Lazaroff takes the other two into a secret cellar to show them three vacuum cylinders, in which, he professes, he means to seal up some monkeys and send them on a hundred years. By way of jest, he induces Arnold to enter one of the cylinders—and immediately the automatic cap shuts him in.



When Arnold regains consciousness, he is in a desperate state of weakness and bewilderment; but he is able to struggle out of the opened cylinder. Finally, the hideous truth dawns on him that he has been unconscious for a hundred years. He makes his way outside at last, and is presently seen by an aviator, who asks him strange questions, and carries him to London. This is a city he never dreamed of—buildings fifty stories high, all dazzling white, moving streets roofed with crystal, people strangely dressed. Arnold is conducted to the Strangers' House, and David, the Strangers' Guard, explains to him this curious life he has entered. David tells him that the world, except for a few countries, is ruled by Science, that faith is dead, and that the Federation of nations is dominated by two men—Boss Lembken and Doctor Sanson.

Arnold is secretly summoned to the Temple, and here he makes the astounding discovery that the Temple Goddess is his sweetheart Esther, sleeping in the second cylinder. And the dials are set for only five days ahead! Leaving her, Arnold tries to make his way to Sanson, who occupies one wing of the Temple. He is seized and conducted to Boss Lembken's Palace, in the dome above the Temple. Here Lembken shows him his lovely gardens, and gives him a house, where Arnold finds David's daughter, Elizabeth, locked in. Believing him base, Elizabeth tries to kill him; finally she is convinced of his friendship; and when he escapes by means of a ladder hanging from a scout-plane, which has rescued her, she defends him against her father. In the Air-scouts' Fortress—another wing of the Temple—Arnold learns that David and Elizabeth belong to a company of Christian rebels, who are determined to overthrow Sanson. Arnold, pledging himself, is told that he will learn that night his own place in their plan.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Messiah's Annunciation

AT LAST Jones, the air-scout, returned. "We can start now," he said. "The lights have gone out and the last scout-plane has left."

We went up to the roof. Deep night was over and about us. The phosphorescent fronts of the glow-painted buildings gave London the aspect of long lines of parallel and intersecting palisades of ghostly light; but the glow paint illumined nothing, and the deep cañons where the streets ran were of velvety darkness. The white circle of the Moslems' fortress surrounded us. Outside the region of the glow London was an undistinguishable, blurred shadow, save where the searchlights from the departing air-

planes swept it. They hovered in a long line above the city, some luminous, some dark and invisible, their positions discernible only by the radiating white search-rays that emanated from them. Slowly the air-ships disappeared in the southern distance.

Rain began to fall, spattering upon the crystal walls of the adjacent gardens, in which the colored lights still flashed like pin-points. My face was wet with it. I was thinking of the old days, when life was free; Sir Spofforth's rain-swept garden, the scent of Esther's tea-roses, and the hum of the ungainly town of Croydon. I saw Esther's face upon the velvet screen of the night.

The memory of her need nerved me; and, in serving Elizabeth, I felt that I served Esther, vicariously, but not less truly. I felt Elizabeth's hand in mine.

"You are our hope, Arnold. You can inspire our people to victory," she whispered.

Jones had got the scout-plane ready. It was a little craft, even smaller than I had thought, in looking back on that first ride, and it carried no ray-shield to reveal its presence. Jones placed us three in the double seat, Elizabeth in the center, David and me one on either side of her, half seated, half supported by the front uprights. Jones squatted in front of us, took the wheel in his hands, touched the starting-lever with his right foot, and the craft rose heavily into the air, straining at first until the mechanism came into unison. In spite of the counterbalance of the search-light behind, the nose of the plane dipped constantly, so that our flight was a succession of abrupt ascents and declinations.

It was freezing cold up in the January air. Gradually we worked our way upward until I felt the ozone-laden breezes from the Thames estuary beat on my face. Then the south was cleft by a long, flaming serpent, with eyes of fire.

"The food air-vans from the south of France," said David, pointing.

Now we were soaring over the outlying factories and warehouses. A huge glow-painted building sprang into view.

"The defectives' workshops," said David. "Beyond is the Council art factory."

Presently the darkness in front of us began to be studded with parallelograms of dazzling glow, set at wide intervals, each capped with the glow-painted conical ray-guns. From these, extending fanwise toward the ground, and again piercing the

heavens, appearing almost pink in contrast with the glow's intense purple white, the searchlights wavered.

Jones halted the scout-plane in the air. "The battle-planes," he said, pointing. "They are posted around London nightly now. You know the reason, David?"

David turned and placed his hand on the air-scout's shoulder.

Jones dropped his voice to a whisper. "It is the merest rumor among our men," he said. "One reads it in their faces rather than hears it spoken, for few of us have dared communicate our opinions and surmises to one another. One can be sure that Sanson has his spies in the Air-scouts' Fort as elsewhere. But the scout-planes are enough to patrol London, and there would only be one cause for sending out the battle-planes. If the rumor is true that the Russians have broken out of Tula——"

"Thank God!" said David in a tense whisper.

"—they will overrun Skandogermania in two weeks, for it is as disaffected as Britain. The air-scouts will go over and place their vessels at their disposal. There is no force between London and Tula to oppose them except our battle-planes and the Moslem Guard. Neither Sanson nor Lembken dreamed that they could overthrow the besiegers."

Could Russia indeed restore freedom to the Western world? I saw the hope on David's face.

"It is only a rumor," said the air-scout, laying his hand on the steering-wheel, "a rumor merely, you understand, backed by the presence of our battle-plane squadron around the city nightly—words let fall in the People's House, retailed by gossiping servants—the sudden summons last night of Air-Admiral Hancock."

"But Hancock will stand by Lembken," said David.

"Yes, and will hold a fourth of our men to him," answered Jones. "He will serve Sanson too, as long as Sanson remains loyal. Our chance lies in the rivalry of the two leaders. If Sanson conspires against Lembken, Hancock will fight him to the death. Years ago, when Hancock was unknown, Sanson sent his son to the Rest-cure Home as a moron."

"Why, then, is Hancock not with us?" I asked, shuddering.

"There are traditions of loyalty in his

family," answered Jones. "Some men praise those ideas. I don't. Now we are going up. Hold fast!"

The scout-plane creaked and rocked and plunged like a ship in a gale as, foot by foot, Jones jerked her head into the higher air. The gleaming glow parallelograms of the battle-planes seemed to shoot downward as we soared above them. We had passed them when, somewhere out of the darkness, like an invisible air monster, a large dark plane glided beneath us. I felt our scout-plane thrill as she shot upward, so suddenly that she rose almost to the perpendicular, jerking us backward against the stays.

Jones was straining madly at the wheel. Now I realized that the dark plane was in pursuit of us. I saw her swoop forward out of the darkness, missing us narrowly. She disappeared. I heard the divided air hiss as she approached again, and the next instant a blinding searchlight enveloped us, and a voice hailed us, piping thin through the frosty night. Then the light was astern, and groping impotently beneath us as we rose to a higher level. Jones strained at the vertical gear, pushing the plane's nose upward and up, battling like a weather-beaten bird against the wind.

Again the searchlight found us, and then, out of the heart of it, a light ten times more brilliant hissed, snapping and crackling, into the void. Jones veered, still mounting. The dazzling light flared out again, but far to the right of us. Again! The upright that I held snapped in my hand. I slipped in my seat and felt David's hand on my shoulder.

Once more the ray-flash came, but under us. The darkness and our pilot's courage had saved us. The searchlight quivered and groped, below. Our scout-plane dipped, soared, dipped, caught the wind, and we volplaned at a furious speed for miles down a gradient of cushiony air.

"Are we safe now?" asked David.

"Safe long ago," said Jones. "It was touch and go while I was trying to top that southeaster. He lost us at the summit, though, and he couldn't have caught us on the down-grade."

We started again, traveling more slowly, at a lower altitude, and planing downward until I saw the glistening snow beneath. The scout-plane flitted back and forth, seeking the road. To and fro we went like a fluttering bird, until the cleft of the ancient road



THE AIR-PLANES HOVERED ABOVE THE CITY. THEIR POSITIONS DISCERNIBLE BY THE SEARCH-RAYS THAT EMANATED FROM THEM.

appeared between the boles of the trees. Then we dropped softly to the ground.

I was almost too cramped and cold to get out of the plane. With difficulty I managed to descend and help Elizabeth out. David followed, and we three stood chafing our hands and stamping until the circulation was restored.

Jones leaned forward from the air-plane. "I'll run her among the trees, in case any one comes along overhead," he said.

"We shall not see you until—" asked David.

"I'm not going back," answered the air-scout, whistling through his teeth. "You'll see me in ten minutes."

David grasped him by the hands warmly. Jones whistled again, and the scout-plane rose to the tree-tops and vanished.

David turned to me. "Arnold, are you prepared for what you will learn to-night?"

"Yes, he is prepared," answered Elizabeth.

We set off through the forest along a small, well-worn trail, until the crumbling bricks underfoot heaped themselves into a mound, and I saw the ruined foundations of the Institute before me, and the hole in the cellar roof through which I had emerged. A sentinel leaped out at us.

"For man?" he asked, leveling a ray-rod.

"And freedom," answered David.

The sentinel called, and in a moment a crowd came running up a short ladder, wild-looking men with beards and hanging hair, dressed in tatters and rags, a woman or two, and a youth who sprang forward with a cry and clasped Elizabeth in his arms.

"Paul!" I heard her murmur, as she raised her lips to his.

David led me to a tall old man with bowed shoulders and a white beard that covered his breast. There was a calm, benignant happiness in his blue eyes, which were both childlike and keen. His hands were seared and twisted like those of one who has lived years of hardest toil, and the staff on which he leaned had a crooked handle.

"Bishop Alfred," said David, "this is the Messiah who was to come."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Chapel Underground

IN THE subterranean chapel, lit by rushlights that sent the shadows scurrying across the walls and made fantastically Original the eager faces and the

dissolving groups that clustered now about me, now about David, and again gathered round the tall old bishop with his peasant's face and child's eyes, David told them my story, and they, in turn, took up the narration of the legend which I had brought so wonderfully to fulfilment.

I began to gather, to my relief, that only the very ignorant believed that the Messiah would be a supernatural being. There was superstition enough hidden in the hearts of even the wisest; for faith, denied, creeps into men's hearts in strange guises; but the world had awaited, rather, the arrival of the inevitable leader who must come to set free a people grown overripe for freedom. For the horrors of the new civilization had reached the point where men had grown reckless of their lives. Everywhere was anticipation of the coming change, and even Sanson must have seen that neither his guard nor the great ray artillery could save his crumbling power. Science had overplayed her part when she had bankrupted human hearts.

Everywhere the deep sense of intolerable wrongs was spreading fast. Only the oldest could remember the days of the past, and the memory of these had become confused; yet they, too, felt that famine and war were preferable to what they endured.

And although only the oldest remembered the time when Christianity was a vital faith, yet the hopes of all hinged on it. There was no other hope for the world but the same light that lit the darkness in the most shameless days of Rome's high civilization. So they had enlisted beneath the ancient banner of human freedom; dozens had died under torture rather than disclose the hiding-place of their treasured Scriptures, laboriously penned in the new syllabic characters. There was a rich harvest to come from many a martyr's blood.

So, then, there had filtered through the years the dim belief that in 2017—or seven-and-thirty years after the institution of the new era—a Messiah was to come and restore liberty to the world. It had arisen with the discovery of the cylinder that contained Esther's body, somewhere about the middle of the preceding century, and after the beginning of the first revolutionary outbreak.

In some manner unknown this cylinder made its appearance in the world. It had become the symbol of the revolution—Freedom sleeping. It had been carried at

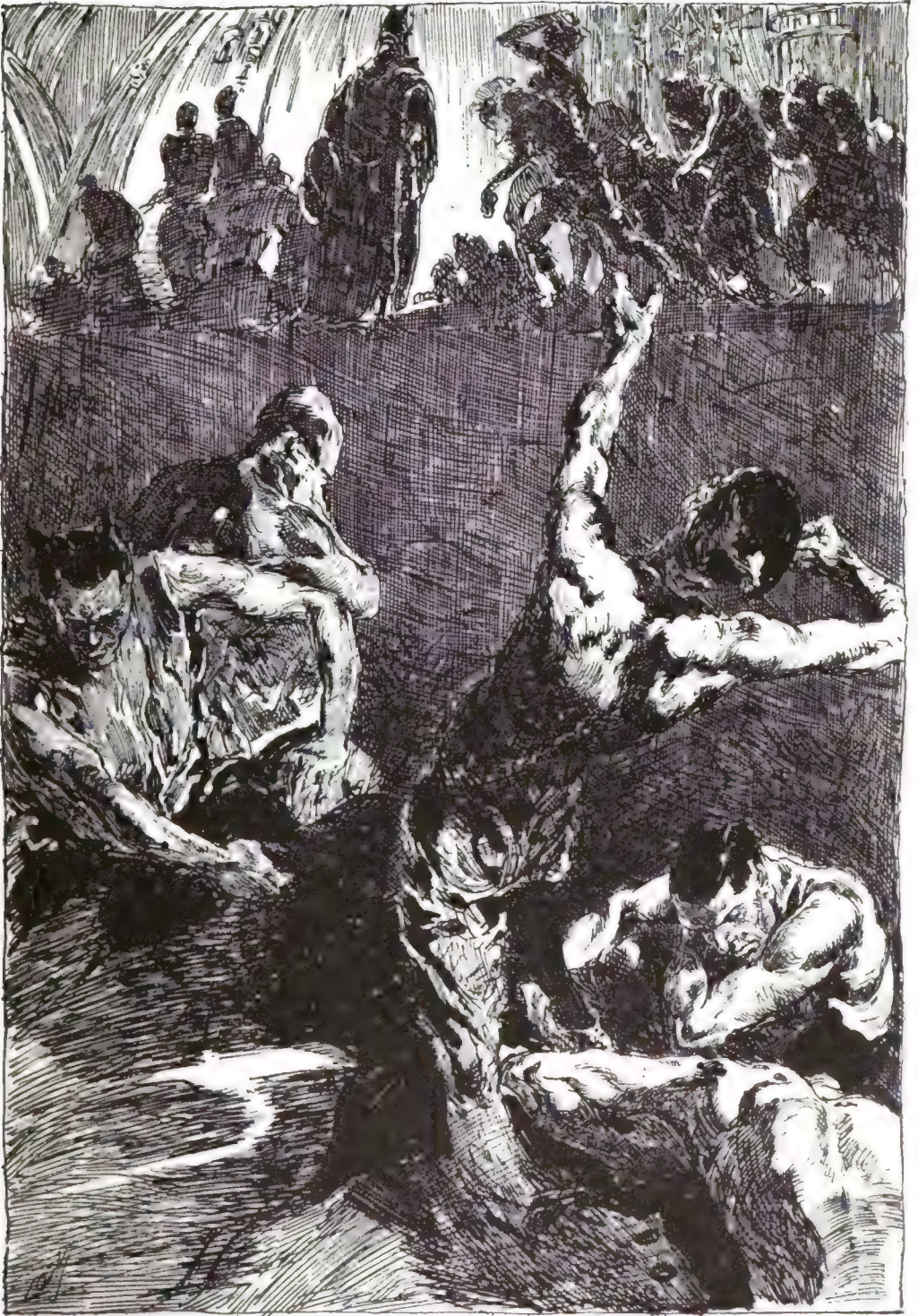
the head of marching armies. Men had fought and died over it. It had been struck by unnumbered bullets, for it had been lost and regained upon a dozen battle-fields. Then it had vanished with the inauguration of the reactionary régime, to appear again, the inspiration of new hopes, when Sanson sprang to his leadership, about the year 1982.

I inferred that Sanson, who had at first wished to be rid of the cylinder, on account of the popular hopes and superstitions that were clustering about it, had come into possession of the papers Lazaroff had left, and had shrewdly resolved to turn the legend to his own use by furthering it and placing the date for its fulfilment. He had set the cylinder within the Temple and diffused the report that, when Esther awakened, they two would rule the world together and offer immortality to mankind.

After I heard the story we kneeled in prayer, and the bishop read to us from the syllabic version of the Bible, as it was known. It comprised only a few portions of the Old Testament, chiefly parts of Isaiah and the Major Prophets. Of the Synoptic Gospels there existed only a few fragments, but there were the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount, and the whole of the magnificent Gospel according to St. John, together with most of the Acts and Corinthians, debased to some extent, but, on the whole, faithful to the original.

Though the entire Bible has now been recovered, I am convinced, that the world has gained immeasurably by the removing of the scaffolding of the Temple of Truth during more than two generations. Never again will literal interpretation be placed upon Old Testament mythology, the poetic allegory of Creation and the Fall, the chronology that offered the life-cycles of tribes as the events of single lives, or the moral fable of Jonah and the mystery play of Job; nor will the warrior god Jehovah be considered anything but an incompletely discerned aspect of the divine.

Afterward, at David's urging, I rose to speak. I hardly knew what I should say; but as I stood, before the meeting, some Pentecostal power seemed to lay hold of me, and impassioned phrases were struck from my lips until I felt all hearts enkindle from the flame in mine. I spoke of the old, free world on which they looked back with such dread; of old, illogical, and cherished



A MAN NEAR ME LEAPED UP AND PEERED INTO THE GLOOM.

customs, preserved through centuries, uniting peoples in a fellowship that logic could not attain; of ideals and traditions and memories borne onward from age to age, ennobling and strengthening a people's soul; of pride of birth other than that of pedigreed stock; of initiative and resourcefulness, charity and good-will for weak as well as for strong; and of a ruling class bound by its traditions to public service, and open to all below who had the character and gifts to enter it.

When I ended, I came back to myself to find that I was standing tongue-tied before them. I heard a sigh ascend from every lip; and then they were round me, falling upon their knees, grasping my hands, imploring me to accept their service and devotion.

Elizabeth wept happily beside me. "I knew, Arnold," she said—"I knew you could inspire them."

Then those who constituted the revolutionary committee took their seats upon the planks, and, while the rest gathered about them, proceeded to consider the reports brought in. It was an informal meeting and hampered by no rules, but conducted with earnestness and quiet decorousness. Man after man rose and made his detailed report, the leaders of the guilds pledging so many men, telling of the enthusiasm among their followers, stating the number of ray-rods in their possession, and pledging absolute obedience to the committee.

Then I was acquainted, as succinctly as possible, with the progress of the movement. It was known that during the next few days Sanson meant to address the assemblage that would gather in the Temple on the occasion of the annual rejoicings over the establishment of the new order. He was universally accredited with the intention of effecting a *coup d'état*, deposing Lembken and assuming the leadership of the Eastern World.

Intense rivalry and hate existed between the Guard, under Sanson, and the air-scouts, who obeyed Lembken. The latter, permeated by revolutionary ideas, could be relied upon to oppose the Moslems. Whether the air-scouts would oppose Lembken in a triangular contest between Lembken, Sanson, and the populace was more doubtful, since Hancock's loyalty would have considerable weight. The fear was that, if the air-scouts were split by faction, the Guard would overwhelm them and place

Sanson firmly in power. Thus the greatest circumspection was necessary, so as to utilize the antagonism between the two bodies of troops without displacing Lembken and leaving Sanson absolute.

The committee leader, an elderly man who had voluntarily laid aside his white robes and joined the others, alluded to the belief, already current among revolutionary bands, that the Federation's troops had been overwhelmed before Tula, and that the forces of Russia were pouring into Skandogermania to seize the battle-planes and troop-planes from the disaffected air-scouts at Hamburg and Berlin, and launch them against London. It was believed that the Council must be in desperate straits.

"You have heard," continued the old man, "how Lembken summoned our leader to the palace in his crafty way. He knows who Arnold is. Then he must be aware of Sanson's plans and be plotting a counter-stroke. He is old and obese and pleasure-loving. But you must not forget that Lembken rose to power by most cunning schemes. Sanson underrates the old fox: Lembken has his ear to the ground, and while he is supposed to be drinking and roistering in that hell of his, he is no doubt engaged in elaborating some master-stroke. Now we can despise no weapon that will aid our cause, friends. If we have to utilize Lembken, as the lesser evil, in order to unite the air-scouts under Hancock against Sanson——"

"Never!" shouted the bearded leader of the traffic guild. "He—he—he—" The giant broke down, sobbing. "My daughter," he raved, with the tears streaming down into his beard, and clenching his enormous fists. "Only—to-day—to-day—I would not desert the cause, or I should have forced my way into the People's House——"

The old leader rose up and, approaching the giant, put his hand on his shoulder. "Even for the sake of the cause you can not consent?" he asked him.

The giant threw back his head and masked his face. "Yes, for the cause—yes," he replied, and moved quietly away. He stood some distance from us, his head drooping on his breast, looking like a colossus. I understood better then the depths of the revolutionary fervor.

"I can only offer the outlines of my plan," resumed the old man, returning to his place, "because, in such a time, we must

trust as much to the spontaneous enthusiasm and instincts of our people as to details which may miscarry. But it seems to me that it is essential to enter first into negotiations with Lembken. There is no question that he will accept our offer in return for certain concessions: his palace and women, perhaps, and an untroubled life hereafter with titular dignity. It is a hard compromise, but Sanson must be destroyed.

"Five days hence, when Sanson summons the people into the Temple, let as many of us as possible assemble there, with ray-rods beneath our tunics. Arnold will advance and challenge Sanson's power. We will spring forward, seize Sanson, possess ourselves of the cylinder and guard its occupant, assume possession of the Temple buildings, and set up a free government. Meanwhile the air-scouts will attack the Moslems and capture the ray artillery."

Jones stood up in the midst of the assembly. He had come in quietly some time before. "The plan to seize the ray artillery is impracticable," he said bluntly.

"Why?" a dozen voices demanded.

"Because the small ray-guns on the battle-planes are useless against the glow on the Guard's Fortress, and the Guard's great ray artillery will pick off the battle-planes one by one as they expose their unprotected parts while maneuvering in the air. You know that it is impossible to protect the interior parts of a plane surrounding the solar storage distributors, because the glow rays interfere with the violet end of the spectrum. Besides, when each of our men has discharged his two or three ray-rods, where is he to recharge them without access to the solar storage dynamos within the fortress?"

"What would you do, then?" asked the committee leader.

"Cut the solar supply cables at the heart of the world's power system—in the Vosges," answered Jones. "Make the ray artillery useless at a stroke, and then storm the fort, man against man, in the old way."

I saw the face of the traffic leader grow dark with blood. "Yes!" he shouted. "Yes! That is the way!"

The committee leader held up his hand for silence. "Wait! Who will venture to evade the battle-planes and reach the Vosges?" he asked.

"I can. I will," answered the air-scout boldly.

"And who will go to Lembken as our emissary?" asked the committee leader.

"I will," I answered.

David started toward me. "No! The risk is too great!" he cried. "We need you in the Temple on the appointed day, or everything will miscarry, and Lembken may reject your offer."

"We need your leadership for the people's sake," said the committee leader.

"You forget," I answered sadly, "that I, too, have all I hold dear at stake. I am fighting for the woman I love, and—I, too, shall succeed or die."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Sanson

FOR a long time I could not persuade them to let me go. But I pleaded so hard, and so forcibly, that at last I persuaded them.

"The only way to enter London will be afoot," said the committee leader to me. "If you succeed in evading the searchlights from the battle-planes, which should be possible with the exercise of caution, you will then proceed at once to the People's House and demand audience of Lembken. You will carry to him our offer of cooperation, by which he is to remain titular head of the Federation and enjoy his palace unmolested. Lembken will perhaps send you back with his reply. You may insist on this as a sign that our proposals are accepted."

The rushlights were blown out, and we bade each other adieu at the cellar entrance and separated. Many of those present had traveled miles through the forests in order to attend the meeting. It was arranged that David and Elizabeth should make their quarters with the band to which Bishop Alfred belonged. I was to accompany them as far as the old road, where our ways divided.

"In three days, dear," I heard her lover say to Elizabeth as they parted.

She looked very happy when she came up to us, as we waited for her upon the trail. We proceeded in single file, and when at last we reached the road she turned and put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me very earnestly.

"Arnold," she said, "the day will come when we four shall be reunited in a free world. God bless you and preserve the girl you love."

I pressed her hands. She turned away, and David gripped my hands in turn.

"Good-by, Arnold," he said. "The chance that brought you to me was divine Providence and will save us all."

And he, too, was gone. I waited, watching them until they had disappeared among the trees. Then I was alone, the London road before me, and a mission as desperate as had ever been undertaken, and as pregnant with possibilities.

I do not know how long I had been walking, or whether I walked, indeed, or ran. I became conscious of my surroundings at the sound of a soft whistling in the air, and, glancing up, I saw, against the risen moon, the dark air-plane. I sprang from the road and hid myself in the underbrush that fringed it.

The air-plane dipped, passed me, and dipped again, evidently with the purpose of descending. The occupant had not, however, sighted me, for the machine passed out of sight flying low and veering slightly from side to side as though the driver were looking for a suitable alighting-place.

As I rose hurriedly to continue my journey, I heard myself hailed from among the trees. I started, looked around, and perceived the old bishop approaching. He came up and stood before me, holding his pastoral crook against his breast.

"Did you see the air-plane?" he inquired.

"Yes, but what are you doing here?" I asked in astonishment. There was a look of supreme happiness upon his face. "Are you alone?"

"Yes, alone," he answered, smiling. "I left them quietly. They would not have let me go. I followed you until I saw the air-plane. Perhaps it will take me to London and save me the long tramp. I am going to Lembken in your place."

"But you will be put to death!" I cried. "Surely you know——"

"Yes, but that is right," he answered. "It is three years since anybody has been burned for the faith. I have been thinking about it for a long time, and I don't like this bloody talk. Christians ought not to fight, they ought to suffer. So I am going into the People's House to preach the gospel."

"You see," he explained, "I am the last bishop of England. I am not a learned man, and quite unworthy, but the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of London, Herbert Londiniensis"—how happily the childish

old man rolled out the long-forgotten title!—"laid hands on me before they burned him in Westminster Hall. It wasn't according to the Book of Common Prayer, because the time was so short, but he told me the form was not of much importance, and he consecrated me his successor. So it is quite right that I should follow him and take on martyrdom. It will give inspiration to the people. It will be a wonderful encouragement to them to see me among the fagots. I have been thinking over it for a long time. I should like to consecrate my successor before I am burned, but the Russians will take care of that. They will be here in a few days now, to save the world, and Christendom will become one."

"How do you know?" I cried.

"I know," he answered, wagging his white head. "So there is no longer any reason why I should not go into the People's House and bear testimony to the truth."

Before I could quite recover my faculties he had started off along the road, and his quick jog carried him with surprising speed. I caught him a hundred yards further.

"Bishop Alfred, you must go to your friends," I said, catching at his sleeve. "Your idea is nonsense. There is no need to sacrifice yourself."

He shook me off. I stumbled over a projecting root, and when I was on my feet again the old figure was nearly fifty yards away. Once more I was on the point of overtaking him; and then I halted and drew back among the trees. For just beyond the bend in the road lay the dark air-plane, and the old man had halted beside it and was waiting, evidently, to be admitted.

However, since he continued to stand there, I advanced noiselessly toward the air-vessel, taking cover as I approached through the underbrush, till I perceived that it was empty. Then, among the trees, following the crooked trail not seventy paces away, I perceived the driver of the dark plane, walking with head bent downward, evidently unconscious that there were human beings anywhere near him.

The twisting track, which had hidden him from my sight, brought him into view once more, his moving figure a silhouette against the low moon's circle. I followed, creeping up, until suddenly I stood still, horrified and astounded. For this was Hugo Sanson, the madman who ruled the Eastern World.

For a few moments I was powerless to stir. A raiding beast of night went rustling through the glades behind me. In the distance I heard an owl. I lurked like some savage in the brush, and now everything disappeared from my memory, save Esther in peril, and Sanson, the tyrant of the world, humanity's evil genius, yet powerless in my hands if I could spring on him before he had time to draw his ray-rod.

I began stalking him as stealthily as any redskin following his enemy. He was now only twenty paces ahead, and his poise showed that he suspected no danger.

The scattered bricks became heaping piles once more. I crouched low as I followed Sanson. A flood of memories surged over my mind. Almost upon this spot Sir Spofforth's house had stood. There, where the beeches waved their leafless arms, had been Esther's tea-roses. And here were thorny briars, sprung, perhaps, from stock of Esther's planting. It needed these remembrances to make my resolution firm.

Sanson was going into the cellar. If he had gone there an hour earlier he would have walked alone into the presence of men who had a hundred deaths laid up against him. But fate had saved him for me. Of that I felt confident.

I made the descent after him, taking infinite pains to dislodge no stone whose fall might betray my presence. Now I crouched in the cellar upon my hands and knees, watching Sanson as he moved to and fro within the inner chamber.

My fingers touched and closed about a smooth object that lay on the ground. For a moment I thought it was the branch of a tree. But no branch grew so smooth as that. It seemed rather a polished stave. It had been fashioned and grooved—it was a ray-rod.

If I had ever doubted my mission, I ceased to do so in that moment. I felt along the weapon in the darkness, from the brass guard, which stood up, leaving the button unprotected, to the jelly-like tube at the other end, through which the destroying light would stream. I raised the ray-rod and aimed it.

The light he carried moved in the vault, and the shadow cast by the brick wall went back and forth as Sanson tramped to and fro. He was muttering. He passed the edge of the gap, and the little solar-light shone on my face. But he did not look

toward me, and in a moment he was behind the wall again, and the light died to a glow.

Next time he passed me I would fire. Yet I did not fire, and back and forth, back and forth he tramped, talking to himself as any lesser man might have done. I had no compunction at all; and yet, so diabolical was the fascination he exercised that I could not press the button.

I summoned all my resolution. I would fire when he passed the gap again. My fingers tightened upon the handle. I saw Sanson's head and shoulders emerge, and the spark of light in his hand. The tight, white tunic was right in the center of the aperture. Now! I pressed the button, aiming at his heart.

The glass of the ray-rod grew fiery red. The button seared my hand, and a smell of charred wood filled my nostrils. I dropped the weapon, and it fell clattering upon the ground. Sanson was standing in the aperture, unharmed.

My ray-rod was the one that I had unwittingly discharged on the occasion when I was scrambling from the cellar roof. It had given me life then; now it seemed to have given me death. Of course it was useless till it had been recharged; now it emitted only the red-mull rays; heat, not cold light.

Sanson had passed me without hearing my light movement; he had not seen the glowing tube. But at the sound of the weapon's fall he sprung backward and turned his solar-light on me. His poise was that of a crouching cat. In his left hand he held the light, and in his right was his own ray-rod, covering me.

I looked at him. Something in his poise, in the whitening mane of hair thrown back, something in the man's soul that the years could not conceal reminded me. I stood looking into the face of Herman Lazaroff.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Story of the Cylinders

"SO IT was you, Arnold," said Lazaroff quietly. "Well . . . what do you think of Sir Spofforth's theories now?"

He seated himself on the mud-mound, and his voice was as casual as though we had just returned to the laboratory after escorting Esther home. And indeed I could only with great difficulty convince myself

that I had not fallen asleep and dreamed that nightmare of the twenty-first century.

"You see, it has all come to pass, Arnold," said Lazaroff, twirling the ray-rod between his fingers; "a world such as I foretold, a world set free. Enlightenment where there was ignorance; the soul delusion banished from the minds of all but the most ignorant; the menace of the defective still with us, but greatly shrunken; the logical State so wonderfully conceived by Wells, with science supreme and a world citizenship. It is a glorious free world, Arnold, to which humanity has fallen heir, and the fight for it has been a stupendous one. I have set man, poor plantigrade, on his feet firmly. He looks up to the skies, not in the blind and foolish hope of bodiless immortality, but knowing himself the free heir of the ages. Wasn't it worth the battle, Arnold?"

"Yes, I thought that it must be you as soon as I examined the sheet from the Strangers' Bureau," continued Lazaroff, in a matter-of-fact manner. "I did not think that there could exist two heads like yours within a single century. For your occipital region is excellent, approaching my norm, while your parietals are almost those of a moron. In short, you are a typical Grade 2 defective, Arnold—essentially so; and I have no doubt that, thanks to your five centimeters of asymmetrical frontal area, you have emerged into this universe of reality still fondly clinging to your dualistic soul theory. So you have spent three weeks in London?" he continued, looking sharply at me.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you came back by night to see your birthplace, I suppose," he said maliciously. "I don't know how you escaped the searchlights, unless the men are growing careless. . . . I found one scout-plane to-night without a light, and I shall send its commandant to the leather vats if I discover him. . . . Well, Arnold, I could not believe that you had left your cylinder before your time. You came within an ace of disrupting my world, if you knew what hinges on your emergence—you with your five cubic centimeters of moron cranium! I put implicit faith in Jurgensen's mechanism, and, as it proves, it worked correctly. I was to blame. I came here to-night, seizing the first opportunity I had to get away, to see if you were really gone."

"You knew that I was here?" I cried.

"Why not, Arnold, when I put you here?" he returned, looking at me in a quizzical manner. "I have paid you periodical visits here for the last five and thirty years. It was a difficult situation. I could not remove you, because the people would then have discovered you and put you forward as their Messiah, in accordance with their ridiculous legend. Fancy you as a Messiah! I did not want to dump you into the sea, to be drowned when you awoke. So I did the best thing possible: I covered your cylinder with mud and let you lie here, confident that you would escape notice."

"That Jurgensen timepiece was splendidly contrived, Arnold," he resumed. "Too splendidly, in fact, for, in the haste of sealing you up, I left the pointer six months ahead of time, as well as in Esther's case. It has perhaps occurred to you that you went to sleep in June and awoke in December?"

It had not occurred to me, I confess, but I made no response.

"In fact, Jurgensen, being a Teuton, and therefore, at heart, an idealist, gave me a six months' leeway on his hundred years," said Lazaroff. "When I moved the pointer, I placed it at the end of the dial, taking it for granted that the last point was a hundred, and not a hundred and a half. And then, Arnold, there was another most regrettable mistake. You remember that you were sealed up quickly, and rather impulsively, so to say? I found to-night for the first time that, in hurriedly capping you down, I forgot entirely to add twenty-five days for the leap-years; and so you came back to us that period ahead of Esther. It was a badly bungled arrangement."

"Lazaroff," I began, and then corrected myself with an apology, as I saw his brows contract. "Sanson——"

"Thank you," he replied ironically.

"You will at least answer two or three questions, will you not?" I pleaded. "How did you induce Esther to enter the second cylinder? Why did you trick me? And how have you contrived to outlive the century without appearing a centenarian? You must be twenty-five at least beyond the century. I think my questions are pardonable."

"I will answer them all, Arnold. First, then—but not in the order in which you have asked—it was never my plan to send monkeys into this age. Absurd as it may

sound, I fell in love. Then I planned to take Esther with me. But this plan was overthrown. To be quite frank, I suspected that she preferred you to me. I thereupon bought two more cylinders, and conceived the amusing idea of taking you both with me, in case my suit were rejected, so that our rivalry might be renewed in a world where your advantages of personality would be counterbalanced by my handicap of power. Arnold, I never for an instant doubted that I should stand where I stand to-day. So, having induced you to enter the cylinder—and how I laughed at your imbecile complaisance!—I invited Esther to follow you. There was no difficulty. On the contrary, she could hardly be assured that I was in earnest. However, I speedily convinced her by the simple process of putting on the cap. Then, since the cylinders could be manipulated from within, I had no difficulty in sealing myself within the third.”

“You, Sanson!” I gasped. “You, too, have slept a hundred years?”

His look became envenomed, and the quick gust of passion that came upon him showed a mind unbalanced, in my belief. “Arnold,” he cried, “would you believe that when a man had accomplished an end so carefully planned, so mastered in every detail of its planning, he could be thwarted by an instant’s lack of level-headed sense? You remember that, of the three cylinders, one was set a hundred years ahead? That, save for the six months’ leeway which existed on all the dials, and was therefore immaterial—that one, calculated to the utmost nicety, leap years and all, was the one Esther entered. The dial upon the second cylinder I set in your presence, but I omitted to add the five and twenty days. That was your cylinder. And the third—mine—was set to sixty-five. Do you remember that? Arnold, when I was left alone I entered mine and forgot the dial.

“There is a second vault behind those bricks of which you do not know. I had placed this cylinder there before entering it, for additional safety. I awoke in 1982. When I recovered strength—and I had made provision for a supply of food during that brief period of recovery—I hurried here. I found only your cylinder, hidden behind the fallen bricks. When I saw that it was closed, I thought the mechanism had gone wrong. Then, going back to examine my own, I realized the truth. I, who had

loved Esther with all my power and vowed with all my will to win her—I, a young man of twenty-five, must wait for five and thirty years before she awakened. When my time to claim her came I would be old. Oh, Esther, what I have suffered during these years!”

The baffled passion of half a life-span overcame him, and he broke into pitiful sobs. The tyrant of half the world, greater than any man had ever been before, he had bound himself to a more awful law than any he could contrive. It wrung my heart—the man’s grim hopes and enduring love, checked by so slight a chance.

“I found Esther was gone,” continued Sanson presently, rising and beginning feverishly to pace the vault. “I found that the cylinder containing her had been discovered and adopted as a symbol of the popular cause. I found the world aflame and flung myself into the revolution. By sheer will-power I made myself a leader of men. In six months my dominance was unquestioned. I could have become supreme, but I chose to work through others, that I might have leisure to lay my plans for the reformation of the world. I have made the world better, Arnold, and I have made it free. I chose to serve humanity rather than return into my cylinder to await Esther’s awakening; and now, when at last the reward of my long toil approaches, when at last I can show Esther what I have achieved for her, I am an old man, and the prize has turned to dust and ashes.”

His grief conquered him again, and he paced the vault like a madman.

I flung all prudence to the winds. “Sanson,” I cried, “don’t you see, don’t you understand what the world is to-day? Each age has its own cruelties and wrongs; but if you have abolished poverty, have you not set a heavier yoke upon the people? Their children torn from them, the vivisection table, the death-house for the old——”

He interrupted me harshly. “That is true, Arnold,” he said. “I am a man of kindly instincts, and sometimes I have wavered from my resolution. But this generation must suffer for the sake of future ones. What is death, after all? A painless ending, a placid journey into nothingness, a resolution of the material atoms into new forms. Their children? Arnold, through suffering we win upward. In the world-nation that is to come, the narrow, selfish instinct we call parental love—a mere



OTHERS SPRANG FORWARD, CLAMORING, BESEECHING, SOME SHAKING
THEIR FISTS UNDER HIS FACE AND OTHERS CLUTCHING AT HIS UNIFORM



MEHEMET SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS. THERE WAS NOTHING OF MALICE IN HIS Demeanor BUT THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE PLEADED WITH A ROCK.

trick of our enemy, Nature, to ensure the rearing of the race—will not exist. It will have served its purpose and must yield to the need of the community productivity.

"Yet, Arnold," he resumed, "all that I have done is nothing in comparison with the great secret almost within my grasp. The old problem of consciousness and tissue life on which we worked so long has practically been solved by the means at my disposal in a civilized world. Then we shall live indeed. There will be no need for knowledge to progress painfully through the inheritance of our masters' laboriously won discoveries. We ourselves shall climb the ladder of omniscience. The fit shall live forever, and we shall weed out the moron and the defective at birth, preserving only a race of mortal slaves to labor for us in the factories and in the fields. That is the noble climax of man's aspirations. Immortal life in these bodies of ours, and Esther mine, not for a span, but for eternity!"

I lost all self-control as he uttered these words. "I love her, Sanson!" I cried. "And I mean to win her still! Though all the world lie at your feet, you can never hold me in obedience, nor Esther either! She will die before she yields to you, as I will!"

For an instant I saw his face before me, twisted with all the passions of his thwarted will; then I saw the blinding white light leap from his ray-rod as he fired at me.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Sweep of the Net

"ARNOLD!" whispered a soft voice at my side.

Elizabeth was kneeling by me, and behind her stood David. A multitude of men and women, and children, too, looked at me through the gloom.

"Where am I? Who are all these?" I asked. Then, lighting on a more momentous question, "How long have I been here?"

"Three days, Arnold," whispered Elizabeth.

"Then in two days—two days—" I gasped.

"No, Arnold, to-morrow is the day," said David. "Sanson has proclaimed a meeting in the Temple at sunrise, and it is now late afternoon. We are all in his trap. He must have come upon you unaware and stunned you. He carried you in his arms to the dispatch-plane, where he found Bishop

Alfred awaiting him, and Elizabeth and me, who had gone back to find the old man and could not induce him to return with us. We were helpless, for Sanson was armed and had us at his mercy. I bought a few days' respite by surrendering, and there was even pleasure in the thought that Elizabeth was to be saved from Lembken."

"Where are we, David?" I demanded, struggling up painfully.

"In the vaults where Sanson keeps his morons, Christians, criminals, and dogs, to await the table.

"The table?"

"In the Vivisection Bureau, above."

I looked out through the gloom and heard the howling of the dogs at the far end of the enormous vault.

"Arnold," said David, "this situation would have robbed stronger men of their wits. I am afraid that there is no chance at all for us. One of the Moslem Guards, who knows me, has told me that Sanson is preparing for a holocaust of victims to-morrow, to celebrate his coup. The city is in an uproar, and none knows what will happen; but we shall see nothing of it all. The Moslems are stanch to Sanson. What do they care for all the quarrels of the Nazarenes and infidels? Arnold, all our people know who you are. For their sake you must lead and show us how to die, as the first Christians died. It is hard, my dear boy——"

I knew that he was not thinking of death, but of Esther.

"Yet, perhaps there exists some hope unknown to us," he added. "Your capture has rendered our plans abortive, but God can do what man can not, and our friends have not forsaken us. Now, friends," he added, turning toward the crowd, which circulated slowly within the vault, always following us, "let us show the Guard where our strength lies."

In the vast vault, above the howling, the hymn was raised, old Bishop Alfred leading in a voice singularly sweet. All knelt, and as the balm of prayer fell on my vexed spirit I felt resignation depose despair.

David spoke briefly afterward. He reminded us of the brave traditions of martyrdom and its happy expectancy. We should all face our fate together, in the knowledge that our death would create a revulsion of sentiment which would sweep Sanson from power and restore Christianity to the world. They cried out their

approval, shouted ecstatically, and there was no face but reflected David's dauntless resolution. It was as if some soul of merriment swept over us all, and I saw strangers embracing and clapping hands. Another hymn was sung, and so gaily that a pane in the little window was thrust open, and the dark face of a Moslem sentinel watched us with astonishment and superstitious awe.

At the same time I heard the shouting of a multitude in the courts above.

"Sanson! Sanson! Sanson!" they howled. "Give us immortal life! Out with the tyrant Lembken! Out with the Christian morons! To the Rest Cure—the Rest Cure!—"

The pane was slid back and the guard's face vanished. Darkness was falling.

They had shared with me the bread and water which the guards had brought early that morning, and I forced myself to eat, though I was still sick and dizzy from my wound, for I felt that the end was not yet arrived, and something would intervene. I knew that I should at least see Esther before I died. Gradually the voices in the vault faded. Sometimes a hymn was raised, in which all would join, but mostly we sat in silence, and even the dogs ceased howling. I only felt Elizabeth's presence, and that of David, good, fatherly man, on whom I leaned more than he knew. The sounds now were of the bishop's mumbling voice, as he talked to himself, and the staccato tapping of his crooked stick on the stone floor. I listened to his words.

"They are coming," I heard him say. "They are gathering up the Hamburg fleets. They will be here——"

"Who?" I burst out.

"The Russians," he answered gently. "See, they come. Big men, with bloody crosses on their breasts. Don't you see them?" he continued, turning toward me in the darkness.

A man near me leaped up and peered into the gloom, as if to see. One or two cried out and drew toward the old man, as if his vision could be communicated to them.

Time passed. Many of the captives slept. None of us spoke. I think the sense of each other's presence in the silence was more comforting.

Suddenly there came the sound of bolts being withdrawn, the heavy door at the far end of the vault was opened, and flashing lights shone on us. The dogs, awak-

ened, began to howl once more. There was the stamping of heavy boots upon the stones, and a detachment of the Guard appeared before us. In their leader I recognized Mehemet, the commander of Sanson's forces.

As we blinked at the lights Mehemet spoke a word to each of the men beside him, and they flashed their lights into our faces until they found me. Then Mehemet stepped forward and placed his hand on my shoulder. The soldiers closed about us.

David leaped forward. "You shall not take him alone!" he cried. "Let us go together, all of us. We will go to our death together!"

Others sprang forward, too, men and women, clamoring, beseeching, some shaking their fists under Mehemet's face and others clutching at his uniform. "Take us all!" they cried. "Take us together!"

Mehemet shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing of malice in his demeanor, but they might as well have pleaded with a rock. The captives threw themselves in our way, and the soldiers, reluctant to use their ray-rods without instructions, looked at Mehemet inquiringly.

Then the old bishop came forward. "It is all right," he said gently. "Let him go; he will not come to any harm."

"It is my orders," said Mehemet. "I was to take him as soon as he recovered consciousness."

The soldiers closed about me and began to force their passage through the midst of the prisoners, who, deterred by the bishop's words, no longer offered resistance forcibly. David broke through the guards and seized my hands.

"We shall go together in spirit, Arnold!" he cried. "God bless you! God bless you!" He flung his arms about me, and the soldiers, a little moved by the strange scene, did not restrain him. At the door we halted a moment.

"We shall be with you in your hour, Arnold," said David, fighting back his sobs valiantly. "We shall all think of you when our time comes," he said.

The door was closed behind us, the bolts shot home. In front of me was a flight of winding concrete stairs, dividing at a landing-stage into two parts, running right and left respectively. We took the left ascent. I expected to emerge into the Vivisection Bureau, to see the eager students, and

Sanson, the presiding devil, there. But instead we passed through a gate; the soldiers saluted and filed away, and I found myself standing beside Mehemet in the interior court between the Temple and the Fort of Air-scouts, between the Council Building and the Science Wing.

High overhead the bridges crossed, spanning the gulf in which we stood, and over these I saw once more the palms against the upreared crystal walls.

As I watched I saw the battle-planes take flight once more, one by one, rising like luminous bubbles into the dark night. In the distance London glowed like day. It was not yet midnight.

Behind us, in the outer court, a multitude was shrieking curses on Lembken and the Christians.

"We are going to Sanson?" I asked Mehemet, nerving myself for his affirmative reply. He looked at me gravely. "We are going to the People's House," he answered.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Amaranth

AT THE door in the rear of the Temple building Mehemet placed me in the charge of a waiting air-scout and withdrew. The man indicated that I was to enter the elevator, but he did not step in beside me, and at the top I emerged into a part of the palace that I had never seen before.

I strained my eyes, striving to penetrate the gloom. I took a few steps forward, stretching out my hands. When I stopped and looked back I could not even discern the heavy curtain that had dropped without a sound behind me.

Then swiftly the room was flooded with the soft solar-light. And before me, clothed from head to foot in a sheer, trailing garment of dull gold, stood the girl Amaranth.

Her dark hair was bound back in a loose Grecian knot, her sandaled feet gleamed white on the gold fabric beneath them; she stretched out her white arms to me, and, taking me by the hand, led me to the divan and placed me by her side.

"Poor Arnold!" she began in a caressing tone. "You have suffered so much in your ignorance and your anxiety to help your friends. But all your troubles are ended now, and your friends shall go free. Do you think you can love me, Arnold?"

She looked at me with neither boldness

nor hesitation, and then, folding her arms, drummed her sandal heels against the foot of the divan.

"You need not be afraid to love me, Arnold," she continued, looking at me with curious scrutiny. "Lembken has grown tired of me, and I must have some one to love me. He has taken a fancy to my blue girl, Coral, an absurd little yellow-haired thing. You shall see her."

She clapped her hands twice, and a door that I had not detected in the wall opened. A fair-haired girl, dressed in a loose blue tunic and Turkish trousers, entered, carrying a tray on which were two gold wine-cups.

Amaranth took the nearest cup in her hands.

"Drink with me, Arnold," she said, touching it with her lips and handing it to me.

But I declined. I would not let myself be lulled through wine by the enervating spell that hell cast over me. I handed back the cup.

Amaranth looked at me for an instant with quivering lips. Then she burst into tears, hurled the cup at the maid, snatched up the other and flung that at her also. The first missed her and fell against the base of the wall, where it shed its ruby contents in a widening stain. The second cut the maid's cheek, and the wine drenched the blue tunic.

The maid smiled, biting her lips, stooped down, picked up both goblets, and, placing them on the tray, departed noiselessly. Amaranth sobbed as though her heart were broken. Then she turned wildly upon me.

"Arnold, I love you!" she cried. "You saw Coral? She is Lembken's favorite now, that yellow-haired fool with blue eyes like saucers. Lembken means us for each other. You need not be afraid. Why would you not drink with me?"

I spoke slowly, piecing my words together with infinite care, for on them hung the lives of Esther and all those who had grown dear to me. "Forgive my sullen mood," I said. "You have promised me that my friends shall go free; yet they are awaiting death at sunrise, and it is hard to be at ease. Why was I brought here? How can I save them?"

Amaranth unclasped her hands and turned toward me with a gesture of penitence. "Ah, it was wrong of me to speak



AT THE MOMENT OF SURRENDER, SANSON'S INDOMITABLE WILL FLARED OUT, SO
THAT IT SEEMED TO MOLD EACH MUSCLE TO ITS UNCONQUERABLE RESOLVE.

of love first, when you have such a burden of sorrow, Arnold!" she cried. "I had forgotten that men's minds are troubled in the world below. "Now listen, and I will set your mind at rest. Lembken was hurt by your departure, for he is very sensitive to unkindness, and he asked me to see you on his behalf. Well, all will come right, and you may dismiss your fears. Sanson is in Lembken's power, and to-night there will come an end to all his mad schemes of tyranny. Mehemet and the Guard have abandoned him. Lembken knows everything; he knows all the desperate plans his poor people have made, and to-morrow he means to give freedom to the world."

She ceased speaking and listened intently. From the farther room came the faint sound of voices. "Sanson has been with Lembken," she said, rising from the divan. "He is coming this way. Arnold, how would you like to see your enemy broken?"

She led me to the door in the wall through which the girl Coral had come. It was flush with the painted woodwork of the side of the room, and discernible only at a distance of a few paces. I wondered how many such doors were set into the walls of the palace.

"You shall listen here," said Amaranth. "I trust you, Arnold. Whatever you hear, you must not lose your self-control and enter, or all will be lost."

She thrust me behind the door and withdrew, closing it. I heard the rustle of her garment as she crossed the room. She seated herself on the divan.

I was standing in a dim corridor that ran as far as I could see in either direction. Then I heard the sound of stealthy footsteps, and, looking round, saw the maid, Coral, coming softly toward me. She was carrying the tray, with two full wine-cups, and she stopped in front of me and set it down upon the floor.

She stood looking at me. Her eyes were blazing with passion, and her slim body shook under the blue tunic. On her mouth was the same set smile that I had seen when she picked up the goblets. She did not speak, but, placing her hand against the door, opened it an inch or two, not making the slightest sound. At that moment I heard the inside curtain lifted, the rustle of Amaranth's robes, and a lithe tread on the rugs. Then I heard Sanson's voice.

"I have said all that there is to say," he replied to some question almost inaudible. "Why do you plead with me? Do you think a woman can move me when Lembken has failed?"

"Listen, Sanson!" Amaranth answered with fierceness in her tones. "When Boss Rose climbed to power he built the People's House and made it his pleasure palace. Then he died under a murderer's dagger, and Lembken, who had long envied him, came here in his place. He, too, lived his life. Now his power is broken likewise. You, the next ruler of the world—why do you not do as Lembken did? We are tired of him. We want a new lord, Sanson."

"Sit by me, Sanson! Do you not see how you have toiled while Lembken has taken his ease? Which was the better part? What have you gained? You have waited so long for one woman. Oh, yes, I know; all a man's secrets are known everywhere, though he thinks he has guarded them in the innermost sanctuary of his own heart. You can take her—but take us too. Take me too. Live your life, Sanson. You are not too old for love. Save us and reign here. Take me, Sanson; see, I fling myself at your feet. Now take me—take me—drink with me. A pledge to our love!"

Amaranth clapped her hands twice. Instantly the girl Coral stooped down, pushing me fiercely from the door, and, taking up the tray, entered the room. Amaranth took the brimming wine-cup and touched it with her lips, as she had done with me.

"Drink, Sanson, my love!" she murmured.

I saw Sanson stagger to his feet from the divan, on which he had sunk, and raise the cup in his hand. He did not drink, but stood like a man asleep, all movement inhibited by the fierceness of that inner struggle. The conqueror of the world was fighting with this girl of twenty for all he had won. Amaranth seized the second cup from the tray and raised it on high.

"To our love, Sanson!" she exclaimed exultantly, and drained it.

At that moment I perceived that the jagged cut on the maid's face had become strangely conspicuous. She was holding the empty tray, and she looked at Amaranth and smiled. She stood like a tinted statue; there was not the least tremor of any muscle.

Sanson had not drunk yet; he still held

the cup in his hand, and he was himself as immobile as Coral.

"Will you not drink my pledge?" asked Amaranth, laying her fingers lightly upon his arm, and looking up into his face.

And I had underestimated Sanson, after all. Now, at the moment of surrender, his indomitable will flared out, so that it seemed to possess his body and mold each muscle to its unconquerable resolve.

"I will not drink!" he cried, and flung the cup on the floor.

He turned and strode out of the room, exultant, like the conqueror he was. The curtain fell behind him. He had won his hardest battle, taken unaware, fighting against a cunning ambush, and I knew that hardly an earthly enemy could overcome him now.

I was in the room. There was no need to hide myself any longer. I watched Amaranth, who, statuesque as Sanson had been, stood looking after him. A minute passed.

Suddenly she wheeled about and clapped her hands to her side. She staggered, regained her poise; a spasm of pain crossed her face, and she looked at Coral searchingly. The maid in the blue tunic looked back at her, smiling.

Their eyes were unwavering till Amaranth swayed backward and fell on the divan. A scream broke from her lips—another—silence—a third; she wrung her hands and moaned.

I knelt before the stricken girl. "Amaranth!" I cried. "What is it?"

She raised herself and stared wildly at me. Her face was ashen pale, the features pinched, dark rings had crept beneath her eyes. "She gave me the—wrong cup," she whispered.

I tried to run for aid, but she clung to me, sobbing. "There is no hope," she cried. "I must die! No hope! Stay, Arnold!"

Her head fell back, and she breathed heavily. I turned and saw Coral beside me, a smiling, waxen doll, the new queen of the harem beside the dying one.

"Go!" I thundered at her.

She shrugged her shoulders daintily and went, leaving the wine-cups on the floor.

Amaranth's hand trembled upon my sleeve. I bent over her. Her eyes, which

were closed, opened and fixed themselves upon mine again.

"Put your hand under me," she muttered. "Raise me. All is lost now. Sanson has beaten Lembken and everything is ended. Save your Elizabeth if you can."

She drew my face down to hers and spoke in sobbing gasps: "It was Lembken's plot. He learned that Sanson had you in the vaults. His case was desperate. He asked Mehemet's aid. Mehemet said that his men would not abandon Sanson while he lived; but if he died they would follow Lembken in return for what he promised them. I was to poison Sanson and then the Guard would go over. Lembken had been in communication with the American bosses. The plan—the plan——"

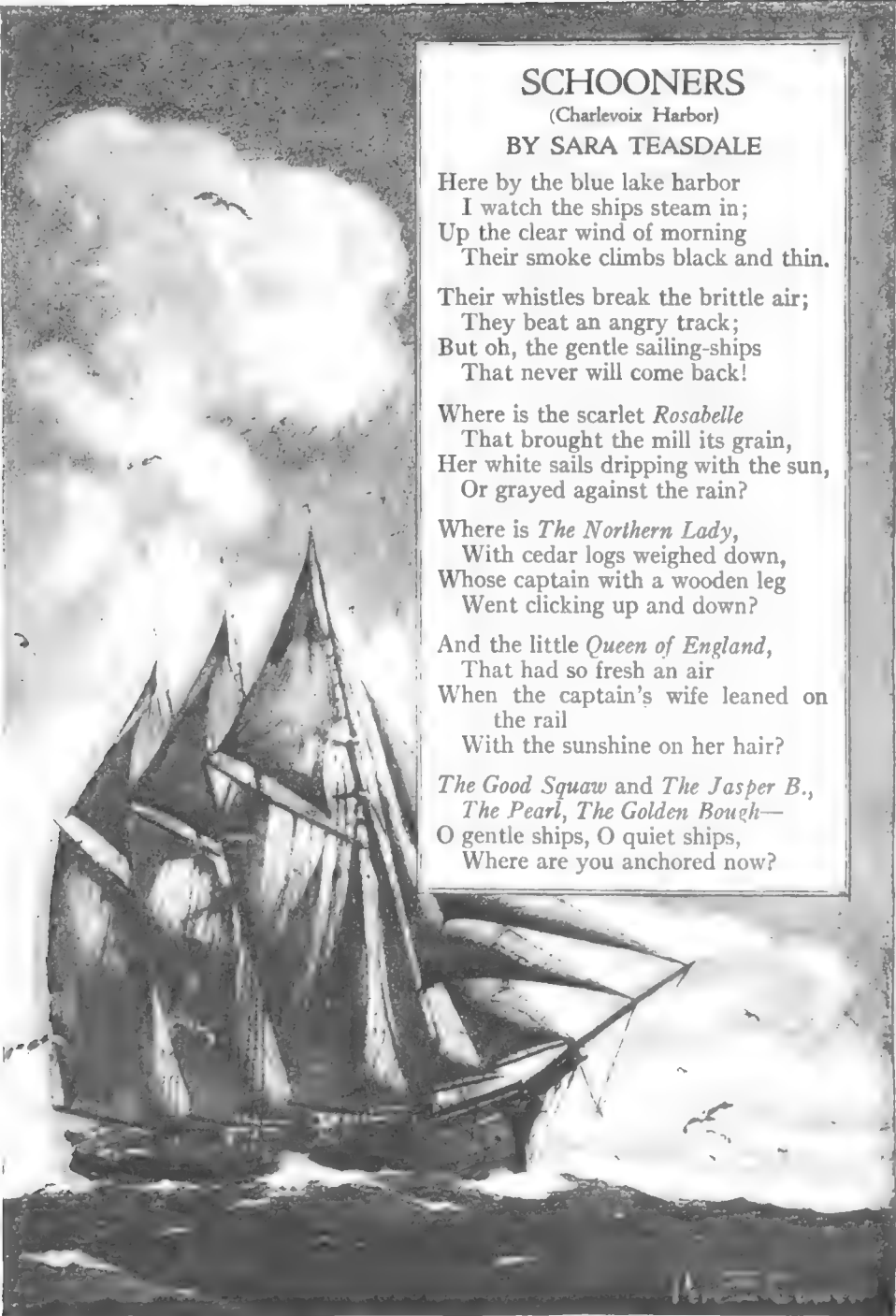
She turned to me and gathered all her strength with the last effort of will. "The plan was of long standing. Events hastened it. Mehemet knew it. Britain was to become Mohammedan, and the American Mormons were to unite with us, under one rule. The two faiths are almost the same. The people wanted a God, and this would give one to the world and unite all nations. It would unite all against the Christian Russians. They are in Berlin. The American battle-planes are on their way to help us against them. I was to keep you here—drug you, not poison you—a drug that would have made you obey Lembken and go into the Temple without knowing what you were doing. Now you must go. Try to save your Elizabeth. Kill Sanson. I can say no more. Escape——"

She muttered some words I could not hear, and then her eyes opened for the last time and fixed themselves upon mine with a look that I shall never forget. "I loved you, Arnold," she said in a weak but clear voice. "I'm glad I died before I lost you. I used to wish that I had been born in other days . . . the twentieth-century days, when . . . life was romantic . . . all different . . . men mated once only. . . . Give the people those days again if you beat Sanson, Arnold."

She tried to stretch out her hands to me. Her eyelids fluttered, and she sighed very deeply.

I saw a crimson stain upon my hands. It was the wine from Sanson's wine-cup.

The last instalment of "The Messiah of the Cylinder" will appear in the September number.



SCHOONERS

(Charlevoix Harbor)

BY SARA TEASDALE

Here by the blue lake harbor
I watch the ships steam in;
Up the clear wind of morning
Their smoke climbs black and thin.

Their whistles break the brittle air;
They beat an angry track;
But oh, the gentle sailing-ships
That never will come back!

Where is the scarlet *Rosabelle*
That brought the mill its grain,
Her white sails dripping with the sun,
Or grayed against the rain?

Where is *The Northern Lady*,
With cedar logs weighed down,
Whose captain with a wooden leg
Went clicking up and down?

And the little *Queen of England*,
That had so fresh an air
When the captain's wife leaned on
the rail
With the sunshine on her hair?

The Good Squaw and *The Jasper B.*,
The Pearl, *The Golden Bough*—
O gentle ships, O quiet ships,
Where are you anchored now?

Drawing by Percy E. Cohen.

WHERE ARE THE SAILORMEN?

By

Edward Hungerford

"**W**HERE are the ship-builders?" I asked a veteran state-of-Maine builder the other day, as we stood in his yard beside the Kennebec at Bath. I had listened to him bewail his difficulties in finding labor to complete the vessels upon his launchways. And he had shaken his head in reply to my question.

"They sleep in the churchyard upon the hill," said he, sadly.

And where are the sailormen?

Of what avail is it to build a thousand new ships, five hundred, one hundred even—if there are no men to sail them, no engineers or firemen to stand by their shiny new engines, no navigating officers to walk upon the bridges or to plot the courses within the pilot-rooms? Is navigation a lost art in a land which said good-by to its great merchant marine a full half-century ago? Are the Americans who can sail ships all asleep, too, within the churchyards along our coasts?

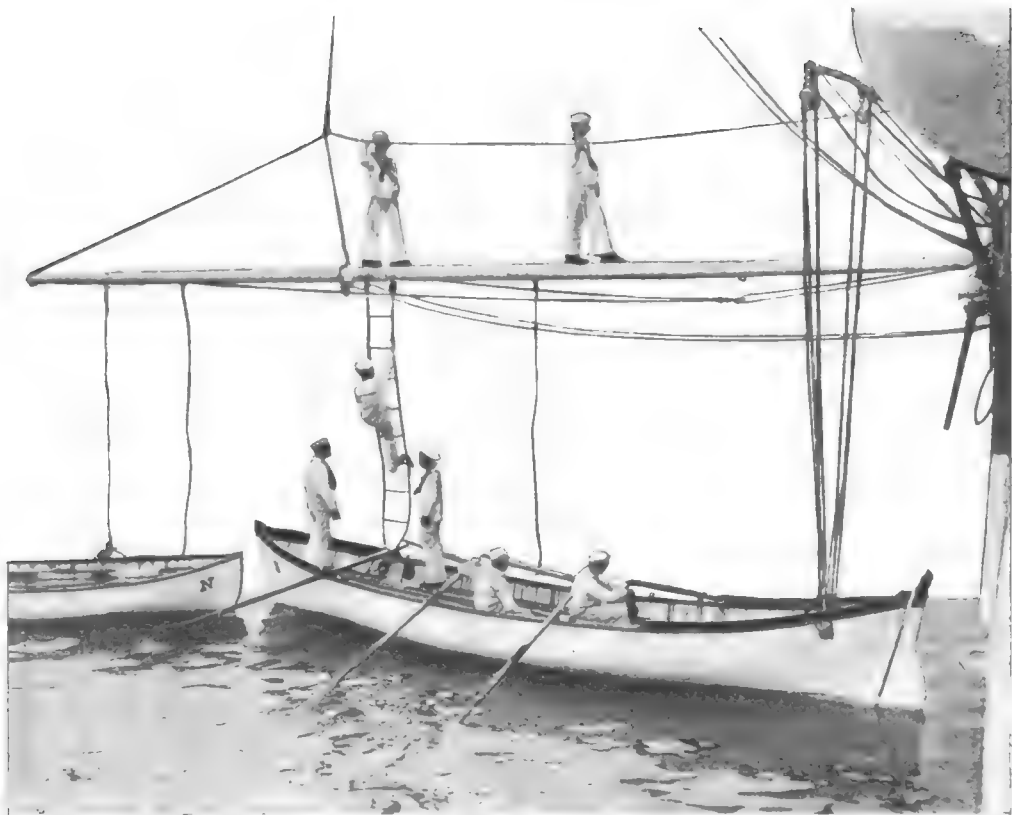
Where *are* the sailormen?

From Maine and from Massachusetts, from the Gulf Coast and the Pacific, from Cape Hatteras to Cape Sable, nay from Calais to Key West and Key West to Brownsville, from San Diego to Bellingham and Port Townsend, the response is coming. From Terre Haute and St. Joe and Mankato, towns who know the sea as but a distant romance, the call of blue water, generations old, is working in the blood. The sailormen are coming. We may build a thousand ships or ten thousand and still they will be coming. Just because the United States has not been a great maritime nation for



half a century past is no sign that she cannot be one for half a century in the years to come.

Last month I told in *EVERYBODY'S* of the energy being expended not only by the Federal Government through its newly organized agency, the United States Shipping Board, but by private shipyards in the creation of new merchant vessels, both steel and wood. I told how we were going to defy Germany's insolent challenge of the submarine not only by seeking to exterminate it, but also by building so many ships, big and little, that to sink even a reasonable fraction of them would be all but humanly impossible. In thirty days that situation has changed but little. There have been controversies over the relative value of wooden ships and steel, discussion as to the prices for the metal and other raw materials, plans made for the commandeering of many, if not all, of the vessels upon the stocks in the private yards. But the building of ships has gone on apace and with a feverish energy. Many vessels have been launched, others started, contracts given, not only for the building of still more new ships, but also for yards in which new ships may be built and prepared for the blue water. Original from



"AMERICAN BOYS ON AMERICAN SHIPS! IN NO OTHER WAY CAN THIS COUNTRY EVER HAVE A PERMANENT OR SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT MARINE."

And in this thirty days a definite effort has been made to recruit systematically and to train men for all branches of the service of the new merchant marine which we are creating. A gentleman from Boston—Henry Howard is his name, and for many years the science of the sea has been his pastime and his recreation—has moved rapidly in this very thing. He is a practical man. While other men were dreaming of the building of the ships, Mr. Howard kept asking himself who were to operate them. A timely question and a most reasonable one. And after he had turned it in his mind for some time he felt that he had found an answer—at least as far as New England was concerned. For he knows the North Atlantic coast as you and I know the fingers of our hands. And he knows sailormen, of all sorts and varieties. And he felt that here was the material that might be trained and wrought into ship's officers.

What? Train a New England fisherman, a tugboat man out of Boston harbor, or

a sailor on one of those stout coal barges that in other days were wont to ply between the tidewater terminals of the soft coal railroads at Hampton Roads, Virginia, and the Maine and Massachusetts seaports? Teach book-learning navigation to a man or boy who has been born within smell of salt water and forever educated in all its whims and vagaries? Precisely so. You can not make a chauffeur from a truck-driver without a fairly distinct scheme of education. Driving a seven-thousand-ton steamship through fair seas, to say nothing of fogs and hard weather, is a far, far more difficult and complicated job than piloting a four-ton motor truck even through the narrow, congested streets of down-town New York or Boston. And considerably more responsibility attaches to it in the bargain.

The New England sailormen have been rather touchy upon this very theme of education. Ask them about navigation and they will bring out with a loving care, the

sextant that was father's or Uncle Jim's or, more likely, grandfather's or one of the great-uncle's. They will point out the vernier scale upon its bright face and say to you—landlubber that you are:

"She shoots the sun. With it we get the latitude. A chart and the latitude—a lead line and judgment—judgment counts—and we can get anywhere between the Bermudas and Greenland."

"How about the longitude?" you venture.

You certainly are a landlubber. The salt lets you know that, with a single glance. Then he shows compassion and relates an anecdote:

"There was a fellow sailing out of Gloucester and some one gave him a chronometer—that's the instrument the scientific fellows get the longitude with. They explained it to him, an' for three days he sailed by it—God knows where to. Then the dinged thing busts an' he comes back to the sextant an' gets to the Banks only a little behind the rest of the fleet. But if that chronometer hadn't busted, by Judas Priest, stranger, he might have hit over in Portugal somewhere!"

Which explains something of the traditional feeling among the sailormen for the lordly chronometer. And some of them express a contempt for even the humble sextant. According to the best Block Island traditions, a citizen of that small principality, setting forth some years ago in his staunch "double-ender"—as the stout sailing craft there have been known for many generations—was blown far out of his course. Fortunately he had plenty of food and fresh water aboard his small ship, so he suffered no particular privations. And in a few days he was blown into the harbor of Havana. He saw that fine old Spanish town to his heart's content, and set forth once again for Block Island, without a chart and with only a compass to guide him. The Cubans mar-

veled at his courage. But he only laughed at them.

"I'll steer nor'-nor'west an' hit the broad-side of the United States," he told them. "I reckon I can't miss it."

He could not. And in another fortnight he was back with his native islanders, not the worse for his adventure, but mighty proud of it.

"Larin' " the Landlubber

A GREAT steel steamship setting forth from New York for either Liverpool or Bristol and laden deep with food or munitions for the Allies—perhaps for our own khaki-clad boys at the front—can not afford to bring up in Portugal or in Havana. The North Atlantic to-day is as carefully charted and platted as the property holdings in your own quiet street. Navigators may cross it, by careful observations with chronometer and sextant when the weather conditions overhead are favorable, and by scientific and accurate dead-reckoning when the skies are overcast. They may steer by platting their runs or by sailing in the "Great Circle." But they must have a fundamental and an accurate knowledge of the laws of navigation—which seem to a landlubber to be based upon a strange combination of astronomy, trigonometry, logarithms, and an ancient volume named Bowditch's, issued from England annually these many years, which seems equally useful for navigation or as a missile against some cut-up of a cabin-boy.

Yet these laws are not difficult. A big banker in New York who, like Henry Howard of Boston, has made the sea and its scientific navigation his hobby for many years, has told me that he can make a fairly capable navigating officer out of a keen-minded young man in from six to eight weeks. Of course this does not mean that the young man will have anything like the practical knowledge that he would gain even in half a year's actual experience



"SHE SHOOTS THE SUN. WITH IT WE GET THE LATITUDE."

upon the sea. It simply means that he will have enough of the theory of the navigation of a ship upon the high seas to make him a fairly capable officer, particularly when working with men who have had some years of actual experience.

Commodore Frank Hastings is the man who made this statement. He speaks whereof he knows. And he practises what he speaks. For, despite the fact that there is always great pressure upon his days, he has set aside time for the training in the science of navigation of a small class of young men at Greenwich, Connecticut, where he makes his residence. And these young men are having a very rare schoolmaster indeed.

The Lure of Sea-Lore

PROFESSOR Harold Jacoby, of Columbia University, is another man who has given both time and thought to this vital problem of the recreation of the American merchant marine. In ordinary times Professor Jacoby teaches astronomy; but at the beginning of the war he changed his course to one of practical navigation—set it at 8.45 o'clock in the morning, which is an almost unheard-of hour to the sleepy-headed boys of Columbia. But the men who enrolled in this class were not sleepy-headed college boys. They were business men who also felt the call of blue water in their veins and who were willing to take the time before they went to their offices for studying navigation, with a view to taking service upon the bridges of merchant ships—if their country should call them there.

These men not only gave their time to classroom work, but they have carted the heavy sextants down to Coney Island, there to stand upon the beach, and, with the horizon in view, to "shoot the sun," to the infinite joy of the hot-dog men and the merry picnickers from Brooklyn. But they have been learning, and to Professor Jacoby and to Columbia, to say nothing of the other universities which have instituted similar classes, is due a great deal of credit.

Other men, other organizations have taken up the problem. The National Marine League of the United States and the Travel Club of America have displayed a keen desire to help in the work of finding the seamen and of training them. The training ships of the states of New York

and of Massachusetts—of which very much more in a moment—as well as the several established private schools teaching navigation, have shown a great sympathy and a practical interest in the work. It is a part of the problem that is far from being overlooked.

ALL the while that men were consulting as to how they might really help in the solution of the problem, Henry Howard was hard at work with his plans. He formulated them in a fairly definite fashion, then went down to Washington and laid them before William Denman, Chairman of the Shipping Board, and John M. Donald, also of the Board, to whom the problem of recruiting had been particularly entrusted. These men accepted Howard's plans with enthusiasm. Immediately they swore him in as Recruiting Director of the Board and sent him back to Boston, where he took a whole floor of the tower of the new Custom House and began putting his plan into definite action.

It is a fundamental of the Howard plan for the training of ship's officers that there shall be schools at various convenient points along the seaboard. He began with a class at Harvard, under the charge of Alfred R. Burton, who teaches astronomy in that ancient institution. On a day late in May ten young men—several of them in sailor's togs and all of them feeling decidedly ill at ease in the classic yard—walked into Dean Burton's classroom. Before June was well advanced, the classroom limit of forty had been reached and a relief class was started in the new buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, upon the Charles bank, hardly a mile away.

An enlarged vernier scale, taken from the sextant, upon the blackboard; a few simple text-books, and periodical excursions out upon the harbor to use the real instruments of navigation, form the physical effects of the school. Yet within a few days, rather than weeks, the first class had located itself in the outer harbor—finding the latitude and the longitude of the craft on which it rode by means of the proper instruments, and so accurately that all of the reckonings were within a radius of three miles of the exact point. Which is good navigation.

Howard's plan to establish his scheme throughout all New England has led him to open similar schools or classes to those in

Boston, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and at Portland, Boothbay Harbor, Rockland, and Machias, Maine. It is from these last ports that he has received much of his best material—those same fishermen to whom a trip in a brisk wind out to the Grand Banks and back is hardly more than going down to the post-office in the evening for the mail.

At Portland, three days' announcement of the opening of the class brought sixty-eight applicants for entrance in it. But fifty was the practical teaching limit, even with an assistant added to the man in charge.

Greenport, at the far end of Long Island, is not in New England, save in spirit and influence, yet Howard has established one of his navigation schools there. It met with immediate success. The Shipping Board has not been content to have him limit his labors to the New England field he originally chose. It is making him take up seamen's recruiting for the entire nation. So, with the help of his assistant, Winfield M. Thompson, he is now opening schools along the coast to the south—at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, at Crisfield, Maryland—where the oysters come from—at Atlantic City, at Cape May, at Norfolk, and at Charleston.

Later he will reach the Gulf Coast ports—Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Corpus Christi perhaps. And by early autumn he will be establishing his work on the Pacific. When that is done he will reach the



MANY GERMAN SHIPS, LIKE THIS ONE INTERNED IN A PACIFIC PORT, ARE SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL-SHIP PURPOSES.

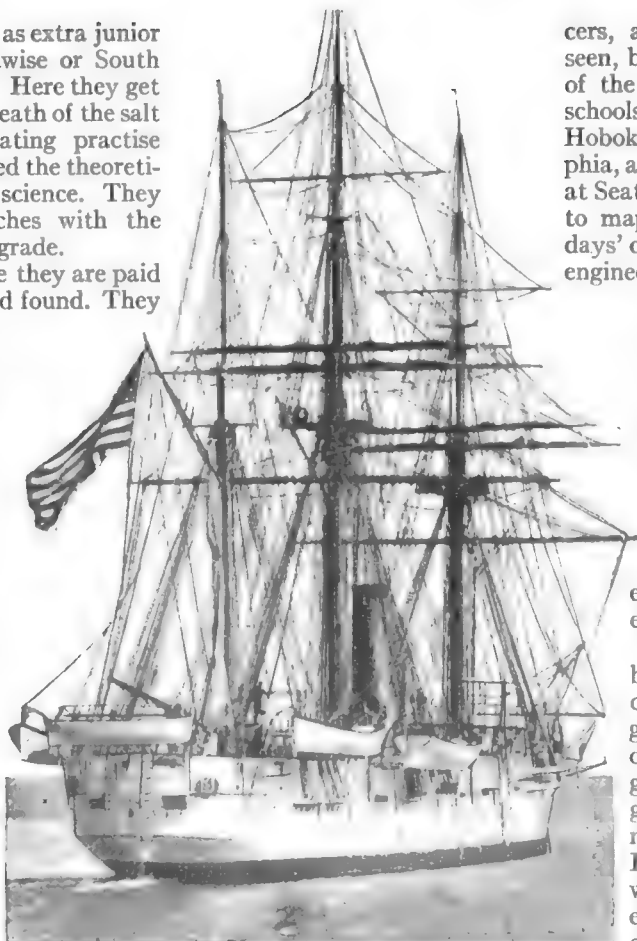
Great Lakes—at about the close of their season of navigation. The schools at Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, and Buffalo, perhaps at Duluth and the "Soo" as well, will pick up their students as the ice forms upon the Lakes and the big carriers there tie up for the winter.

Howard feels that with the close application the men are bound to give to the special course laid out for them, they can be graduated and receive their first papers in thirty days, thus making room in the classrooms for the other applicants, who are already beginning to press their noses against the doors. As a matter of fact the very earliest classes have already been graduated. The men are not paid while they are in the schools. But as soon as they get their papers

they are entered as extra junior officers on coastwise or South American ships. Here they get their first real breath of the salt sea, the navigating practise that must succeed the theoretical study of the science. They stand the watches with the officers of their grade.

In this service they are paid \$75 a month, and found. They will remain in it pending the completion of the merchant ships to which they will be assigned in due routine. And all the while a card-index record of the men and their service will be kept in the recruiting headquarters in the Boston Custom House.

A thousand ships will need a thousand captains, four thousand mates, six or seven thousand engineers, and minor officers. It is no small task that the man from Boston has undertaken. Yet he has gone at it with both confidence and optimism. He has not only planned a nation-wide system of schools for watch offi-



"ESTABLISH A SCHOOL-SHIP IN EVERY IMPORTANT PORT."

cers, as we have just seen, but, with the aid of the great technical schools at Boston, at Hoboken, at Philadelphia, at Cleveland, and at Seattle, he is seeking to map out a thirty-days' course for marine engineers. Just as he

has wanted men with some nautical experience for his navigation classes, he seeks men who have either mechanical aptitude or mechanical experience for the engine-rooms.

A man who has been a good chauffeur, or a garage assistant, ought to make a good ship's engineer, and at much better pay. It is a question whether, in the event that the war continues for any time, the Govern-

ment will permit the retention of chauffeurs for pleasure cars, save at an almost prohibitory tax. Incidentally Standard Oil tankers pay the chief engineer \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year in addition to a fifty per cent. war bonus.



Photograph by International Film Service, Inc.

DEAN BURTON AND A CLASS OF LANDLUBBERS

Back of this plan, which has the sanction of official Washington, are others which undoubtedly will be correlated with it. As I intimated a moment ago, the work of training boys for the merchant service has never entirely ceased, although for many years the Federal Government has almost contemptuously ignored it. Two states—Massachusetts and New York—have kept their lamps polished and alight. In them the hope of the future continued to burn.

The old square-rigger *St. Mary's*, which, as a part of the public-school system of the city of New York, was a familiar sight in harbor many years, has finally been superseded by the former cruiser *Newport*. The *Newport* was turned over to the state by the Navy Department. On this ship the training course covers two years, during which time the vessel makes two extended cruises. All that is required of a boy for entrance is a fifty-dollar entrance fee, which goes to buy his uniforms. The state of New York assumes all the other costs of the operation of the school.

A similar system prevails upon the Massachusetts school-ship *Ranger*—also a former naval vessel—which to-day boasts as its most distinguished graduate, Captain Emery Rice, the doughty commander of the *Mongolia*, who fired the first shot of our war against a German submarine. But unfortunately the facilities of these two excellent school-ships are most limited. Between them they can turn out only one hundred young officers a year, although the applications each year run high above that number.

The Possibilities of the School-Ship

BUT the school-ship plan has possibilities of immediate expansion. Pennsylvania—which once had a school-ship of her own, but let it drop—Oregon, and California have just passed laws to establish navigation schools similar to those of Massachusetts and New York. It has been suggested that the other states, beginning with the coast-wise ones, be urged to do likewise. The psychology of appealing to local pride is not to be lost.

But, while the plan as an ultimate development is a most excellent one, the men in charge of the National Marine League are seeking to adapt it to present necessities. With the assistance of Commodore Jacob W. Miller, the retired naval officer who has

made the work of the New York school-ship *Newport* so great a success, they are trying to bring it to an instant use. And this is the program which they are suggesting:

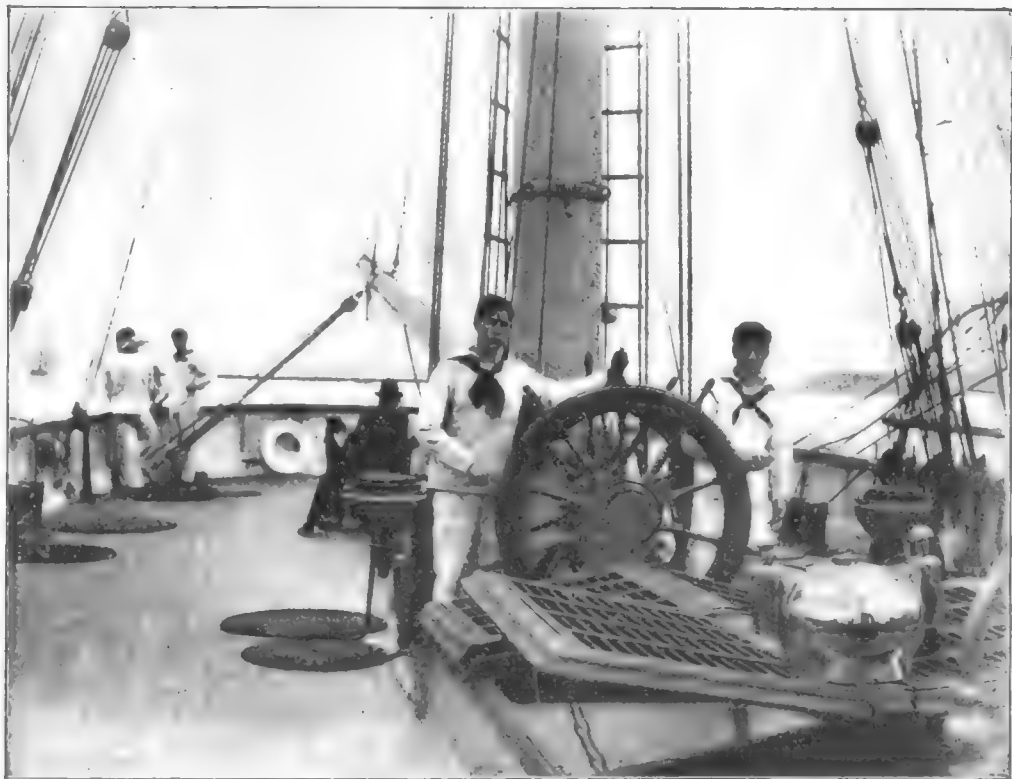
Among the German vessels which were interned for more than two years in Hoboken and which at the outbreak of the war became our prizes, is the fine steel sailing-ship *Indra*. She is full-rigged with double topsail-yard; a ship of approximately 4,000 tons. She has good accommodations; room for some three hundred cadets; perhaps, with a little crowding, more than that. Commodore Miller's plan is to take the *Indra* around into Long Island Sound, anchor her at Oyster Bay or some other suitable port. She would then serve as a "mother ship" for the *Newport* and the *Ranger*, in addition to such other vessels as could be procured for short-cruising and educational work. The boys resident upon the "mother ship" could then have their classrooms between decks, and even in their hammocks they would have the full atmosphere of the sea. They would get their practical cruising experience upon the vessels that put out from her.

Commodore Miller's plan has met with the enthusiastic approval of shipping men generally. They remember how he founded the naval reserve in America, how twenty-five years ago he went down to Washington and fairly fought for a ship on which to establish it. Finally he had a grudging loan, for three months, of the old frigate *New Hampshire*. He raised among his personal friends the money to bring her from New London to New York. The vessel never returned. For the naval militia grew from that company of one hundred young men who marched aboard the *New Hampshire* in 1891, to more than 16,000 trained and efficient sailormen at the outbreak of the present war.

"Establish school-ships in every important coast and river harbor and lake port in this country," say the shipping men, "and begin to train young men intensively."

Which is almost precisely what the Shipping Board, of Washington, and Henry Howard, of Boston, are trying to do. Other methods of obtaining the watch officers have been suggested.

For instance, it has been proposed that, by a slight modification of existing laws, navigators be brought in from other countries—as a temporary expedient at least.



THE CALL OF THE DEEP BLUE WATER IS NOT FALLING ON DEAF EARS. THE SHIPS ARE BUILDING, THE MEN ARE COMING. THESE ARE CADETS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL-SHIP *RANGER*.

Great Britain, losing say twenty merchant ships a week by submarine warfare, has today a large number of watch officers available who could do effective work in guiding our ships overseas. Of late, as fast as their ships have been sunk underneath them, these officers have been conscripted into the Navy—for want of more important work. For England has not herself been able to build new ships quite as fast as the Germans could sink them.

And the Germans, in turn, have recently adopted the policy of taking the chief officer home as a prisoner in the submarine, rather than letting him return to captain another merchantman. But it is hardly physically possible, in the crowded confines of a submarine, for them to make more than one or two such prisoners.

One thing more, before we leave this question of a ship's officers: It is a recognized fact that the very stringent American laws prescribing the qualifications and experience that a man must have before taking a responsible post upon a ship, have

been a real deterrent. These laws are much more strict than those of Great Britain or any other foreign nation. A man to get a pilot's license from the Virginia Capes to Massachusetts Bay must memorize every one of the courses and distances for the entire stretch. It takes a man under the present regulations longer to qualify as a chief engineer than as a physician or a lawyer—even in those states where the requirements for these professions are the most stringent.

Under the press of the present emergency, however, these regulations are being much softened. It has been arranged that the masters and mates of coastwise steam-vessels, the masters and pilots of lake, bay, and sound steam-vessels, the masters and seamen of fishing vessels, and the captains of coasting vessels are eligible for first, second and third mates' papers on ocean steam-vessels when they qualify. It formerly was necessary for these same men first to have seen three years in ocean steam service; now the service may have been on lake,

bay, or river craft. And the length of it has been reduced to two years.

Other emergency rulings of this sort undoubtedly will be made. The Department of Commerce which has this work under its charge has shown a great desire to co-operate. It will take the bars down, down to the lowest factor of safety.

"THIS is all about the officers, and the engineers," you say, when you have come this far. "How about the seamen? You can not have an army without privates in the ranks."

Very well. Your point is well taken. We will ask Andrew Furuseth about it. This is the place where he comes into this story. You could no more keep him out of a yarn about the sailormen than you could keep out mention of the sea itself. For Furuseth's name is known and respected in every fo'castle on the seven seas of the world, and it is known, and probably equally respected—or feared—in the board-rooms of all the great shipping interests. These last deal in vessels. Furuseth, at the head of the great seaman's unions of America, deals in men. Only, there is a difference. He, himself, has emphasized it.

It was on the occasion of one of his conferences with the ship-owners that he made the point. They were working toward an agreement—the owners and their employees. The rough plan had been laid down and agreed upon. Then one of the ship-owners, a big, fine man, albeit a big pompous one, turned toward the labor-leader.

"Can we count on your keeping this agreement?" he said, sharply. "We own these ships and we shall keep our word in regard to them."

Furuseth colored, hesitated a moment, then said: "I do not *own* the men. But they will keep their promise."

His record is one of keeping faith. Yet it is one of battle, too—of hard, unrelenting, endless warfare. Many years upon the still and solemn breast of the sea have made this Norwegian sailorman, who has spent the greater part of his long life as a citizen of the United States, a patient and persistent fighter. It was Andrew Furuseth who, after fifteen years of fighting, finally struck out from the statute-books of the land of his adoption the fugitive sailor law, which was written upon them as far back as 1791.

That was two years before the Fugitive Slave law, and it made a sailor fleeing from the abuse of a cruel master and an intolerable ship subject to the same chase and persecution as a fleeing negro slave. Only the threat hung over the sailors' head up to 1898, until Furuseth removed it, first in American ports, and then upon American ships, no matter in what part of the world the seamen might find themselves.

Once when he was active in the enforcement of this new law, they tried to serve him with an injunction—and failed. After the episode was all over, a newspaperman asked him what he would have done if they had actually succeeded in serving the injunction.

"I would have placed it in my pocket and gone to jail—if my attorney had not been smart enough to keep me out," was Furuseth's slow reply. "And if I had gone to jail, no matter how bad the conditions there, my bed would have been no smaller, my food no worse, and I no more lonely than the sailor who rides within the fo'castle."

A man's man, if you please!

Furuseth's Mighty Band

I FOUND Furuseth in a modest upper room of an old-fashioned hotel in Washington. He had come on to the Federal Capital to meet both the Shipping Board and the ship-owners of America, and to formulate an agreement with them under which, in view of the recognition of his unions and the establishment of fair wage-scales and working conditions, there will be no strike of the seamen during the progress of the war at least. He also made a further agreement:

"We are going to furnish seamen," he told me. "I have given my word on it."

"By the time the new vessels are ready we shall be ready. That will be autumn, and the fishing season upon the west coast will be practically over. The fishermen will be coming back from Behring Sea—several thousand of them. Also the season upon the Great Lakes will be ending, and several thousand more men from the lake-carriers, who have been used either to idling through the winter months or else taking trifling jobs to fill in, will be ready for service upon salt water."

"Of course these men will not be enough to man the new ships. But they will be the leaven. With them and amongst them

we shall put the raw material—from forty to sixty per cent.—as necessity dictates. Yet that is not the only way in which we may gain seamen. We can and will scour the inland cities and the farms for them.

"We shall ask the Secretary of Commerce to amend his regulations as to the physical tests that a seaman must pass. There are chronic and structural disorders that he rules out and that must continue to be ruled out. But in this crisis should a man be barred because he has lost two fingers—or even an eye? Lord Nelson did not lose his fighting ability when he lost his eye. And many of the men, slightly disabled in some such fashion as this, but able to handle a fishing boat and a heavy catch, are fit for service on the sea.

American Boy, A. B.

"LET down some of these foolish bars and we will find the men. We will bring them out from the cities, the towns, and the open country—always under the assurance of a decent fo'castle and fair wages. On blue water a man is forever slave to his ship. And because some ships have been what they have, at many times it has been hard to induce American boys to start in the merchant marine, particularly as able, ordinary seamen.

"What do you find upon American ships to-day? You see upon the decks of some ships, Italians, held almost in peonage by the *padrone*, who in his boarding-house laughs at our Seaman's Act and renders it as dead as Cæsar. And when you do not find Italians, whom else do you find? Finns, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes. Good sailormen, but foreigners. Suppose the hand of fate should strike again and we should find ourselves at war with some of those nations? Can you see the confusion on the decks, perhaps underneath them, where the Spaniards, the Greeks, and the Portuguese are forever at the fires?"

"I want to see American boys on American ships. Eventually we must come to that—and stick by it. In no other way can this country ever have a permanent or a successful merchant marine. Yet, for the time being, for this crisis in hand, we shall have to go, as I have said, out into the fishing fleets and bring in the men of the North Countries who sail them. We shall have to be both decent and generous to those men.

They are not Americans—the greater part of them. So they are not subject to draft, not compelled to go for us into this war overseas.

Yet they will go; there is a distinct reason. They are going to take big chances in the most dangerous ocean that the world has ever known; they are going to go to heaven or they are going to go to hell—why?—because the United States was the first nation to make the seaman free."

Furuseth speaks not only with conviction, but with authority. And when he says that he will bring the men, through the powerful organization that he heads, you may count upon it that he will keep his word. For he is not only an uncrowned king of the seamen, but he also heads the great unions of the marine engineers, the firemen, the cooks and the stewards. His power is far-reaching. And now it is going to be put to a real test. He is going to bring the sailormen; he and his agents are going into power-plants and boiler-houses, not only along the coast but far inland, and there they are going to find the men who have exchanged the hectic life of a simple engine-room for the gentler existence of a low-pressure boiler and an automobile to take the wife and the kiddies out for a little spin in the evening. It is Furuseth's job to urge these men back to blue water once again. It is his job to round up cooks and stewards, firemen too—all those whose humbler tasks are so necessary to the ship's voyage.

It is important that he succeed. For it is going to be intolerable if great ships, laden low with food and munitions, are held impotent in the harbor of New York or Boston this coming fall and winter—as they were held last April and May—for lack of crews to man them.

From Farm to Fo'castle

THESE things are not to be—thank God for that! The sailormen are coming. I stood in Henry Howard's high-set office in the tower of the Boston Custom House on a day late in June and saw the morning mail come in—three hundred, five hundred letters perhaps—and every blessed one of them a request for a chance to enlist in the training-schools of our new merchant marine.

From all over the country they were

applying. Maine was represented and so were the Carolinas. A lad from Oswego, New York, was eager, and so were two young men in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. All of these had been upon the Lakes. A retired mate who had started a little store in a side street of Fort Wayne said that he would come back, even if he had to put up the shutters on his shop. And all the while that the director of recruiting for the Shipping Board was at his mail, a line of personal applicants was shuffling forward toward his desk. Others from a greater distance were beginning to make a trek toward that Boston Custom House. They wanted to get in—at once.

A young man—a sheep-tender—down in Arizona read in a Bowie newspaper that men were going to be wanted to go to sea—that America was going to have a real merchant marine once again. Something went pit-a-pat under his rough gray shirt. He tried to forget it. But in his idle hours he pictured how the sea would really look again. He remembered that his great grandfather had been the master of a Salem clipper-ship, had sailed the seven seas, had entered Singapore and heard the tinkling temple bells of Mandalay. And, he, himself, on a single

memorable trip had sailed before the mast.

The shepherd tried to be sensible, tried to be logical, tried to forget the sea—and could not. Finally he threw up his job, went to his boss, got his money, bought a mule, and started for Holbrook, the nearest railroad town. Holbrook was sixty-five miles away, and when the young man reached it he was coated with dust and alkali—so disreputable that not a hotel in the town would take him in. And that, in an Arizona town, is going some.

He washed up, sold the mule, and with the proceeds bought a ticket on the Santa Fé, to San Pedro, which is the port of Los Angeles. To-day he knows the sextant, is beginning to understand the chronometer, to get the roll of the sea steadied under legs that were trained for the saddle. He is in a fair way for the making of an excellent mariner.

The call of the deep blue water is not falling upon deaf ears. It is coming straight to the hearts of America—young America, middle-aged America—and America is already responding. The ships are building, the men are coming. Godspeed to all of them!

REPATRIATED

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

"Tears, Pierrot? Tears, my joyous one?"

"Look, comrade—all we had is gone!"

"Another year the vines will pay . . ."

"The very soil is burned away!"

"Jean will replant it. Where is he?"

"Killed, in the fighting by the Lys."

"Jean dead! Then François. . . ." *"François lies Raving. A shell tore out his eyes."*

"Hopeless?" *"Nay—rather call him blest! He will not know about Céleste."*

"Is she so crushed, then, by his fall?"

"Mother of God! If that were all . . . !"

A KITTEN IN THE MARKET

By
Margaret Busbee Shipp

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. VAN BUREN



"ANYBODY CAN BUY IT," AMY EXPLAINED.

I SOLD my home after Uncle Henry's death. Uncle Henry was my husband and I was perfectly devoted to him, but as I had called him Uncle Henry ever since I was a child I couldn't break myself of it. (That is, I said Uncle Henry except when he kissed me and then I'd forget and call him "Dr. Bannister," because I wasn't used to being kissed by any man except the dear old minister who had baptized me.)

Amy Richardson and her husband were going to South America for a year, as Dick had business in Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres; and they persuaded me to go with them. It was the most interesting experience, but I should like to show our Argentine laundry list to those people who say it's as cheap to travel in foreign countries as it is to stay at home. When I got back to Columbusville I had spent the whole top story of my house, so that if I ever built again it would have to be a bungalow.

I wished to invest the rest of my money, and when I talked it over with Amy she said Dick's partner had just bought some Steel, and of course he wouldn't do anything risky because of his children. This was in October, 1913, before the twins were born, but even six children would make a man cautious.

"How in the world did he buy it?" I asked. "I didn't know he was a personal friend of Mr. Andrew Carnegie."

Never having heard much of Steel, I supposed Mr. Carnegie and his intimates owned it, just as Mr. Rockefeller owned Oil.

"Anybody can buy it," Amy explained. "You just buy it through a broker like Mr. Hawkes."

"Never!" I interrupted. "Have you ever played bridge with that man? He would rather pickle trumps than lead them. He's too cautious to be safe."

"There's Mr. Barton," Amy suggested. That appealed to me, as Mr. Barton is

a tall man with nice eyes, so I went straight around to his office. It was a fascinating sort of place, with lots of clerks and everything terribly bustling. Mr. Barton looked surprised to see me and took me into his private office.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Tennant?" he asked politely, but just a tiny bit in a hurry. "I know some deserving cause has brought you to these noisy offices."

"It isn't in the least deserving—it's just me; I want to be one of your patients—clients—er, customers," I stammered, not knowing the right technical term. "I should like to buy two thousand dollars worth of Steel, if you have any on hand to dispose of."

"Common or preferred?" he asked.

I hadn't the slightest idea what he meant, so I answered on a venture; "I'll take the least expensive kind, please. How much does it cost?"

"It was fifty-four ten minutes ago."

Most naturally I thought he meant each dollar was worth fifty-four dollars, because I had heard Dick Richardson say that every dollar of oil stock was worth some tremendous amount.

"I am greatly disappointed," I had to retract, "but if the shares cost five hundred and forty dollars apiece I could only buy four or five shares and that seems hardly worth while. So I won't take any this morning, thank you."

For a minute he didn't "get me," as Dick Richardson would say. Then he laughed and explained that it was only fifty-four dollars a share. That seemed such a remarkable bargain that I added a little more than I had really intended to invest and bought fifty shares.

He showed me the place in the back of the daily paper where one could read about Steel every day. Up to that time I had never read the financial page in my life, imagining it was as unintelligible as the sporting page.

There was one thing Mr. Barton said which I have always remembered; he said Steel was "open as the day." I liked patronizing a company like that—so different from sweat-shops.

As I was leaving the office, I overheard Mr. Bridgers, Mr. Barton's junior partner, say jokingly: "I've seen lambs in a broker's office, but this is the first white kitten!"

It has always *maddened* me that men can not realize that insignificant height has nothing to do with one's independence of spirit and action.

That night Jerram Davies called. When he came in I was reading the market reports in the afternoon paper and feeling like a mixture of Mr. Morgan and the Bank of England.

"Did you ever read this diverting page, Jerry? I never did before. Listen to these character sketches:

"'Iron, steady, unchanged.' (A sort of John Halifax, Gentleman.)

"'Sugar, refined, quiet. Raw sugar, barely steady.'

"'Turpentine, firm.'

"'Molasses, sluggish.'

"'Cheese, active.'"

Jerry laughed a little, but he seemed dreadfully bothered. "Bridgers told me you were buying American Steel to-day," he began.

I was so pleased I couldn't keep from interrupting him. "I didn't know it belonged to the United States! How perfectly stunning! Then the Government has to back it up just as it does paper money?"

"About as much as Christopher Columbus has to guarantee the street paving in Columbusville," he answered. "Fay, if you won't let me marry you and take care of you, for mercy's sake don't make ducks and drakes of your money. You have so little, child, and think how you flung it away on that trip to South America!"

"I won't let you marry me to take care of me," I flashed back. "That's the reason Uncle Henry married me, because I was so bewildered and alone after mother's death; and he didn't want me to be a trained nurse, as I longed to be. He was my guardian and he'd grown accustomed to looking after me. But nobody else shall ever, ever 'take care of me.' I want to take care of my very own self! And besides, I shall never marry a man who thinks of me as 'Fay.' I want to be 'Frances' in his inmost thoughts."

"You'll have to grow a foot and your hair will have to stop curling in those baby rings before you'll be a Frances to me," said Jerry. He looked grim and cross, but he looked hurt too, so I compromised:

"At least I'll have to be 'Fanny.' There's some character to Fanny; but Fay sounds

like a child—" I thought of Mr. Bridgers—"or a white kitten."

The tears came in spite of me. "I hate men! There was a man on the steamer coming home who'd been with us all the time in Rio. He'd been tormenting me to marry him, and what do you suppose he called me one day? 'A little blue-eyed goose!' Naturally I retorted, 'Do you wish a goose for a wife?' and he said (Jerry, he said it *fervently*): 'My word, *yes!* I'm tired of faddy women, women who go in for politics and uplift and social reform, and talk one blind and deaf. Don't you believe the tired business man who tells you he yearns for intellectual superiority in his wife! Half the bachelors I know are still-hunting for a pretty, precious, blue-eyed goose. It's the *rara avis* in your sex to-day, my dear child.' I don't think I was ever as furious in my life, and I called Dick Richardson over and repeated it to him right in that man's presence. Dick said coolly: 'Yes, I think many a man has an ambition to marry a fool—before he tries spending his life with one.'"

This effectually switched the conversation from my investments, because Jerry spent the rest of the evening trying to extract that man's name and to learn whether it was he who had sent the white orchids I was wearing Thursday. It was, but I wouldn't tell him.

I LOOKED up my Steel every morning, and I adored it. It went right on up until it reached sixty-two, and then I had a clever plan which I thought of myself. I decided to invest temporarily in fifteen shares more. There was a certain frock which intrigued me, but of course I couldn't spend one hundred and fifty dollars for a frock now that I was so poor. Uncle Henry had been a lawyer with a fine practise, but he had very little property, and he had two sisters to provide for as well as me. So he had left a sum in trust which gave each of us one hundred and fifty dollars a month. That was all I had besides the money I received from the sale of the house.

I was keeping house by myself in a cunning little apartment, but every day friends dropped in for luncheon and dinner. Sometimes the dears came to cheer me up, and sometimes for me to amuse them, but the effect on the bills was precisely the same. It seemed to me that I never had enough

money to buy proper clothes. So I decided to buy fifteen shares of Steel at sixty-two, and sell them in a week or two when they reached seventy-two.

This would give me one hundred and fifty dollars for the dress, and I should be getting it for nothing—just picking it off the stock exchange, as it were—for after I bought the frock I should still have the same amount of money to invest in something permanent.

I ordered the shares from Mr. Barton in a tone so business-like that I was quite impressed with myself. Sure enough, Steel did go up to sixty-eight—I think it was; and then it began to wobble around and act in a suspicious manner. It didn't seem to know what it was worth, and it never held the same opinion two days in succession. I didn't tell Jerry about the extra fifteen shares, because he kept advising me to put my money in real estate, saying that Steel was too speculative a stock for a woman.

Speculative! Why, I bought it because it seemed to me so absolutely safe and *non-speculative*, as people must always have steel things, from nail-files and hair-pins to sewing-machines. In fact, if there's one stock which seems to me as *domestic* as the family cat, it's Steel.

I went away in June (this was in 1914) to the Richardsons' stock-farm in the Blue Ridge, and we stayed there all summer. We found the son of Dick's overseer ill with typhoid fever, and the farm was far from railroads or doctors or nurses. I was so thankful I had the two years in training, because I nursed the boy and he got well. Amy said I enjoyed it more than any part of the summer, and she was perfectly right. If you love to nurse sick people, the look in a little boy's eyes when he is beginning to get well is more beautiful than a branch of flame azalea, and I know that is the loveliest thing that blooms.

But to get back to business; when I came home and asked Mr. Barton about my Steel, he said the stock exchange was closed.

"You mean it has gone into the hands of a receiver?" I gasped. "That the whole thing has failed like the Columbusville Bank?"

Mr. Barton was as nice as he could be and explained it all to me. I didn't exactly understand, but one thing was clear—it stood out with frightful distinctness—my Steel was thirty-eight.



"I WON'T TAKE SEVENTY-TWO FOR IT NOW, MR. BARTON," I SAID. "I AM HOLDING IT FOR PAR."

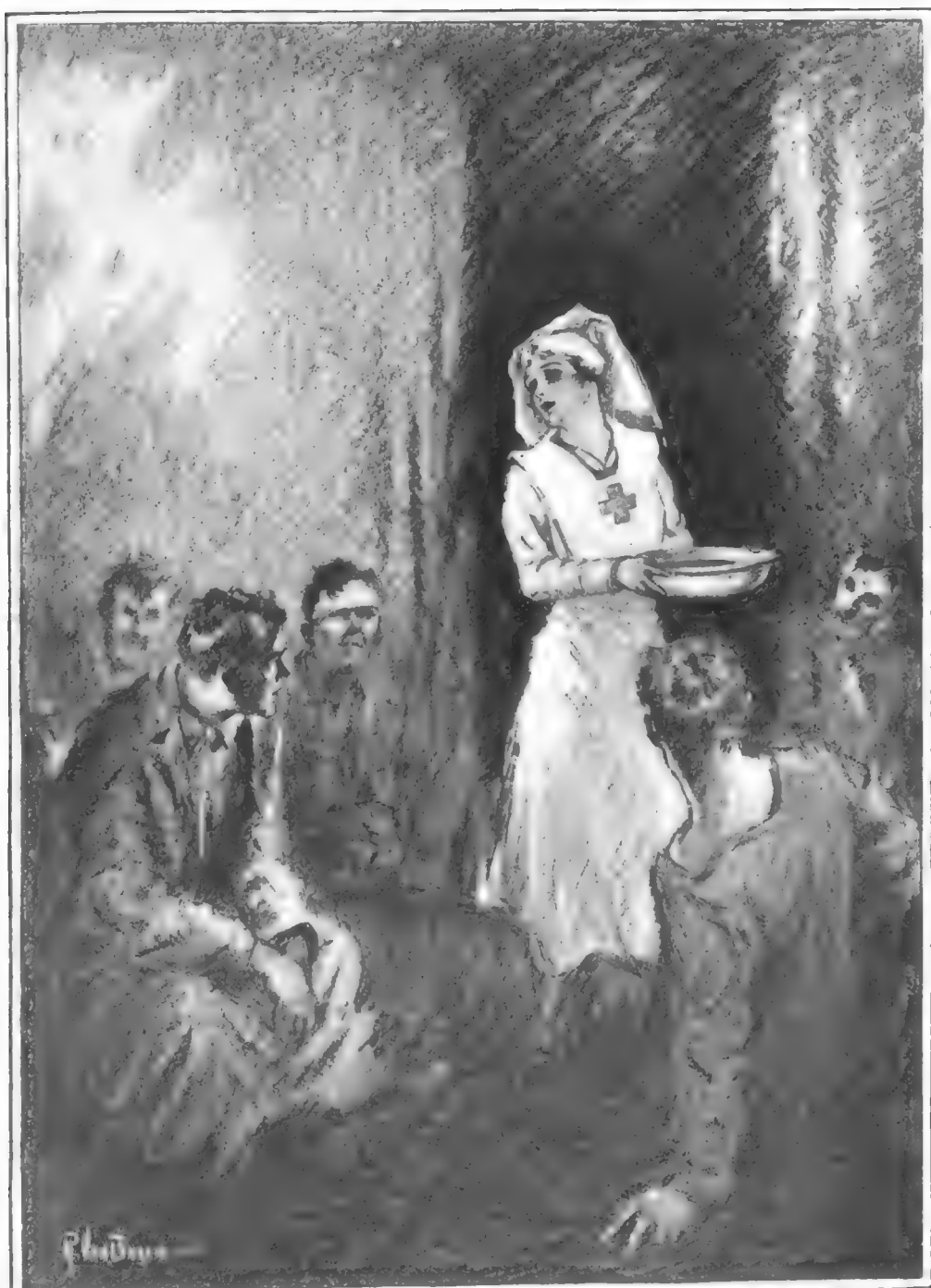
Thirty-eight!

"I won't take seventy-two for it now, Mr. Barton," I said. "I am holding it for par."

"You're game all right," he laughed. "Don't you bother over your Steel, either. Hold tight to it."

But I was perfectly furious. Here was

Steel—"open as the day" Mr. Barton himself had said; yet its enemies were trying to break down its credit, and they had already succeeded in driving it out on the curbstones to do any business. It made my blood boil and I was determined to show there was somebody who had unshaken faith in it. I still had eighteen



I HAD A WONDERFUL YEAR IN FRANCE, AND I'LL NEVER BE THANKFUL ENOUGH FOR THAT
TIME IN THE CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

hundred dollars, the last payment made on the sale of my house.

"Please buy me fifty shares more, Mr. Barton," I said.

He looked troubled. "I still think it's a good buy, but everything is very uncertain, Mrs. Tennant. I should strongly advise you against it."

That settled it. For once in my life I could do something on my own initiative.

"Please, please buy it for me," I coaxed. "I'm absolutely determined to buy it, and I haven't any idea how to get it for myself. You wouldn't have me running around on that curb, would you?"

He was reluctant, but he bought it, and it cost me one hundred dollars more than I had in the bank, because I had made a mistake in multiplying in my head. So when Jerry called that night I was terribly blue. You see I had already spent my month's allowance, too.

"Jerry," I asked him, "how do people get a hundred dollars when they haven't got it?"

"They just mention it to their best friend and give him the exquisite pleasure of making a trifling loan," he explained.

"They do *not*," I contradicted. "I'm speaking of a woman six feet tall, weight two hundred pounds, with a harelip, hideous clothes, and an honest soul. How does she get one hundred dollars when she hasn't got it?"

"Is it a conundrum? I give it up," he said, lifting my hand and kissing it. "Fay, do you know that you have the softest little white hand in the world?"

"Please give *that* up and not my question," I said crossly, pulling it away from him. "Jerry, do talk sense. I made a mistake in multiplication (trying to multiply in my head as if I were Sir Isaac Newton) and I owe Mr. Barton a little over nineteen hundred dollars, and I haven't but eighteen hundred dollars."

"Barton?" he frowned. "You surely aren't speculating again, Fay?"

"I have never *speculated*," I corrected him, "but I bought some more Steel to-day, just to show my faith in it. If the friends of a company do not stick by it when it is having a hard time, you may expect its detractors to run down its credit."

He threw up his hands. "You baby Atlas, are you trying to hold up American Steel on your shoulders?" He was half

laughing, half desperate. "I know you've a passion for maimed things, dear, but don't you think you are tackling rather a big job?"

"If everybody who had stock in it would buy some more to-day, it would be like a vote of confidence, and very sustaining to the directors," I held to my position.

"But Jerry, how can I get that one hundred dollars?"

"You can put up your old certificate of stock and borrow on it from the bank; probably the cashier will think it good for that much. And if you are determined to make money, please find out how to pickle peppers, raise violets, or crochet tidies. It's safer. Oh, Fay, Fay, why can't you let me marry you and take care of you always?"

"I am twenty-two," I returned slowly, "and when I was nineteen, I married Uncle Henry for exactly that reason. That's what he said, and it sounded comforting to me then. He didn't want me to go on with my training as a nurse, though I knew I had a gift for it." Then I had to tell Jerry what I had been planning for two months. "Just as soon as I can qualify, I am going to Europe and nurse—wherever they may accept me."

"*Fanny!*" Jerry said it sharp as a pistol-shot.

It was a comfort to me many a time in the two years that followed.

I HAD to have another year's training before I could be accepted, and then I had a wonderful year in France. I'll never forget an hour of it, never be thankful enough for that time in the convalescent hospital. It's a whole story in itself—a whole lifetime in itself. But one thing was funny. Because I'm tiny and blue-eyed and yellow-haired, one of the soldiers nicknamed me "Miss Fairy"—only with his dear rolled "r" he pronounced it "Mees Fair-ree." All the men took it up and I was never called by any other name. The only jolly letter I had from Jerry the whole year I was in France was the one in answer to mine telling him about it.

Then in November, 1916, I came home. The head nurse said I needed a rest, and I was homesick. I thought it was for Columbusville, but when Jerry met me at the pier I knew I was just homesick and starving for Jerry. I ran to him and he took me



NEITHER OF US REALIZED WE WEREN'T ALONE IN A BIG FOREST!

in his arms and kissed me before all the passengers, and neither of us realized we weren't alone in a big forest!

It was at dinner that night that I heard about Steel. Jerry had an afternoon paper and he handed it to me.

"Want to look up the market, financier?" he asked.

I had been so busy with life and death that I hadn't thought about Steel or looked it up in a year. I thought the stock exchange was still shut up. I never was so astonished. There was my own dear Steel, neighboring with Amalgamated Chemicals and Associated Coppers in the old friendly

way—and it was one hundred and twenty-five!

"Good gracious!" I gasped. "Jerry, I've got one hundred and fifteen shares! How much is that worth? Let me see . . . that's fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars."

Jerry looked so relieved that I was puzzled, because he is the least mercenary of men. "Fourteen thousand *three* hundred and seventy-five," he corrected rapturously. "For a terrible moment I was afraid you had learned to do your multiplication table in France! you've cleared nearly nine thousand dollars."

"It's more than I could have made on pickled peppers," I reminded him.

"I'm going to sell it to-morrow."

"You actually think that Steel can stand alone now and doesn't need you to bolster up its credit?" he teased. "My investments haven't been behaving so greedily as yours, Fanny. The day of real estate will come again and I expect to have enough to give you all the pretty things I want you to have, sweetheart; but we may have to economize a little just at present."

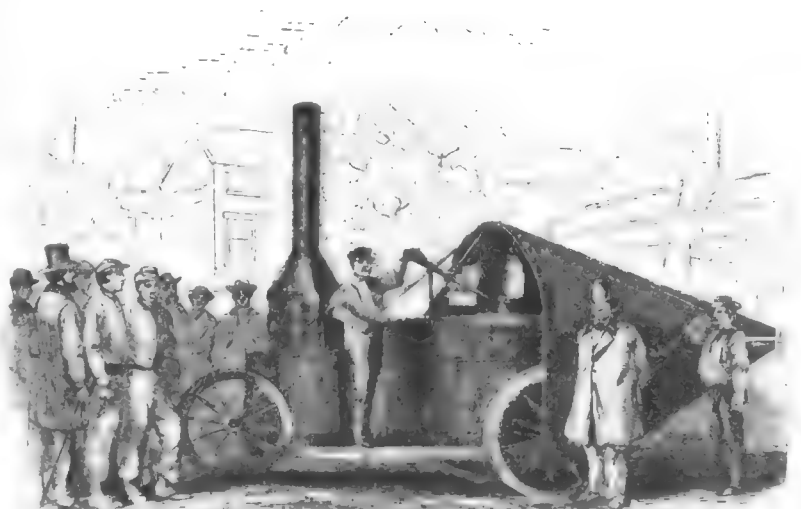
"Never mind, Jerry," I comforted. "I'll take care of you."

Jerry has the nicest laugh in the world, and his voice sounded utterly adorable as he said: "Will you? Oh, yes, you darling!"

'64 AND '17

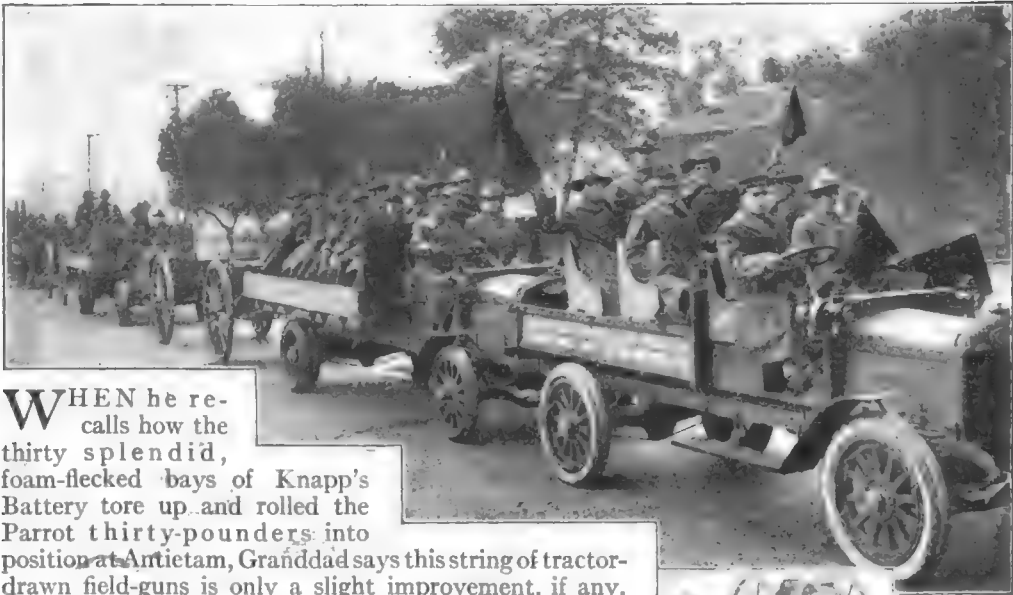
IT IS said that there have been more changes in the art of war during the past ten years—since the Russo-Japanese conflict—than in the previous fifty years; and more important changes in those fifty years than in the previous five centuries—since the use of gunpowder. Yet if the survivor of Antietam or Gettysburg were to accompany his grandson to the country's newest battle-front, what would he find that is essentially new? From these same battle-fields of France, twenty centuries ago, a war correspondent sent home to Rome accounts of certain armored engines of war which were battering the fortifications of Germanic towns into the dust over which now creep the "tanks" of to-day. Indeed some of Alexander's special dispatches, read by the loiterers in the "Herald Square" of Athens two thousand years ago, told how a Persian inventor had fixed to the wheels of his chariots a scythe arrangement like that on the front of this tank—to cut through "barbed-wire"

entanglements of the Greeks. This oldest war correspondence—as every schoolboy-reader of Caesar knows—spares no details of the war marvels of the day. Likewise the correspondents who told how Colonel Jones of the Massachusetts Volunteers captured the Winan's steam



From Harper's Weekly of May 30, 1861.

gun pictured here on its way from Baltimore to the Rebel camp at Harper's Ferry. "It is ball-proof, can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute, and is destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war." After all, the real novelty of modern warfare is the censor's blue pencil.



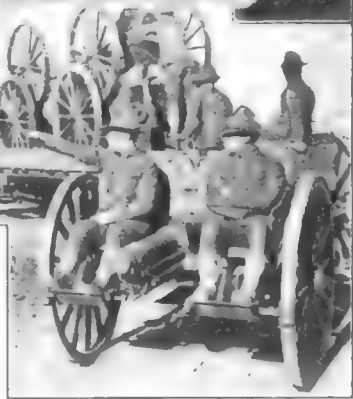
WHEN he recalls how the thirty splendid, foam-flecked bays of Knapp's Battery tore up and rolled the Parrot thirty-pounders into position at Antietam, Granddad says this string of tractor-drawn field-guns is only a slight improvement, if any. To be sure, those gasoline-fed horses are always sure of a



meal, which our bays were not. They can work twenty-four hours a day while our horses had to rest half that time and be carefully tended, only to end stark and stiff in the sun on the ridge at Dunker's Church.

We have about thirty-five thousand tractors actually in commission in the United States. All the same, Granddad, remembering how they struggled for weeks with oxen and horses to drag the two hundred and fifty of McClellan's guns through the swamps of the James River to Malvern Hill, swears by the old hoss. American and European engineers have been working since years before the war to eliminate him, with only partial success. In handling the big fellows, there are places a tractor can not go. And for the smaller guns there had not been developed a tractor with the proper combination of speed and power until the United States recently announced the first completely motorized field-battery of medium-caliber guns in the world.

But those are pretty guns and no mistake, says Granddad. No running about with a great swab and a ramrod, dodging the vicious recoil, catching the gun, hauling it back to position, and reaiming it after each shot, like our rigidly mounted muzzle-loaders of '64.

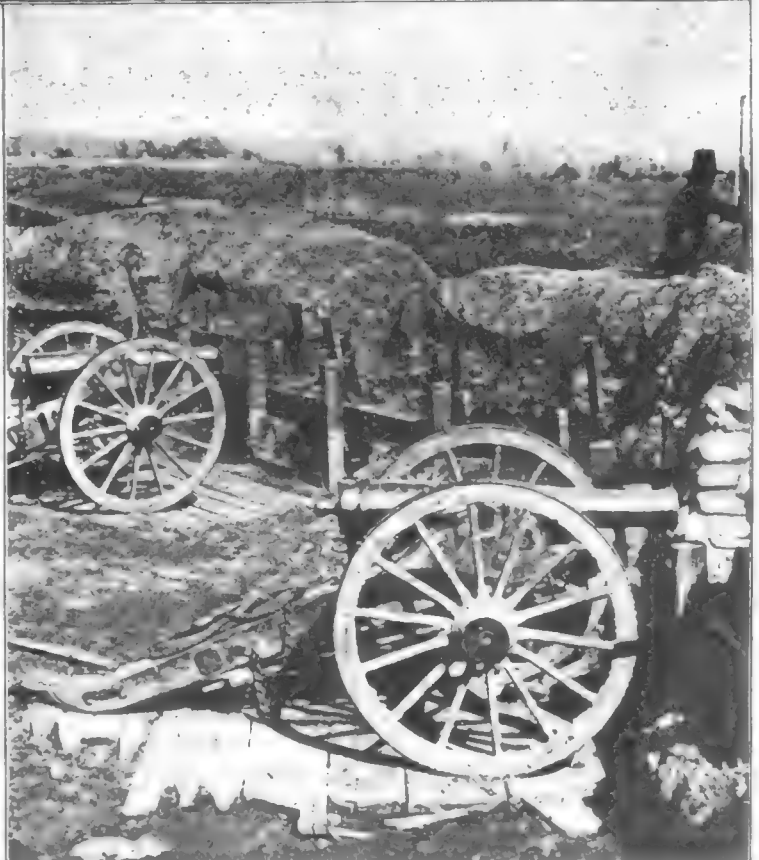
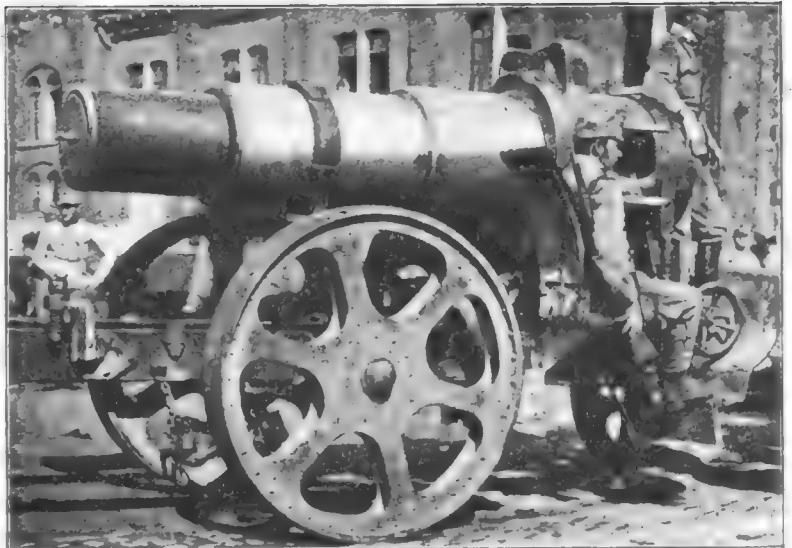


'64 't isn't

fair to compare this 12-inch Austrian Skoda howitzer with the little boys in the picture of the Petersburg earth-works below. Why, sir, remember old "Swamp Angel," that 8-inch Parrot we set up at Charleston. True, she blew herself to pieces after the thirty-sixth shot; but how about our Columbiads, 10, 15, yes, 20-inch smooth-bores, and old "Dictator," the 13-inch mortar mounted on a railroad-car, we used at Petersburg. They did fairly well, though it is on record gum-tree logs, hooped with iron and bored out, sometimes did as well.

The heaviest battery of artillery ever mounted in the world up to 1862 was before Yorktown, when the Union army was maneuvering to enter Richmond. It consisted of five hundred-pounder, and two two-hundred-pounder Parrot rifled cannon. Our greatest artillery "stunt" was the Gettysburg cannonade. It lasted about two hours, on a line of battle four to five miles long. We had

82,000 men and 300 guns; the Confederates 75,000 men and 100 guns. There were fifty thousand killed and wounded, a mortality much higher than in any day



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From Photographic History of Civil War.



I GRANT you, says Granddad, that your trooper boys would have been less of an easy mark for those Kentucky sharpshooters than we were in those days, with our long blue lines and brass buttons. Now Captain Custer, here, on his black horse, is not a fair example. This photo was taken at Brandy Station, Virginia, in June, 1863. He was then about twenty-three, a regular daredevil who rode into battle, giving a war-whoop, and wearing a black shawl and a red necktie. The Confederate butternut or gray was not so easy to see against the mists of the early morning; but all our uniforms of '64 were a great advance over the bearskin shakos and bright reds and gills and what-nots we borrowed directly from England or France and had worn from 1776 on. It was not till the Civil War that we found a style of our own, and that was more comfortable and serviceable than neat. In Washington's day each man was allowed two pounds of flour and one-half pound of rendered tallow, that he might keep his hair properly dressed. Now the boys, more anxious about the safety of their heads than of the hair on them, have shaved their crowns and covered them with a steel helmet like the ancient Etruscans. Cavalrymen, since the Civil War, have tended to become merely mounted infantry. Where the cavalry is not obsolete, as General Petain has asserted, it is readopting the ancient lance or spear. But its place has been taken by the "Air-Cossack."



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Taken from *Photographic History of the Civil War*

Lower photo Brown Brothers, N. Y.



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Taken from Photographic History of the Civil War.

IT WAS troopers like those who clattered over Long Bridge into Washington with the first news of the rout of Manassas, and who carried messages from one part of the field to another. The telegraph was used at Fredericksburg for the first time on any battle-field. By 1863 there were thirty field-telegraph stations in service, but their average range was only about five miles. It was long before their use was developed.



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Even in the Franco-Prussian War the French made a point of training carrier-pigeons, who transmitted forty thousand messages during the siege of Paris. Now every squad in the whole two thousand miles of the iron ring about Germany is in constant touch with every other squad. It is a far cry from the cumbrous trains of '64 to the compact wireless apparatus of to-day and the modern combined telegraph and telephone, weighing four and one-half pounds, which can be carried anywhere and its station established by merely running a rod into the earth. Not only are all parts of the line connected by word of mouth, but, through the aeroplane camera, by sight of eye. The first cameras ever used on the battle-field were in the wake of the army at Manassas in 1862.

Such magical unity of the whole battle-front has become an imperative necessity when the fighters are completely hidden from each other as in our days of trench warfare. In '61 and '62 there was little time for Union or Confederate to "dig in" very deep—even to bury the dead. Not until near the close of the war was the short spade established as part of the equipment of the Union infantry. Then the trench was merely a hastily thrown-up earthwork, strengthened later, if possible, and secure against the musket-ball or a twelve-pounder, but mere dust to a modern shell. Even the permanent rifle-pits were lacking in the sumptuous Rathskeller appointments found in some of the subterranean cities of concrete which form the German lines. Onward-rushing Allied soldiers have often been machine-gunned in the back by Germans emerging behind them from their labyrinthine strongholds two stories deep. Two and a half million men occupy them on



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each side. More than eight thousand to the mile or five to the yard. Dug by trench machinery, floored, roofed, electric-lighted and steam-heated, these apartments are chiefly recommended for their non-exposure, are in great demand by both sides and command such high prices as fifty thousand lives and ten million dollars' worth of shells. The French had no such trenches in 1914



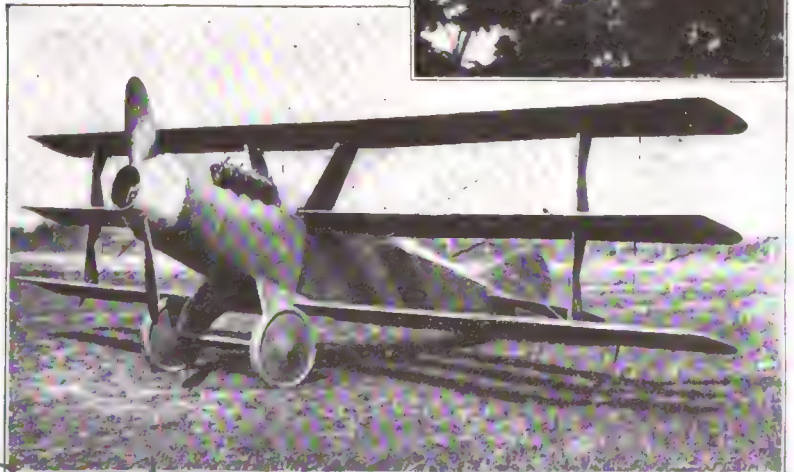
International Film Service.

or at the Marne. The trench system and its corollary, heavy artillery, were introduced by Germany, after elaborate studies of the geological formation of enemy territory. Until the Allies could reciprocate they had to utilize big naval or coast defense guns. With this glorified ditch-fighting, Granddad finds the foes peeking at each other through old Hevelius's trench periscope, invented in 1650, throwing each other the gracious grenades invented by the Chinese centuries ago, and first used extensively by the Japs in 1908. As for rifles, they have become merely glorified catapults for hurling these grenades as the Romans did. General Petain says, "You might as well put them in a museum."

A GROUND-MOLE war had to develop hawk-like methods of observation, and these in turn all the lizard-like arts of concealment. In those days our cavalry scouts could find the enemy, and a tree-top was as high as we had to climb to see him. Now Uhlan, Cossack, Chasseur, or Dragoon is of little use for reconnoissance, and the foe is miles away, behind a mountain ridge. Professor Lowe, our first air-scout, found it sufficient, as you see, to rise about fifty feet, still tied safely to earth, to watch the battle of Fair Oaks, in 1862. The army balloon was largely used during the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. Young Zeppelin, by a twist of fate, was one of the "aviation" corps. What would the old professor say now to his young apprentice's latest greyhound of the air, five hundred feet long, traveling seventy miles an hour, carrying ten tons of explosives, three thousand miles if necessary; armored, machine-gunned, and in constant touch with earth from beyond the clouds by wireless? What of the sparrow-flock of darting planes with their camera eyes recording the panorama below, their smoke clouds for concealment and signaling in day and their light bombs for directing fire at night?

He might reply that this marvelous power of observation has its limitations and is met by corresponding arts of concealment and disguise. He might recall the dummy cannons made of logs which fooled him in the Confederate lines. He would find the device used to-day, with dummy trenches, guns hidden by leaves, animated stacks of straw containing observers. It is almost impossible for an aviator to detect a regiment of troops in modern uniform moving in open order across a field. Whole trains backed on sidings, loaded with supplies, have been painted out of the landscape; buildings, bridges, all the valuable impedimenta of a vast army, even horses have been "lost" to the enemy airman by the scientific use of broken color. This and the other devices form the new science of disguise called *camouflage*, which has made place in modern warfare for the country's artists. A group of well-known painters, at the suggestion of General Wood, have formed the American *cam-*

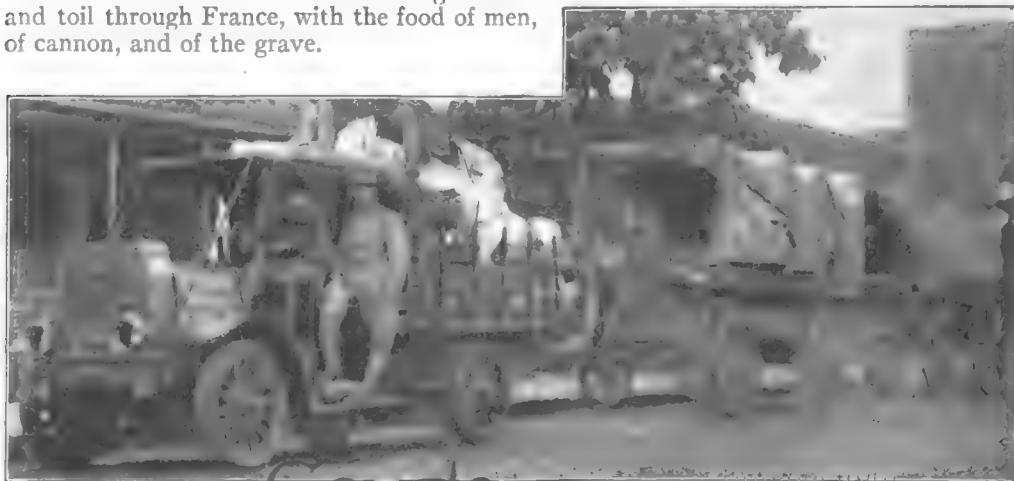
ouflage.





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BUT what Granddad most remembers was the hardtack and pork that wasn't forthcoming at Chattanooga, when the mule trains balked in the mud. He noted with interest how the endless chain of motor-trucks, loading at the rail-head and speeding over the fine roads of France, rushed the quarter-million men, and a mass of supplies and ammunition greater than that used in any other battle of the world, to save Verdun last year. This is the first war in which motor trucks have been used. The Army of the Potomac, only eighty thousand strong, had to have three thousand five hundred wagons and twenty-five thousand horses and mules to supply it—and even then '64's appetite was always on edge. And the South being the proverbial home of the jackass, mules were none too easy for the North to get. Ammunition and supply trains, like this of the Third Division Cavalry Corps, could not go far from a base, moved with donkey-like independence, and were subject to all sorts of breakdowns and raids by the enemy. After this experience, Granddad wonders why the folks at Washington have not followed the policy of England, France, and Germany in subsidizing the purchase by private owners of trucks, tractors, and motor-cycles. He knows that to supply four million men on the European line, six hundred miles long by twenty deep, requires twenty-five thousand tons of rations daily, one million quarts of wine—transported in oil-tank cars, and ninety-five tons of lead for each German killed. To carry all of this, one hundred thousand motor vehicles and six hundred thousand wagons roar and toil through France, with the food of men, of cannon, and of the grave.



Brown Brothers

LONG LIVE THE KING!

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR E. BECHER



THE CONCIERGE BENT CLOSER OVER THE TABLE. "DOCTOR WIEDERMAN, THE KING'S PHYSICIAN, IS ONE OF US," HE WHISPERED.

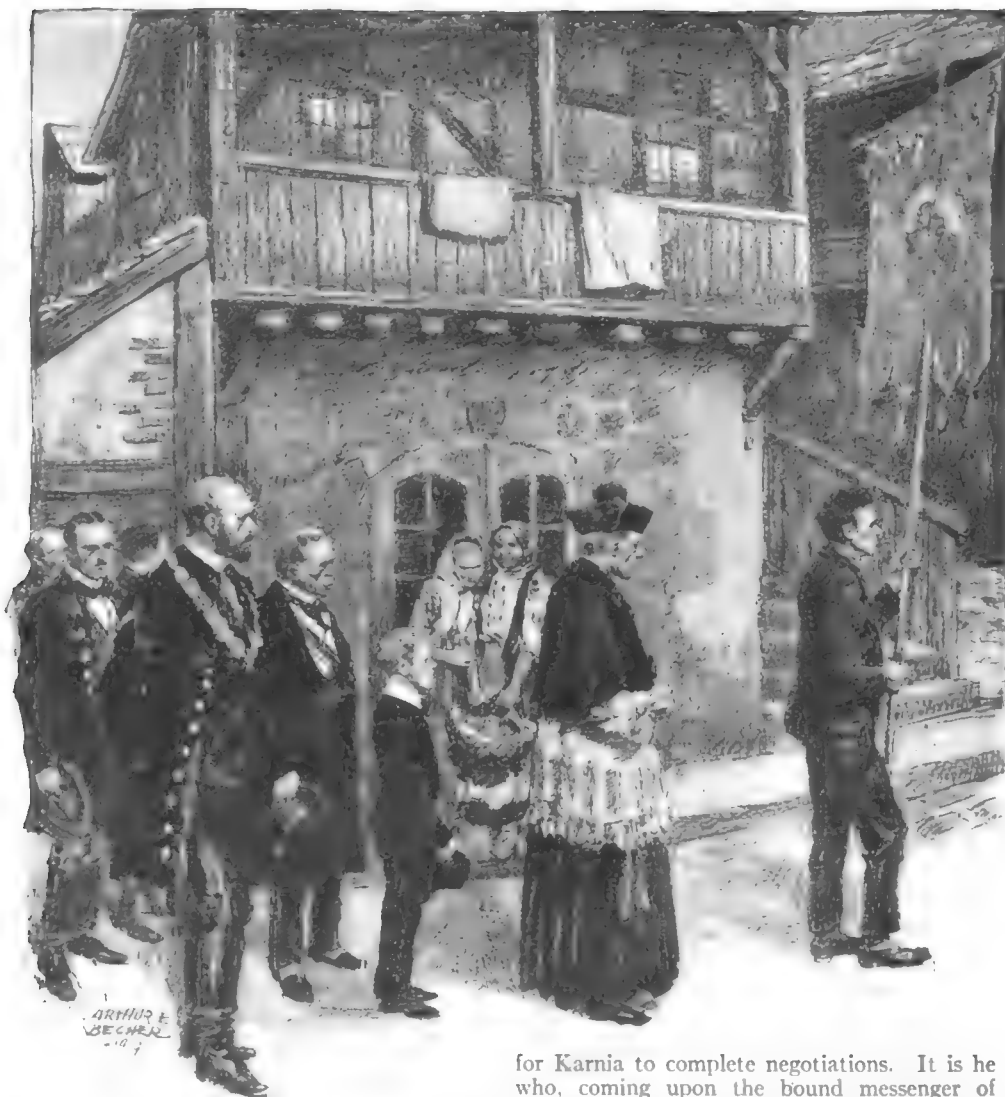
AFFAIRS at the Court of Livonia are not happy. The King, old and frail, has not more than a year to live. The heir apparent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a boy of ten. There are stirrings of revolution all through the kingdom. A secret Terrorist society, which had assassinated Otto's father, has reorganized and grown powerful. One afternoon Otto runs away from the opera and meets an American boy, Bobby Thorpe, whose father is manager of a scenic railway in the park, and to Otto's wild delight Bobby takes him for a ride. The Crown Prince returns to the Palace very dirty and disheveled.

That night the King and his Chancellor, Mettlich, confer over the boy's danger, and end by appointing Lieutenant Nicholas Larisch to have constant charge of him. This arrangement appeals to Otto, who adores "Nikky," and also to Otto's cousin Hedwig, next in line after Otto, who is inclined to adore Nikky herself. But other plans are being made for

Hedwig. Mettlich has convinced the King that the safety of the country demands an alliance between Livonia and her neighbor Karnia: Hedwig must marry Karl, King of Karnia, whom she loathes. The Chancellor unfolds this plan to Hedwig's mother, the Archduchess Annunciata, and wins her grudging consent. That same afternoon Nikky is told of the marriage plan and pledged to loyalty—before Hedwig herself hears the news.

But the Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Annunciata, and spy in King Karl's service, knows; and, loving Karl herself, she resolves to prevent the marriage.

Meantime she prepares a code letter giving King Karl full data about Livonia's army and equipment, and slips it out to a messenger. But she is seen by a member of the Terrorists, and that night her messenger is attacked, and while he is unconscious a blank letter is substituted. Nikky happens to get in on the fight, and helps the wounded messenger home.

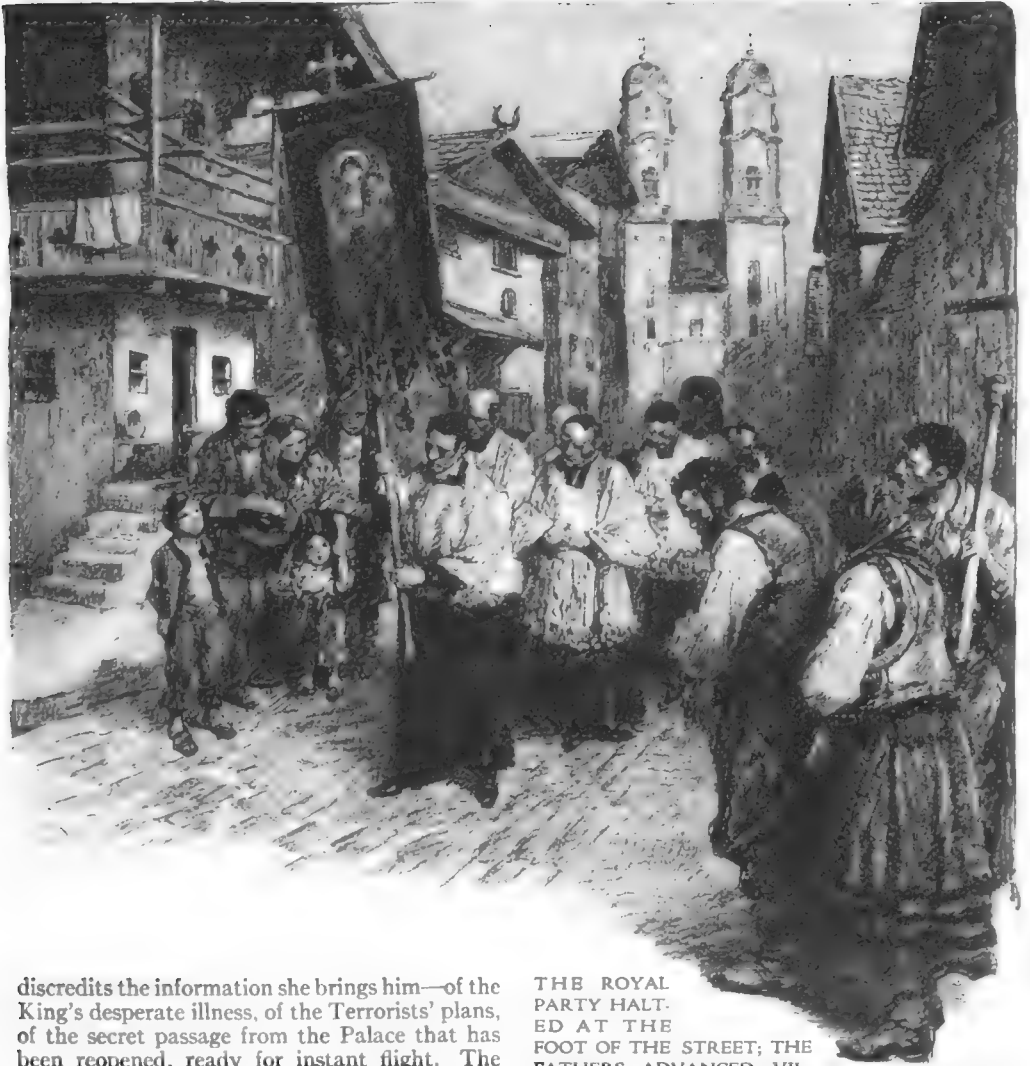


Later, from the cathedral steps, he sees this same man pass his letter to a confederate in a car. Nikky hides in the car, and after it has crossed into Karnia, overpowers the driver, gets the letter, and forces the man to reveal its destination. He then changes clothes with the messenger from Karnia and leaves him, bound, concealed near the roadside; puts cigaret papers in place of the supposed letter, which he tucks into his cap lining—without looking at it—and proceeds to King Karl's hunting-lodge. Here his skill is unequal to the situation: he is forced into King Karl's presence and the letter he has believed so precious—the blank substitute—is taken from him.

In Livonia, meantime Hedwig's marriage has been pushed forward, and Mettlich starts

for Karnia to complete negotiations. It is he who, coming upon the bound messenger of Karnia, discovers Nikky's whereabouts, and secures his release, as a step in the arrangements by which Hedwig is signed over to King Karl. Back in Livonia, Nikky confesses to Hedwig that he loves her, but firmly refuses to break his pledge of loyalty. The Terrorists, knowing the Countess Olga's secret, summon her before the dread Committee of Ten, and demand that she prevent the alliance of Hedwig and Karl and help them abduct the Crown Prince Otto. Shadowed by members of the Committee, Olga visits her ancestral castle at Etzel, and later goes to Karl in Karnia to acquaint him with the critical conditions in Livonia, in the blind hope that she may thus prevent his marriage with Hedwig.

Her attempt is a failure. Karl has ceased to love her and, realizing her great jealousy, he



discredits the information she brings him—of the King's desperate illness, of the Terrorists' plans, of the secret passage from the Palace that has been reopened, ready for instant flight. The outer opening of this passage, in the city wall, has in the meantime—though Olga does not know it—been found by Bobby, the American boy, and old Adelbert, once a loyal soldier, who is now embittered through Terrorist influence and ready to turn traitor. And old Adelbert understands its significance: he knows the fate of the kingdom lies in his hands.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The Pilgrimage

THE day when Olga Loschek should have returned to the city found her back in her castle, too ill to travel. No feigned sickness this, but a matter of fever and burning eyes, of mutterings in sleep.

THE ROYAL PARTY HALTED AT THE FOOT OF THE STREET; THE FATHERS ADVANCED; VILLAGERS STOOD IN EXCITED BUT QUIET GROUPS.

Minna was alarmed. She was fond of her mistress, in spite of her occasional cruelties, and lately the Countess had been strangely gentle. She required little attention, wished to be alone, and lay in her great bed, looking out steadily at the bleak mountain tops, to which spring never climbed.

"She eats nothing," Minna said despairingly to the caretaker. "And her eyes frighten me. They are always open, even in the night, but they seem to see nothing."

On the day when she should have returned, she roused herself enough to send for Black Humbert, fretting in the kitchen. He had believed she was malingering until he

saw her; but her flushed and hollow cheeks showed her condition.

"You must return and explain," she said. "I shall need more time, after all."

When he hesitated, she added: "There are plenty to watch that I do not escape. I could not, if I would. I have not the strength."

"Time is passing," he said gruffly.

"As soon as I can travel, I will come."

"If madame wishes, I can take a letter."

She pondered over that, interlacing her fingers nervously as she reflected.

"I will send no letter," she decided, "but I will give you a message, which you can deliver."

"Yes, madame."

"Say to the Committee," she began, and paused. She had thought and thought until her brain burned with thinking, but she had found no way out. And yet she could not at once bring herself to speech. But at last she said it: "Say to the Committee that I have reflected and that I will do what they ask. As far," she added, "as lies in my power. I can only try."

"That is all the Committee expects," he said civilly, and with a relief that was not lost on her. "With madame's intelligence, to try is to succeed."

Nevertheless, he left her well guarded. Even Minna, slipping off for an evening hour with a village sweetheart, was stealthily shadowed. Before this, fine ladies had changed garments with their maids and escaped from divers unpleasantnesses.

Olga Loschek lay in her bed, and always there were bells. The cattle were being driven up into the mountains for the summer grazing, great soft-eyed herds, their bells tinkling slowly as they made their deliberate soft-footed progress along the valley; the silvery bells for mass; the clock striking the hour with its heavy, vibrating clamor of bronze.

When she sank into the light sleep of fever, they roused her, or she slept on, hearing in their tones the great bell of Saint Stefan's announcing the King's death. Bells, always bells.

At the end of two days she was able to be up again. She moved languidly about her room, still too weak to plan. There were times when she contemplated suicide, and knew herself too cowardly to more than dream of it.

And on the fourth day came the Crown Prince of Livonia on a pilgrimage.

The manner of his coming was this:

There are more ways than one of reaching the hearts of an uneasy people. Remission of taxes is a bad one. It argues a mistake in the past, in exacting such tithes. Governments may make errors, but must not acknowledge them. There is the freeing of political prisoners, but that too is dangerous, when such prisoners breathe sedition to the very prison walls.

And there is the appeal to sentiment. The Government, pinning all its hopes to one small boy, would further endear him to the people. Wily statesman that he was, the Chancellor had hit on this to offset the rumors of Hedwig's marriage.

But the idea was not his, although he adopted it. It had had its birth in the little room with the *prie-dieu* and the stand covered with bottles, had been born of the sister's belief in the miracles of Etzel.

However, he appropriated it, and took it to the King.

"A pilgrimage!" said the King, when the matter was broached to him. "For what? My recovery? Can not you let your servant depart in peace?"

"Pilgrimages," observed the Chancellor, "have had marvelous results, sire. I do not insist that they perform miracles, as some believe—" he smiled faintly—"but as a matter of public feeling and a remedy for discord, they are sometimes efficacious."

"I see," said the King. And lay still.

"Can it be done safely?" he asked at last.

"The maddest traitor would not threaten the Crown Prince on a pilgrimage. The people would tear him limb from limb."

"Nevertheless, I should take all precaution," the King said dryly. "A madman might not recognize the er—religious nature of the affair."

The same day the Chancellor visited Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and found him returned from his drive, and busy over Hedwig's photograph frame.

"It is almost done," he said. "I slipped over in one or two places, but it is not very noticeable, is it?"

The Chancellor observed it judicially, and decided that the slipping over was not noticeable at all. Except during school hours Miss Braithwaite always retired during the Chancellor's visits. Now the two were alone.

"Otto," said the Chancellor, gravely, "I want to talk to you very seriously."

"Have I done anything?"

"No." He smiled. "About something I would like you to do for your grandfather."

"I'll do anything for him, sir."

"We know that. This is the point. He has been ill for a long time. Very ill."

The boy watched him with a troubled face. "He looks very thin," he said. "I get quite worried when I see him."

"Exactly. You have heard of Etzel?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto's religious instruction was of the best. He had, indeed, heard of Etzel. He knew the famous pilgrimages in order, and could say them quite rapidly.

"When people are ill," he said sagely, "they go to Etzel to be cured."

"Precisely. But when they can not go, they send some one else to pray for them. And sometimes, if they have faith enough, the holy miracle happens."

The Chancellor was deeply religious, and although he had planned the pilgrimage for political reasons, for the moment he lost sight of them. What if, after all, this clear-eyed, clean-hearted child could bring this miracle of the King's recovery? It was a famous shrine, and stranger things had been brought about by less worthy agencies.

"I thought," he said, "if you would go to Etzel and pray for your grandfather's recovery, it—it would be a good thing."

The meaning of such a pilgrimage dawned suddenly on the boy. His eyes filled, and because he considered it unmanly to weep, he slid from his chair and went to the window. There he blew his nose.

"I'm afraid he's going to die," he said, in a smothered voice.

The Chancellor followed him to the window, and put an arm around his shoulders. "Even that would not be so terrible, Otto," he said. "Death, to the old, is not terrible. It is an open door, through which they go gladly, because—because those who have gone ahead are waiting just beyond it."

"Are my mother and father waiting?"

"Yes, Otto."

He considered. "And my grandmother?"

"Yes."

"He'll be very glad to see them all again."

"Very happy indeed. But we need him here, too, for a while. You need him and—I. So we will go and pray to have him wait a little longer. How about it?"

"I'll try. I'm not very good. I do a good many things, you know."

Here, strangely enough, it was the Chan-

cellor who fumbled for his handkerchief. A vision had come to him of the two of them kneeling at Etzel, the little lad who was "not very good," and he himself with long years behind him of such things as fill a man's life. And because the open door was not so far ahead for him either, and because he believed implicitly in the great Record within the Gate, he shook his shaggy head.

So the pilgrimage was arranged. With due publicity, of course, and due precaution for safety. By train to the foot of the mountains, and then on foot for the ten miles to Etzel.

On the next day the Crown Prince fasted, taking nothing but bread and a cup of milk. On the day of the pilgrimage, however, having been duly prepared and mass having been said at daybreak in the chapel, with all the Court present, he was given a substantial breakfast. His small legs had a toilsome journey before them.

He went through his preparation in a sort of rapt solemnity. So must the boy crusaders have looked as, starting on their long journey, they faced south and east, toward the far-distant Sepulchre of Our Lord.

The King's Council went, the Chancellor, the mayor of the city, wearing the great gold chain of his office around his neck, and a handful of soldiers, a simple pilgrimage and the more affecting. There were no streaming banners, no magnificent vestments. The archbishop accompanied them, and a flag-bearer.

They went on foot to the railway-station through lines of kneeling people, the boy still rapt, and looking straight ahead, the Chancellor seemingly also absorbed, but keenly alive to the crowds. As he went on, his face relaxed. It was as if the miracle had already happened. Not the miracle for which the boy would pray, but a greater one. Surely these kneeling people, gazing with moist and kindly eyes at the Crown Prince, could not, at the hot words of demagogues, turn into the mob he feared. But it had happened. The people who had adored the Dauphin of France on his balcony at Versailles had lived to scream for his life.

On and on, through the silent, crowded streets. No drums, no heralds, no bugles. First the standard-bearer, then the archbishop, walking with his head bent, then the boy, alone and bareheaded, holding his small hat in moist, excited fingers. Then

the others, the Chancellor and the mayor together, the Council, the guard. So they moved along, grave, reverent, earnest.

At the railway-station a man stepped out of the crowd and proffered a paper to the Crown Prince. But the latter was too absorbed to see it, and in a flash the Chancellor had it, and was staring with hard eyes at the individual who had presented it. A moment later, without sound, or breach of decorum, the man was between two agents, a prisoner. The paper was a highly seditious document, attacking the Government and ending with threats.

The Chancellor, who had started in an exalted frame of mind, sat scowling and thoughtful during the journey. How many of those who had knelt on the street had had similar papers in their pockets? A people who could kneel, and kneeling, plot!

The Countess, standing on her balcony and staring down into the valley, beheld the pilgrimage and had thus her first knowledge of it. She was incredulous at first and stood gazing, gripping the stone railing with tense hands. She watched, horror-stricken. The Crown Prince, himself, come to Etzel to pray! For his grandfather, of course. Then indeed must things be bad with the King, as bad as they could be.

The Crown Prince was very warm. She could see the gleam of his handkerchief as he wiped his damp face. She could see the effort of his tired legs to keep step with the standard-bearer.

The bells again. How she hated them! They rang out now to welcome the pilgrims, and a procession issued from the church door, a lay brother first, carrying a banner, then the fathers, two by two; the boys from the church school in long procession. The royal party halted at the foot of the street. The fathers advanced. She could make out Father Gregory's portly figure among them. The bell tolled. Villagers stood in excited but quiet groups.

Then the two banners touched, the school-boys turned, followed by the priests. Thus led, went the Crown Prince of Livonia to pray for his grandfather's life.

The church doors closed behind them.

Olga Loschek fell on her knees. She was shaking from head to foot. And because the religious training of her early life near the shrine had given her faith in miracles, she prayed for one. Rather, she made a bargain with God:

If any word came to her from Karl, any, no matter to what it pertained, she would take it for a sign, and attempt flight. If she was captured, she would kill herself.

But, if no word came from Karl by the hour of her departure the next morning, then she would do the thing she had set out to do, and let him beware! The King dead, there would be no King. Only over the dead bodies of the Livonians would they let him marry Hedwig and the throne. It would be war.

Curiously, while she was still on her knees, her bargain made, the plan came to her by which, when the time came, the Terrorists were to rouse the people to even greater fury. Still kneeling, she turned it over in her mind. It was possible. More, it could be made plausible, with her assistance. And at the vision it evoked: Mettlich's horror and rage, Hedwig's puling tears, her own triumph, she took a deep breath. Revenge with a vengeance, retaliation for old hurts and fresh injuries, these were what she found on her knees, while the bell in the valley commenced the mass, and a small boy, very rapt and very earnest, prayed for his grandfather's life.

Yet the bargain came very close to being made the other way that day, and by Karl himself.

Preparations were being made for his visit to Livonia. Ostensibly, this visit was made because of the King's illness. Much political capital was being made of Karl's going to see for the last time, the long-time enemy of his house. While rumor was busy, Karnia was more than satisfied. Even the Socialist party approved, and their papers being more frank than the others, spoke openly of the chances of a dual kingdom, the only bar being a small boy.

On the day of the pilgrimage Karl found himself strangely restless and uneasy. He had returned to his capital the day before, and had busied himself until late that night with matters of state. He had slept well, and wakened to a sense of well-being. But, during the afternoon, he became uneasy. Olga Loschek haunted him, her face when he had told her about the letter, her sagging figure when he had left her.

Something like remorse stirred in him. She had taken great risks for him. Of all the women he had known, she had most truly and unselfishly loved him. And for her years of service he had given her

contempt. He reflected, too, that he had perhaps made an enemy where he needed a friend. How easy, by innuendo and suggestion, to turn Hedwig against him, Hedwig who already fancied herself interested elsewhere.

Very nearly did he swing the scale in which Olga Loschek had hung her bargain with God—so nearly that in the intervals of affixing his sprawling signature to various documents, he drew a sheet of note-paper toward him. Then, with a shrug, he pushed it away. So Olga Loschek lost her bargain.

At dawn the next morning the Countess, still pale with illness and burning with fever, went back to the city.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Old Adelbert the Traitor

"**T**HUS," said the concierge, frying onions over his stove, "thus have they always done. But you have been blind. Rather, you would not see."

Old Adelbert stirred uneasily. "So long as I accept my pension——"

"Why should you not accept your pension. A trifle in exchange for what you gave. For them, who now ill-use you, you have gone through life but half a man. Women smile behind their hands when you hobble by."

"I do not hold with women," said old Adelbert, flushing.

"They take all and give nothing." The onions were done, and the concierge put them, frying-pan and all, on the table. "Come, eat while the food is hot. And give nothing," he repeated, returning to the attack. "You and I ride in no carriages with gilt wheels. We work or, failing work, we starve. Their feet are on our necks. But one use they have for us, you and me, my friend—to tax us."

"The taxes are not heavy," quoth Old Adelbert.

"There are some who find them so." The concierge heaped his guest's plate with onions. And old Adelbert, who detested onions, and was besides in no mood for food, must perforce sample them.

"I can cook," boasted his host. "The daughter of my sister can not cook. She uses milk, always milk. Feeble dishes, I call them. Strong meat for strong men, comrade."

Old Adelbert played with his steel fork.

"I was a good patriot," he observed nervously, "until they made me otherwise."

"I will make you a better. A patriot is one who is zealous for his country and its welfare. That means much. It means that when the established order is bad for a country, it must be changed. Not that you and I may benefit. God knows, we may not live to benefit. But that Livonia may free her neck from the foot of the oppressor, and raise her head among nations."

From which it may be seen that old Adelbert had at last joined the Revolutionary party, an uneasy and unhappy recruit, it is true, but—a recruit. "If only some half-measure would suffice," he said, giving up all pretense of eating. "This talk of rousing the mob, of rioting and violence, I do not like it."

"Then has age turned the blood in your veins to water!" said the concierge contemptuously. "Half-measures! Since when has a half-measure been useful? Did half-measures win in your boasted battles? And what half-measures would you propose?"

Old Adelbert sat silent. Now and then, because his mouth was dry, he took a sip of beer from his tankard. The concierge ate, taking huge mouthfuls of onions and bread, and surveying his feeble-hearted recruit with appraising eyes. To win him would mean honor, for old Adelbert, decorated for many braveries, was a power among the veterans. Where he led, others would follow.

"Make no mistake," said Black Humbert cunningly. "We aim at no bloodshed. A peaceful revolution, if possible. The King, being dead, will suffer not even humiliation. Let the royal family scatter where it will. We have no designs on women. The Chancellor, however, must die."

"I make no plea for him," said old Adelbert bitterly. "I wrote to him also, when I lost my position, and received no reply. We passed through the same campaigns, as I reminded him, but he did nothing."

"As for the Crown Prince," observed the concierge, eyeing the old man over the edge of his tankard, "you know our plan for him. He will be cared for as my own child, until we get him beyond the boundaries. Then he will be safely delivered to those who know nothing of his birth. A private fund of the Republic will support and educate him."

Old Adelbert's hands twitched. "He is but a child," he said, "but already he knows his rank."

"It will be wise for him to forget it." The tone of the concierge was ominous. Adelbert glanced up quickly, but the Terrorist had seen his error, and masked it with a grin. "Children forget easily," he said, "and by this secret knowledge of yours, old comrade, all can be peacefully done. Until you brought it to me, we were, I confess, fearful that force would be necessary. To admit the rabble to the Palace would be dangerous. Mobs go mad at such moments. But now it may be effected with all decency and order!"

"And the plan?"

"I may tell you this." The concierge shoved his plate away and bent over the table. "We have set the day as that of the carnival. On that day all the people are on the streets. Processions are forbidden, but there will be the usual costuming with their corps colors as pompoms. Here and there will be one of us clad in red, a devil, wearing the colors of his satanic majesty. Those will be of our forces, leaders and speech-makers. When we secure the Crown Prince, he will be put into costume until he can be concealed. They will seek, if there be time to seek, the Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Who will suspect a child, wearing some fantastic garb of the carnival?"

"But the King?" inquired old Adelbert in a shaking voice. "How can you set a day, when the King may rally? I thought all hung on the King's death."

The concierge bent closer over the table. "Doctor Wiederman, the King's physician, is one of us," he whispered. "The King lives now, only because of stimulants to the heart. His body is already dead. When the stimulants cease, he will die."

Old Adelbert covered his eyes. He had gone too far to retreat now. Driven by brooding and trouble, he had allied himself with the powers of darkness. The stain, he felt, was already on his forehead. But before him, like a picture on a screen, came the scene by which he had lived for so many years, the war hospital, the King by his bed, young then and a very king in looks, pinning on the breast of his muslin shirt the decoration for bravery.

He sat silent while the concierge cleared the table, and put the dishes in a pan for his niece to wash. And throughout the eve-

ning he said little. At something before midnight he and his host were to set out on a grave matter, nothing less than to visit the Committee of Ten, and impart the old soldier's discovery. In the interval he sat waiting, and nursing his grievances to keep them warm.

Men came and went. From beneath the floor came, at intervals, a regular thudding which he had never heard before, and which he now learned was a press.

"These are days of publicity," explained the concierge. "Men are influenced much by the printed word. Already our bulletins flood the country. On the day of the carnival the city will flame with them, printed in red. They will appear, as if by magic power, everywhere."

"A call to arms?"

"A call to liberty," evaded the concierge. Not in months had he taken such pleasure in a recruit. He swaggered about the room, recounting in boastful tones his influence with the Committee of Ten.

"And with reason," he boasted, pausing before the old soldier. "I have served them well; here in this house is sufficient ammunition to fight a great battle. You, now, you know something of ammunition. You have lived here for a long time. Yet no portion of this house has been closed to you. Where, at a guess, is it concealed?"

"It is in this house?"

"So I tell you. Now where?"

"In the cellar, perhaps."

"Come, I will show you." He led old Adelbert by the elbow to a window overlooking the yard. Just such an enclosure as each of the neighboring houses possessed, and surrounded by a high fence. Here was a rabbit hutch, built of old boards, and familiar enough to the veteran's eyes; and a dove-cote, which loomed now but a deeper shadow among shadows.

"Carrier-pigeons," explained the concierge. "You have seen them often, but you suspected nothing, eh? They are my telegraph. Now, look again, comrade. What else?"

"Barrels," said old Adelbert, squinting. "The winter's refuse from the building. A—a most untidy spot."

His soldierly soul had revolted for months at the litter under his window. And somewhere, in the disorder, lay his broken sword. His sword broken, and he—

"Truly untidy," observed the concierge

complacently. "A studied untidiness, and even then better than a room I shall show you in the cellar, filled to overflowing with boxes containing the winter's ashes. Know you," he went on, dropping his voice, "that these barrels and boxes are but a third full of rubbish. Below that, in cases, is—what we speak of."

"But I thought—a peaceful revolution, a——"

"We prepare for contingencies. Peace if possible. If not, war. I am telling you much because, by your oath, you are now one of us, and bound to secrecy. But, besides that, I trust you. You are a man of your word."

"Yes," said old Adelbert, drawing himself up. "I am a man of my word. But you can not fight with cartridges alone."

"We have rifles also, in other places. Even I do not know where all of them are concealed." The concierge chuckled in his beard. "The Committee knows men well. It trusts none too much. There are other depots throughout the city, each containing supplies of one sort and another. On the day of the uprising each patriot will be told where to go for equipment. Not before."

Old Adelbert was undoubtedly impressed. He regarded the concierge with furtive eyes. He, Adelbert, had lived in the house with this man of parts for years, and had regarded him as but one of many.

Black Humbert, waiting for the hour to start and filling his tankard repeatedly, grew loquacious. He hinted of past matters, in which he had proved his value to the cause. Old Adelbert gathered that, if he had not actually murdered the late Crown Prince and his wife, he had been closely concerned in it. His thin old flesh crept with anxiety. It was a bad business, and he could not withdraw.

"We should have had the child, too," boasted the concierge, "and saved much bother. But he had been, unknown to us, sent to the country. A matter of milk, I believe."

"But you say you do not war on children!"

"Bah! a babe of a few months. Furthermore," said the concierge, "I have a nose for the police. I scent a spy as a dog scents a bone. Who, think you, discovered Haeckel?"

"Haeckel!" Old Adelbert sat upright in his chair.

"Aye, Haeckel, Haeckel the jovial, the arch-conspirator, who himself assisted to erect the press you hear beneath your feet. Who but I? I suspected him. He was too fierce. He had no caution. He was what a peaceful citizen may fancy a revolutionist to be. I watched him. He was not brave. He was reckless because he had nothing to fear. And at last I caught him."

Old Adelbert was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his jaw dropped. "And what then?" he gasped. "He was but a boy. Perhaps you misjudged him. Boys are reckless."

"I caught him," said the concierge. "I have said it. He knew much. He had names, places, even dates. For that matter, he confessed."

"Then he is dead?" quavered old Adelbert.

The concierge shrugged his shoulders. "Of course," he said briefly. "For a time he was kept here, in an upper room. He could have saved himself, if he would. We could have used him. But he turned sulky, refused speech, did not eat. When he was taken away," he added with unction, "he was so weak that he could not walk." He rose and consulted a great silver watch. "We can go now," he said. "The Committee likes promptness."

They left together, the one striding out with long steps that fell surprisingly light for his size, the other, hanging back a trifle, as one who walks because he must. Old Adelbert, who had loved his king better than his country, was a lagging "patriot" that night. His breath came short and labored. His throat was dry. As they passed the Opera, however, he threw his head up. The performance was over, but the great house was still lighted, and in the foyer, strutting about, was his successor. Old Adelbert quickened his steps.

At the edge of the Place, near the statue of the Queen, they took a car, and so reached the borders of the city. After that they walked far. The scent of the earth fresh-turned by the plow was in their nostrils. Cattle, turned out after the long winter, grazed or lay in the fields. Through the ooze of the road the two plodded; old Adelbert struggling through with difficulty, the concierge exhorting him impatiently to haste.

At last the leader paused, and surveyed his surroundings. "Here I must cover your

eyes, comrade," he said. "It is a formality all must comply with."

Old Adelbert drew back. "I do not like your rule. I am not as other men. I must see where I go."

"I shall lead you carefully. And, if you fear, I can carry you." He chuckled at the thought. But old Adelbert knew well that

he could do it, knew that he was as a child to those mighty arms. He submitted to the bandage, however, with an ill grace that caused the concierge to smile.

"It hurts your dignity, eh, old rooster!" he said, jovially. "Others, of greater dignity, have felt the same. But all submit in the end."

He piloted the veteran among the graves with the ease of familiarity. Only once he spoke. "Know you where you are?"

"In a field," said Adelbert, "recently plowed."

"Aye, in a field, right enough. But one which sows corruption, and raises nothing, until perhaps great Saint Gabriel calls in his crop."

Then, realizing the meaning



A MAN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF TIED OVER THE LOWER HALF OF HIS FACE MOUNTED THE SHOULDERS OF TWO COMPANIONS AND HARANGUED THE MOB.

of the mounds over which he trod, old Adelbert crossed himself.

"Only a handful know of this meeting-place," boasted the concierge. "I, and a few others. Only we may meet with the Committee face to face."

"You must have great influence," observed old Adelbert, timidly.

"I control the guilds. He who to-day can sway labor to his will is powerful. Very powerful, comrade. Labor is the great beast which tires of carrying burdens, and is but now learning its strength."

"Aye," said old Adelbert. "Had I been wise, I would have joined a guild. Then I might have kept my place at the Opera. As it is, I stood alone, and they put me out."

"You do not stand alone now. Stand by us, and we will support you. The Republic will not forget its friends."

Thus heartened, old Adelbert cheered somewhat. After all, why should he, an old

soldier, sweat at the thought of blood? Great changes required heroic measures. It was because he was old that he feared change. He stumped through the passageway without urging, and stood erect and with shoulders squared while the bandage was removed.

He was rather longer than Olga Loschek had been, in comprehending his surroundings. His old eyes at first saw little but the table and its candles in their gruesome holders. But when he saw the Committee his heart failed. Here, embodied before him, was everything he had loathed during all his upright and loyal years, anarchy, murder, treason. His face worked. The cords in his neck stood out like strings drawn to the breaking-point.

The concierge was speaking. For all his boasting, he was ill at ease. His voice had lost its bravado, and taken on a fawning note.



IT CAME PERILOUSLY NEAR TO BEING A RIOT. THE CROWD SURROUNDED THE TWO CARRIAGES, FIRST MUTTERING, THEN GROWING FROM

"This is the man of whom word was sent to the Committee," he said. "I ventured to ask that he be allowed to come here, because he brings information of value."

"Step forward, comrade," said the leader. "What is your name and occupation?"

"Adelbert, excellency. As to occupation, for years I was connected with the Opera. Twenty years, excellency. Then I grew old, and another—" His voice broke. What with excitement and terror, he was close to tears. "Now I am reduced to selling tickets for an American contrivance, a foolish thing, but I earn my bread by it."

He paused, but the silence continued unbroken. The battery of eyes behind the masks was turned squarely on him. Old Adelbert fidgeted. "Before that, in years gone by, I was in the army," he said, feeling that more was expected of him, and being at a loss. "I fought hard, and once, when I suffered the loss you perceive, the King himself came to my bed, and decorated me. Until lately, I have been loyal. Now I am—here." His face worked.

"What is the information that brings you here?"

Suddenly old Adelbert wept, terrible tears that forced their way from his faded eyes, and ran down his cheeks. "I can not, excellencies!" he cried. "I find I can not."

He collapsed into the chair, and throwing his arms across the table bowed his head on them. His shoulders heaved under his old uniform. The Committee stirred, and the concierge caught him brutally by the wrist.

"Up with you," he said, from clenched teeth. "What stupidity is this? Would you play with death?"

But old Adelbert was beyond fear. He shook his head. "I can not," he muttered, his face hidden.

Then the concierge stood erect and folded his arms across his chest. "He is terrified, that is all," he said. "If the Committee wishes, I can tell them of this matter. Later, he can be interrogated."

The leader nodded.

"By chance," said the concierge, "this—this brave veteran"—he glanced contemptuously at the huddled figure in the chair, "has come across an old passage, the one which rumor has said lay under the city wall, and for which we have at different times instituted search."

He paused, to give his words weight. That they were of supreme interest could be

told by the craning forward of the Committee.

"The entrance is concealed at the base of the old Gate of the Moon. Our friend here followed it, and reports it in good condition. For a mile or thereabouts it follows the line of the destroyed wall. Then it turns and goes to the Palace itself."

"Into the Palace?"

"By a flight of stairs, inside the wall, to a door in the roof. This door, which was locked, he opened, having carried keys with him. The door he describes as in the tower. As it was night, he could not see clearly, but the roof at that point is flat."

"Stand up, Adelbert," said the leader, sharply. "This that our comrade tells is true?"

"It is true, excellency."

"Shown a diagram of the Palace, could you locate this door?"

Old Adelbert stared around him hopelessly. It was done now. Nothing that he could say or refuse to say would change that. He nodded.

When, soon after, a chart of the Palace was placed on a table, he indicated the location of the door with a trembling forefinger. "It is there," he said thickly. "And may God forgive me for the thing I have done."

CHAPTER THIRTY

King Karl

"THEY love us dearly!" said King Karl. The Chancellor, who sat beside him in the royal carriage, shrugged his shoulders. "They have had little reason to love, in the past, Majesty," he said briefly.

Karl laughed, and watched the crowd. He and the Chancellor rode alone. Karl's *entourage*, a very modest one, following in another carriage. There was no military escort, no pomp. It had been felt unwise. Karl, paying ostensibly a visit of sympathy, had come unofficially.

"But surely," he observed, as they passed between sullen lines of people, mostly silent, but now and then giving way to a muttering that sounded ominously like a snarl, "surely I may make a visit of sympathy without exciting their wrath!"

"They are children," said Mettlich contemptuously. "Let one growl and all growl. Let some one start a cheer, and they will cheer themselves hoarse."

"Then let some one cheer, for God's

sake!" said Karl, and turned his mocking smile to the packed streets.

The Chancellor was not so calm as he appeared. He had lined the route from the station to the Palace with his men; had prepared for every contingency so far as he could, without calling out the guard. As the carriage, drawn by its four chestnut horses, moved slowly along the streets, his eyes under their overhanging thatch were watching ahead, searching the crowd for symptoms of unrest.

Anger he saw in plenty, and suspicion. Scowling faces and frowning brows. But as yet there was no disorder. He sat with folded arms, magnificent in his uniform beside Karl, who wore civilian dress and looked less royal than perhaps he felt.

And Karl, too, watched the crowd, feeling its temper and feigning an indifference he did not feel. Olga Loschek had been right. He did not want trouble. More than that, he was of an age now to crave popularity. Many of the measures which had made him beloved in his own land had no higher purpose than this, the smiles of the crowd. So he watched and talked of indifferent things.

"It is ten years since I have been here," he observed, "but there are few changes."

"We have built no great buildings," said Mettlich bluntly. "Wars have left us no money, Majesty, for building!"

That being a closed road, so to speak, Karl tried another. "The Crown Prince must be quite a lad," he experimented. "He was a babe in arms, then. But frail, I thought."

"He is sturdy now." The Chancellor relapsed into watchfulness.

"Before I see the Princess Hedwig," Karl made another attempt, "it might be well to tell me how she feels about things. I would like to feel that the prospect is at least not disagreeable to her."

The Chancellor was not listening. There was trouble ahead. It had come, then, after all. He muttered something behind his gray mustache. The horses stopped, as the crowd suddenly closed in front of them.

"Drive on!" he said angrily, and the coachman touched his whip to the horses. But they only reared, to be grasped at the bridles by hostile hands ahead.

Karl half rose from his seat.

"Sit still, Majesty," said the Chancellor.

"It is the students. They will talk, that is all."

But it came perilously near to being a riot. Led by some students, pushed by others, the crowd surrounded the two carriages, first muttering, then yelling. A stone was hurled, and struck one of the horses. Another dented the body of the carriage itself. A man with a handkerchief tied over the lower half of his face mounted the shoulders of two companions, and harangued the mob. They wanted no friendship with Karnia. There were those who would sell them out willingly to their neighbor and enemy. Were they to lose their national existence? He exhorted them madly through the handkerchief. Others, further back, also raised above the mob, shrieked treason, and called the citizens to arm against this thing. A babel of noise, of swinging back and forth, of mounted police pushing through to surround the carriage, of cries and the dominating voices of the student-demagogues. Then at last a semblance of order, low muttering, an escort of police with drawn revolvers around the carriage, and it moved ahead.

Through it all the Chancellor had sat with folded arms. Only his livid face told of his fury. Karl too had sat impassive, picking at his small mustache. But, as the carriage moved on, he said, "A few moments ago I observed that there had been few changes. But there has been, I perceive, after all, a great change."

"One can not judge the many by the few, Majesty."

But Karl only raised his eyebrows.

In his rooms, removing the dust of his journey, broken by the automobile trip across the mountains where the two railroads would some day meet, Karl reflected on the situation. His *amour propre* was hurt. Things should have been better managed, for one thing. It was inexcusable that he had been subjected to such a demonstration. But, aside from the injury to his pride, was a deeper question. If this was the temper of the people now, what would it be when they found their suspicions justified? Had Olga Loschek been right after all, and not merely jealous? And if she were, was the game worth the candle?

Pacing the drawing-room of his suite with a cigaret, and cursing the tables and bric-à-brac with which it was cluttered,

Karl was of a mind to turn back, after all. Even the prospect which his Ministers had not failed to recognize, of the Crown Prince never reaching his maturity, was a less pleasing one than it had been. A dual monarchy, one portion of it restless and revolutionary, was less desirable than the present peace and prosperity of Karnia. And unrest was contagious. He might find himself in a difficult position.

He was, indeed, even now in a difficult position.

He glanced about his rooms. In one of them Prince Hubert had met his death. It was well enough for Mettlich to say the few could not speak for the many. It took but one man to do a murder, Karl reflected grimly.

But, when he arrived for tea in the Archduchess's white drawing-room he was urbane and smiling. Hedwig, standing with cold hands and terrified eyes by the tea-table, disliked both his urbanity and his smile. He kissed the hand of the Archduchess and bent over Hedwig's with a flash of white teeth.

Then he saw Olga Loschek, and his smile stiffened. The Countess came forward, courtesied, and as he extended his hand to her, touched it lightly with her lips. They were quite cold. For just an instant their eyes met.

It was, on the surface, an amiable and quiet tea-party. Hilda, in a new frock, flirted openly with the King, and read his fortune in tea-leaves. Hedwig had taken up her position by a window, and was conspicuously silent. Behind her were the soft ring of silver against china, the Countess's gay tones, Karl's suave ones, assuming gravity, as he inquired for His Majesty; the Archduchess Annunciata pretending a solicitude she did not feel. And all forced, all artificial. Olga Loschek's heart burning in her, and Karl watching Hedwig with open admiration and some anxiety.

"Grandmother," Hedwig whispered from her window to the austere old bronze figure in the Place, "was it like this with you, at first? Did you shiver when he touched your hand? And doesn't it matter, after a year?"

"Very feeble," said the Archduchess's voice, behind her, "but so brave—a lesson to us all."

"He has had a long and conspicuous career," Karl observed. "It is sad, but we

must all come to it. I hope he will be able to see me."

"Hedwig!" said her mother, sharply. "Your tea is getting cold."

Hedwig turned toward the room. Listlessness gave her an added dignity, a new charm. Karl's eyes flamed as he watched her. He was a *connoisseur* in women; he had known many who were perhaps more regularly beautiful, but none, he felt, so lovely. Her freshness and youth made Olga, beautifully dressed, superbly easy, look sophisticated and a trifle hard. Even her coldness appealed to him. He had a feeling that the coldness was only a young girl's armor, that under it was a deeply passionate woman. The thought of seeing her come to deep, vibrant life in his arms thrilled him.

When he carried her tea to her, he bent over her.

"Please!" he said. "Try to like me. I——"

"I'm sorry," Hedwig said quickly. "Mother has forgotten the lemon."

Karl smiled and shrugging his shoulders, fetched the lemon. "Right, now?" he inquired. "And aren't we going to have a talk together?"

"If you wish it, I dare say we shall."

"Majesty," said Hilda, frowning into her teacup. "I see a marriage for you." She ignored her mother's scowl, and tilted her cup to examine it.

"A marriage!" Karl joined her, and peered with mock anxiety at the tea grounds. "Strange that my fate should be confined in so small a compass! A happy marriage? Which am I?"

"The long yellow leaf. Yes, it looks happy. But you may be rather shocked when I tell you."

"Shocked?"

"I think," said Hilda, grinning, "that you are going to marry *me*."

"Delightful!"

"And we are going to have——"

"Hilda!" cried the Archduchess, fretfully. "Do stop that nonsense and let us talk. I was trying to recall, this morning," she said to Karl, "when you last visited us." She knew it quite well, but she preferred having Karl think she had forgotten. "It was, I believe, just before Hubert——"

"Yes," said Karl gravely. "Just before."

"Otto was a baby then."

"A very small child. I remember that I was afraid to handle him."

"He is a curious boy, old beyond his years. Rather a little prig, I think. He has an English governess, and she has made him quite a little woman."

Karl laughed, but Hedwig flushed.

"He is not that sort at all," she declared stoutly. "He is lonely and—and rather pathetic. The truth is that no one really cares for him, except——"

"Except Captain Larisch!" said the Archduchess, smoothly. "You and he, Hedwig, have done your best by him, surely."

The bit of by-play was not lost on Karl, the sudden stiffening of Hedwig's back, Olga's narrowed eyes. Olga had been right then. Trust her for knowing facts when they were disagreeable. His eyes became set and watchful, hard, too, had any noticed. There were ways to deal with such a situation, of course. They were giving him this girl to secure their own safety, and she knew it. Had he not been so mad about her he might have pitied her, but he felt no pity, only a deep and resentful determination to get rid of Nikky, and then to warm her by his own fire. He might have to break her first. After that manner had many Queens of Karnia come to the throne. He smiled, behind his small mustache.

When tea was almost over, the Crown Prince was announced. He came in, rather nervously, with his hands thrust in his trousers pockets. He was very shiny with soap and water and his hair was still damp from parting. In his tailless black jacket, his long gray trousers, and his round Eton collar, he looked like a very anxious little schoolboy, and not royal at all.

Greetings over, and having requested his tea be half milk, and four lumps of sugar, he carried his cup over beside Hedwig, and sat down on a chair. Followed a short silence, with the Archduchess busy with the tea things, Olga Loschek watching Karl, and Karl intently surveying the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto, who, disliking a silence, broke it first.

"I've just taken off my winter flannels," he observed. "I feel very smooth and nice underneath."

Hilda giggled, but Hedwig reached over and stroked his arm. "Of course you do," she said, gently.

"Nikky," continued Prince Ferdinand William Otto, stirring his tea, "does not wear any flannels. Miss Braithwaite thinks he is very careless."

King Karl's eyes gleamed with amusement. He saw the infuriated face of the Archduchess, and bent toward the Crown Prince with earnestness.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "since you have mentioned the subject, I do not wear any either. Your 'Nikky' and I seem most surprisingly to have the same tastes—about various things."

"Do you like dogs?" inquired the Crown Prince, much interested.

"Dogs! Why, yes. I have quite a number of dogs."

"I should think it would be nicer to have just one dog, and be very fond of it. But I suppose they would eat a great deal. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Otto!" said the Archduchess, extremely shocked.

He turned to her apologetically. "I was only trying to find out how many things he and Nikky agreed about," he explained. "Nikky believes in love at first sight. He says it is the only real kind of love, because love isn't a thing you think out. You only feel it."

The Archduchess met Karl's eyes. "You see!" she said.

"But it is sound doctrine," Karl observed, bending forward and with a slanting glance at Hedwig. "I quite agree with him again. And this friend of yours, he thinks love is the only thing in the world, I dare say?"

"Well, he thinks a great deal of it. But he says that love of country comes first, before anything else."

The Archduchess glanced at Hedwig furiously. The girl had closed her eyes, and was sitting, detached and pale. She would have liked to box her ears. Karl was no fool, and there was talk enough. He would hear it, of course.

"Tell us about your pilgrimage, Otto," she suggested.

"Well, I went," said the Crown Prince, reflectively. "We walked a long time, and it was very warm. I have quite a large blister, and the archbishop had to take his shoes off and walk in his stockings, because his feet hurt. No one saw. It was on a country lane. But I'm afraid it didn't do very much good." He drew a long breath.

"No?" Karl inquired.

Suddenly the boy's chin quivered. He was terribly afraid he was going to cry, and took a large sip of tea, which cleared his voice.



AT LAST KARL CORNERED HEDWIG AND DEMANDED SPEECH.

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"My grandfather is not any better," he said. "Perhaps some one else should have gone. I am not very good," he explained to Karl. "It ought to be a very good person. He is very sick."

"Perhaps," suggested Karl mockingly, with a glance at Hedwig, "they should have sent this 'Nikky' of yours."

Annunciata stirred restlessly. She considered this talk of Nikky in execrable taste.

"He is not particularly good."

"Oh, so he is not particularly good?"

"Well, he thinks he isn't. He says he doesn't find it easy to love his country more than anything in the world, for one thing. And he smokes a great many cigarets."

"Another taste in common!" jeered Karl, in his smooth, carefully ironic tones.

Annunciata was in the last stages of irritation. There was no mistaking the sneer in Karl's voice. His smile was forced. She guessed that he had heard of Nikky Larisch before, that, indeed, he knew probably more than she did. Just what, she wondered, was there to know? A great deal, if one could judge by Hedwig's face.

"I hope you are working hard at your lessons, Otto," she said, in the severe tone which Otto had learned that most people use when they refer to lessons.

"I'm afraid I'm not doing very well, Tante. But I've learned the Gettysburg Address. Shall I say it?"

"Heavens, no!" she protested. She had not the faintest idea what the Gettysburg Address was. She suspected Mr. Gladstone.

The Countess had relapsed into silence. A little back from the family circle, she had watched the whole scene stonily, and knowing Karl as only a woman who loves sincerely and long can know a man, she knew the inner workings of his mind. She saw anger in the very turn of his head and set of his jaw. But she saw more, jealously, and was herself half-mad with it.

She knew him well. She had herself for years, held him by holding herself dear, by the very difficulty of attaining her. And now this indifferent white-faced girl, who might be his, indeed, for the taking, but who would offer or promise no love, was rousing him to the instinct of possession by her very indifference. He had told her the truth, that night in the mountain inn. It was Hedwig he wanted, Hedwig herself, her heart, all of her. And, if she knew Karl, he

would move heaven and earth to get the thing he wanted.

She surveyed the group. How little they knew what was in store for them! She, Olga Loschek, by the lifting of a finger, could turn their snug superiority into tears and despair, could ruin them and send them flying for shelter to the very ends of the earth.

But, when she looked at the little Crown Prince, legs dangling, eating his thin bread and butter as only a hungry small boy can eat, she shivered. By what means must she do all this! By what unspeakable means!

Karl saw the King that evening, a short visit marked by extreme formality, and by, on the King's part, the keen and frank scrutiny of one who is near the end and fears nothing but the final moment. Karl found the meeting depressing and the King's eyes disconcerting.

"It will not be easy going for Otto," said the King, at the end of the short interview. "I should like to feel that his interests will be looked after, not only here, but by you and yours. We have a certain element here that is—troublesome."

And Karl, with Hedwig in his mind, had promised.

"His interests shall be mine, sir," he had said.

He had bent over the bed then, and raised the thin hand to his lips. The interview was over. In the anteroom the King's Master of the Horse, the Chamberlain and a few other gentlemen stood waiting, talking together in low tones. But the Chancellor, who had gone in with Karl and then retired, stood by a window, with his arms folded over his chest, and waited. He put resolutely out of his mind the face of the dying man on his pillows, and thought only of this thing which he—Mettlich—had brought about. There was no yielding in his face or in his heart, no doubt of his course. He saw, instead of the lovers loitering in the Place, a new and greater kingdom, anarchy held down by an iron-shod heel, peace and the fruits thereof, until out of very prosperity the people grew fat and content.

He saw a boy king, carefully taught, growing into his responsibilities until, big with the vision of the country's welfare, he should finally ascend the throne. He saw the river filled with ships, carrying merchandise over the world and returning with the wealth of the world. Great buildings, too, lifted their heads on his horizon, a

dream city, with order for disorder, and citizens instead of inhabitants.

When at last, he stirred and sighed, it was because his old friend, in his bed in the next room, would see nothing of all this, and that he himself could not hope for more than the beginning, before his time came also.

The first large dinner for months, was given that night at the Palace, to do King Karl all possible honor. The gold service which had been presented to the King by the Czar of Russia was used. The anticipatory gloom of the court was laid aside, and jewels, brought from vaults, were worn for the first time in months. Uniforms of various sorts, but all gorgeous, touched fine shoulders, and came away, bearing white, powdery traces of the meeting. The greenhouses at the summer palace had been sacked for flowers and plants. The corridor from the great salon to the dining-hall, always a dreary passage, was suddenly become a fairy path of early-spring bloom. Even Annunciata, hung now with ropes of pearls, her hair dressed high for a tiara of diamonds, her cameos exchanged for pearls, looked royal. Proving conclusively that clutter, as to dress, is entirely a matter of value.

Miss Braithwaite, who had begun recently to think a palace the dreariest place in the world, and the most commonplace, found the preparations rather exciting. Being British she dearly loved the aristocracy, and shrugged her shoulders at any family which took up less than a page in the peerage. She resented deeply the intrusion of the commoner into British politics, and considered Lloyd George an upstart and an interloper.

That evening she took the Crown Prince to see the preparations for the festivities. The flowers appealed to him, and he asked for and secured a rose, which he held carefully. But the magnificence of the table only faintly impressed him, and when he heard that Nikky would not be present, he lost interest entirely.

"Will they wheel my grandfather in in a chair?" he inquired.

"He is too ill," Miss Braithwaite said.

"He'll be rather lonely, when they're all at the party. You don't suppose I could go and sit with him, do you?"

"It will be long after your bedtime."

Bedtime being the one rule which was never under any circumstances broken, he

did not persist. To have insisted might have meant five off in Miss Braithwaite's book, and his record was very good that week. Together, the elderly Englishwoman and the boy, they went back to the schoolroom.

The Countess Loschek, who had dressed with a heavy heart, was easily the most beautiful of the women that night. Her color was high with excitement and anger, her eyes flashed, her splendid shoulders gleamed over the blue and orchid shades of her gown. A little court paid tribute to her beauty, and bowed the deeper and flattered the more as she openly scorned and flouted them. She caught once a flicker of admiration in Karl's face, and although her head went high, her heart beat stormily under it.

Hedwig was like a flower that required the sun. Only her sun was happiness. She was in soft white chiffons, her hair and frock alike girlish and unpretentious. Her mother, coming into her dressing-room, had eyed her with disfavor.

"You look like a schoolgirl," she said, and had sent for rouge, and with her own royal hands applied it. Hedwig stood silent, and allowed her to have her way without protest. She had submitted, too, to a diamond pin in her hair, and a string of her mother's pearls.

"There," said Annunciata, standing off and surveying her, "you look less like a baby."

She did, indeed! It took Hedwig quite five minutes to wash the rouge off her face, and there was, one might as well confess, a moment when a part of the crown jewels of the kingdom lay in a corner of the room, whence a trembling maid salvaged them, and examined them for damage.

The Princess Hedwig appeared that evening without rouge, and was the only woman in the room thus unadorned. Also she wore her coming-out string of modest pearls and a slightly defiant, somewhat frightened expression.

The dinner was endless, which was necessary, since nothing was to follow but conversation. There could, under the circumstances, be no dancing. And the talk at the table, through course after course, was somewhat hectic, even under the constraining presence of King Karl. There were two reasons for this, Karl's presence, and his purpose—as yet unannounced but surmised,

and even known; and the situation in the city.

That was bad. The papers had been ordered to make no mention of the occurrence of the afternoon, but it was well known. There were many at the table who felt the whole attempt foolhardy, the setting of a match to inflammable material. There were others who resented Karl's presence in Livonia, and all that it implied. And perhaps there were too, among the guests, one or more who had but recently sat in less august and more awful company.

Beneath all the brilliance and chatter, the sparkle and gaiety, there was, then, uneasiness, wretchedness, and even treachery. And outside the Palace, held back by the guards, there still stood a part of the sullen crowd which had watched the arrival of the carriages and automobiles, had craned forward to catch a glimpse of uniform or brilliantly shrouded figure, entering the Palace, and muttered as it looked.

Dinner was over at last, the party moved back to the salon, a vast and empty place, hung with tapestries and gaily lighted. Here the semblance of gaiety persisted, and Karl, affability itself, spoke a few words to each of the guests. Then it was over. The guests left, the members of the Council, each with a wife on his arm, frowsy, overdressed women most of them. The Council was chosen for ability and not for birth. At last only the suite remained, and constraint vanished.

The family withdrew shortly after, to a small salon off the large one. And there, at last, Karl cornered Hedwig and demanded speech.

"Where?" she asked, glancing around the crowded room.

"I shall have to leave that to you," he said. "Unless—there is a balcony."

"But do you think it is necessary?"

"Why not?"

"Because what I have to say does not matter."

"It matters very much to me," he replied gravely.

Hedwig went first, slipping away quietly and unnoticed. Karl asked the Archduchess's permission to follow her, and found her waiting there alone, rather desperately calm now, and with a tinge of excited color in her cheeks. Because he cared a great deal, and because, as Kings go, he was neither hopelessly bad nor hard, his

first words were kind and genuine, and almost brought her to tears.

"Poor little girl!" he said.

He had dropped the curtain behind him, and they stood alone.

"Don't," said Hedwig, "I want to be very calm, and I am sorry for myself already."

"Then you think it is all very terrible?"

She did not reply, and he drew a chair for her to the rail. When she was seated, he took up his position beside her, one arm against a pillar.

"I wonder, Hedwig," he said, "if it is not terrible because it is new to you, and because you do not know me very well. Not," he added hastily, "that I think your knowing me well would be an advantage! I am not so idiotic. But you do not know me at all, and for a good many years, I must have stood in the light of an enemy. It is not easy to readjust such things—witness the reception I had to-day!"

"I do not think of you in that way, as—as an enemy."

"Then what is it?"

"Why must we talk about it?" Hedwig demanded, looking up at him suddenly with a flash of her old spirit. "It will not change anything."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps—yes. You see, I am not quite satisfied. I do not want you, unless you are willing. It would be a poor bargain for me, and not quite fair."

A new turn, this, with a vengeance! Hedwig stared up with startled eyes. It was not enough to be sacrificed. And as she realized all that hung on the situation, the very life of the kingdom, perhaps, the safety of her family, everything, she closed her eyes for fear he might see the fright in them.

Karl bent over and took one of her cold hands between his two warm ones. "Little Hedwig," he said, "I want you to come willingly because—I care a great deal. I would like you to care, too. Don't you think you would, after a time?"

"After a time!" said Hedwig drearily. "That's what they all say. After a time it doesn't ~~matter~~. Marriage is always the same—after a time."

Karl rather winced at that, and released her hands, but putting them down gently. "Why should marriage be always the same, after a time?" he inquired.

"This sort of marriage, without love."

"It is hardly that, is it? I love you."

"I wonder how much you love me."

Karl smiled. He was on his own ground here. The girlish question put him at ease.

you forget certain things, certain people. What then?"

"I do not forget easily."

"But you would try?"



"MADAME," THE LEADER HAD SAID, "YOU SHOULD BE OF THE COMMITTEE."

"Enough for us both, at first," he said. "After that——"

"But," said Hedwig desperately, "suppose I know I shall never care for you, the way you will want me to. You talk of being fair. I want to be fair to you. You have a right——" She checked herself abruptly. After all, he might have a right to know about Nikky Larisch. But there were others who had rights, too—Otto to his throne, her mother and Hilda and all the others, to safety, her grandfather to die in peace, the only gift she could give him.

"What I think you want to tell me, is something I already know," Karl said, gravely. "Suppose I am willing to take that chance? Suppose I am vain enough, or fool enough, to think that I can make

"I would try," said Hedwig, almost in a whisper. Karl bent over and taking her hands, raised her to her feet.

"Darling," he said. And suddenly drew her to him. He covered her with hot kisses, her neck, her face, the soft angle below her ear. Then he held her away from him triumphantly. "Now," he said, "have you forgotten?"

But Hedwig, scarlet with shame, faced him steadily. "No," she said.

Later in the evening the old King received a present, a rather wilted rose, to which was pinned a card with "Best wishes from Ferdinand William Otto" printed on it in careful letters.

It was the only flower the King had received during his illness.

When, that night, he fell asleep, it was still clasped in his old hand, and there was a look of grim tenderness on the face on the pillow, turned toward his dead son's picture.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Let Mettlich Guard His Treasure

TROUBLED times now, with the carnival only a day or two off, and the shop-windows gay with banners; with the press under the house of the concierge running day and night, and turning out vast quantities of flaming bulletins printed in red; with the Committee of Ten in almost constant session, and Olga Loschek summoned before it, to be told of the passage, and the thing she was to do; with the old King very close to the open door, and Hedwig being fitted for her bridal robe and for somber black at one fitting.

Troubled times indeed. The city was smoldering, and from some strange source had come a new rumor. Nothing less than that the Royalists, headed by the Chancellor, despairing of crowning the boy prince would, on the King's death, make away with him, thus putting Hedwig on the throne. Hedwig, Queen of Karnia perhaps already by secret marriage.

The city, which adored the boy, was seething. The rumor had originated with Olga Loschek, who had given it to the Committee as a useful weapon. Thus would she have her revenge on those of the Palace, and at the same time secure her own safety. Revenge, indeed, for she knew the way of such rumors, how they fly from house to house, street to street.

When she had placed the scheme before the Committee of Ten, had seen the eagerness with which they grasped it—"In this way," she had said, in her scornful, incisive tones, "the onus of the boy is not on you, but on them. Even those who have no sympathy with your movement, will burn at such a rumor. The better the citizen, the more a lover of home and order, the more outraged he will be. Every man in the city with a child of his own will rise against the Palace."

"Madame," the leader had said, "you should be of the Committee."

But she had ignored the speech contemptuously, and gone on to other things.

Now everything was arranged. Black Humbert had put his niece to work on a

carnival dress for a small boy, and had stayed her curiosity by a hint that it was for the American lad.

"They are comfortable tenants," he had said. "Not lavish, perhaps, as rich Americans should be. But orderly, and pleasant. The boy has good manners. It would be well to please him."

So the niece, sewing in the back room, watched Bobby in and out, with pleasant mysteries in her eyes, and sewing, sang the song the cathedral chimed:

"Draw me also, Mary mild,
To adore thee and thy Child!
Mary mild
Star in desert drear and wild."

So she sang, and sewed, and measured Bobby's height as he passed by the wainscoting in the passage, and cunningly cut a pattern.

"So high," she reflected, humming, "is his shoulder. And so, to this panel, should go the little trousers. '*Star in desert drear and wild.*'"

Now and then, in the evenings, when the Americans were away, and Bobby snug in bed with Tucker on the tiny feather comfort at his feet, the Fräulein would come down-stairs and sit in Black Humbert's room. At such times the niece would be sent on an errand, and the two would talk. The niece, who although she had no lover, was on the lookout for love, suspected a romance of the middle-aged, and smiled in the half-darkness of the street. Smiled with a touch of malice, as one who has pierced the armor of the fortress, and knows its weakness.

But it was not of love that Humbert and the Fräulein talked.

Herman Spier was busy in those days, and making plans. Thus, day by day, he dined in the restaurant where the little Marie, now weary of her husband, sat in idle intervals behind the cashier's desk, and watched the grass in the Place emerge from its winter hiding-place. When she turned her eyes to the room, frequently she encountered those of Herman Spier, pale yet burning, fixed on her. And at least, one day when her husband lay lame with sciatica, she left the desk and paused by Herman's table.

"You come frequently now," she observed.

"It is that you like us here, or that you have risen in the shop?"

"I have left the shop," said Herman, staring at her. Flesh, in a moderate amount suited her well. He liked plump

women. They were, if you please, an armful. "And I come to see you."

"Left the shop!" Marie exclaimed. "And Peter Niburg—he has left also? I never see him."

"No," said Herman, noncommittally.

"He is ill, perhaps?"

"He is dead," said Herman, devouring her with his eyes.

"Dead!" She put a hand to her plump side.

"Aye. Shot as a spy." He took another piece of the excellent pigeon pie. Marie, meantime, lost all her looks, grew pasty white.

"Of the—the Terrorists?" she demanded, in a whisper.

"Terrorists! No. Of Karnia. He was no patriot."

So the little Marie went back to her desk, and to her staring out over the Place in intervals of business. And what she thought of no one can know. But that night, and thereafter, she was very tender to her spouse, and put cloths soaked in hot turpentine water on his aching thigh.

On the surface, things went on as usual at the Palace. Karl's visit had been but for a day or two. He had met the Council in session, and had had, because of their growing alarm, rather his own way with them.

But although he had pointed to the King's condition and theirs—as an argument for immediate marriage—he failed. The thing would be done, but properly and in good time. They had a signed agreement to stand behind them, and were in no hurry to pay his price. Karl left them in a bad temper, well concealed, and had the pleasure of being hissed through the streets.

But he comforted himself with the thought of Hedwig. He had taken her in his arms before he left, and she had made no resistance. She had even, in view of all that was at stake, made a desperate effort to return his kiss, and found herself trembling afterward.

In two weeks, he whispered, he was to return to her.

On the day after the dinner-party Otto went to an hospital with Miss Braithwaite. It was the custom of the Palace to send the flowers from its spectacular functions to the hospitals, and the Crown Prince delighted in these errands.

So they went, escorted by the functionaries of the hospital, past the military wards, where soldiers in shabby uniforms sat on benches in the spring sunshine, to the general wards beyond. The Crown Prince was almost hidden behind the armful he carried. Miss Braithwaite had all she could hold. A convalescent patient in slippers many sizes too large for him, wheeled the remainder in a barrow, and almost upset the barrow in his excitement.

Through long corridors into wards fresh-scrubbed against his arrival, with white counterpanes exactly square, and patients forbidden to move and disturb the geometrical exactness of the beds, went Prince Ferdinand William Otto. At each bed he stopped, selected a flower, and held it out. Some there were who reached out, and took it with a smile. Others lay still, and saw neither boy nor blossom.

"They sleep, Highness," the nurse would say.

"But their eyes are open."

"They are very weary, and resting."

In such cases he placed the flower on the pillow, and went on.

One such, however, lying with vacant eyes fixed on the ceiling, turned and glanced at the boy, and into his empty gaze crept a faint intelligence. It was not much. He seemed to question with his eyes. That was all. As the little procession moved on, however, he raised himself on his elbow.

"Lie down!" said the man in the next bed sharply.

"Who was that?"

The ward, which might have been interested, was busy keeping its covers straight, and in following the progress of the party. For the man had not spoken before.

"The Crown Prince."

The sick man lay back and closed his eyes. Soon he slept. His comrade in the next bed beckoned to a sister.

"He has spoken," he said. "Either he recovers, or—he dies."

But, again Haeckel did not die. He lived to do his part in the coming crisis, to prove that even the great hands of Black Humbert on his throat were not so strong as his own young spirit, lived indeed to confront the Terrorist as one risen from the dead. But that day he lay and slept, by curious irony the flower from Karl's banquet in a cup of water beside him.

WHEN THE CIRCUS GOES TO WAR



By Courtney Ryley Cooper

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

THIS article tells an inside story of the circus—how it fights to live and lives to fight. Mr. Cooper, the author of some hundred fiction stories of the circus, is also an active circus man, having been “in the game” about fifteen years. His beginning was a runaway adventure in which he joined a small circus as a clown, side-show spieler, general roustabout, and wagon-painter—in fact, anything to keep the salary coming. Since then, however, he has been general press representative for various attractions, among them the late Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and also has been the personal representative of the owners with one of the largest circuses on the road. Hence his facts have been gathered from experiences, and from many a story of the “stake and chain wagon,” on the circus lot itself.—THE EDITOR.

CHARLIE ROBINS was a “townner.” A lifelong friend, and all that, but a townner just the same. Any one who isn’t in the circus game is a “townner” or “town-guy” or a “dough bird” or “rube” or “thistle chin”—according to the locality—and there isn’t a bit of rancor in the use of the terms, either. A circus man must have his own names for things—he’s just as likely to call himself a tent-squirrel or a saw-dust eater. It all goes with the life, with the big tops and the parade and

the squall of the kidshow band and the shriek of the calliope.

Anyway, Charlie was a townner, and all day I had been waiting for him to say it. Every townner says it sooner or later. It’s bound to come, just as sure as soup in the cookhouse or cuss-words when an eight-horse driver gets his lines tangled and the lead horses fouled in the mud on a bad haul to the circus lot. So I hardly paid any attention when his eyes went rather wistful and he remarked with a little sigh:

"Gee, I wish I was with a circus!"

Charlie said it just as he opened the door of his machine to drive me down to the sleepers. The night show was over. The chandeliers were dark—except the few gas-line flares scattered around the flattened big top to point out the half hitches of the main guys that still held the bare poles in place. Here and there a spotlight flared, sending great streaks of light across the circus lot. Men were hurrying about and

foot on the starter, Charlie Robins amplified his statement:

"Yep, it sure must be great. And say, the money a show can take out of a town! Last year, there were two shows here on the same day. I guess between 'em they must have made fifteen or twenty thousand dollars!"

Now, had Charlie been a real towner, the statement wouldn't even have been answered. It's a little rule of the big tops—



"GEE, I WISH I WAS WITH A CIRCUS!" EVERY "TOWNER" SAYS IT SOONER OR LATER.

shouting. Wagons were grumbling and rocking as their eight- and ten-horse teams dragged them slowly toward the loading-runs of our train, a quarter mile away.

Bill Ricketts, boss hostler, passed, yelping musically as he sent his orders far across the lot. A few feet farther, Cap Edwards, boss canvasman, argued the subject of laziness with a gang of roughnecks. Far across the flats, the carbide torches were gleaming at the runs, dimly lighting the activities of the pull-up teams, the hurrying razor-backs or carloaders, the rushing bosses, and the dun shape of the snackstand, where the "kinkers," or performers, were downing their sandwiches and "cup o'jav" before going to their sleepers.

After all, it did look rather romantic, with its lights and shadows and flitting forms, and I really didn't blame Charlie for his towner remark. But as he pushed his

any tent is a top in the circus game—to let a towner say or think anything he wants to. But Charlie was an old friend, even if he was inexperienced, so I laughed and went into the matter.

"How much did they make?"

"Fifteen or twenty thousand, the paper said."

"Charlie," I couldn't help laughing again, "you wouldn't get mad if I said you were a cuckoo? And that the editor of the paper was in the same fix? Because the truth of the matter is that when the Great and Only and the World's Wonderful were here last year, they lost about two thousand apiece on the day."

"Dollars?"

"Good hard bones, bucks, dollars!"

"But their tents were packed!"

"Sure. But half of it was paper—passes. And it cost 'em something to come in here



and make the fight. Ever think of that? Just for instance, they had this whole country slathered with billing for forty miles around, didn't they? All right; every bit of that paper cost

from three to six cents a sheet. Twenty thousand sheets of printing—figure it up yourself. Each one of those canvas operas had fully a hundred men apiece in this town at various times for two months ahead, fighting for space on anything from a 'banner hit' on a dead brick wall, to a drug-store window or an ash-can. And each one of those banner guys, daub brothers, tack spitters, lithographers, and squarers——"

"Those what?" Circus terms are a bit confusing to a townner.

"Never mind, they all go under the gen-



IT'S A SORT OF WILD-ANIMAL THING, THIS CIRCUS LIFE.

eral name of billing crews. And they all get from fourteen dollars a week, for the lowest, to thirty-five and forty dollars for the managers, besides bed and board. So figure that up."

Charlie whistled. "Some expense!"

"Oh no, that's just the beginning. Perhaps it didn't come out in the paper about the smart contracting agent for the Great and Only. How he blew in here and thought he'd squared his own license and then framed the city council to put over a five-hundred-dollars-a-day stinger for the World's Wonderful? And how the thing backfired on him so that it cost him five hundred dollars, too?"

"No, I didn't see that."

"Or that the Great and Only had trouble getting here?"

"Yes, hot boxes. There was a little article in the paper about that."

I couldn't help grinning in the darkness. Sand in car journals is an old story of "dirty opposition." But there were more things coming to Charlie.

"Remember anything happening to one of the World's Wonderful parade tableaux right in front of the Great and Only's parade?"

"That's right! We waited an hour or more for the Great and Only parade after the World's Wonderful had passed. A lot of the people got tired and went out to the World's Wonderful. Men went along the street yelling that the Great and Only parade wasn't coming."

"That is just what the tableau wagon was broken down for. But the Great and Only went around another street off the regular parade route. And naturally a rube had to be there with a pair of green horses that got scared of the bulls——"

"Huh?"

"Bulls—elephants—and ran away, while the "fixer" for the Great and Only had to

a yelp that he had to have five hundred dollars or he'd get out an attachment—and that it cost one hundred dollars to square him up?"

No, Charlie didn't know that either.

"Or that the agents for both shows spent money like a bunch of millionaires, buying pages in the newspapers to tell the people what a bunch of bums and crooks each other was?"

Charlie laughed. "Yes, I saw the advertisements, but everybody thought it was just a scheme to get up interest. It sometimes happens."

"Not at double the commercial advertising rates. And seeing you're interested, I'll go a little farther. Those passes I was talking about; you didn't know, of course, that every city official had all the tickets the agents could force on them. That the mayor had two hundred, the chief of police the same, and every front-office dick and harness bull on the force a couple of hundred, and so on down to the city impounder? Or that each of the 'canvas operas' spent half its time paying fines



ANYBODY WHO'S EVER BEEN WITH THE BIG TOPS WILL TELL YOU HE HATES THE BUSINESS——

fork over three hundred dollars to 'square the squawk.' I don't guess that came out. And I don't guess it came out, either, that the Great and Only got even by framing up a bird who owned a small part of the World's Wonderful showgrounds to let out

and then getting the bill-posters and working men and razorbacks, and even the managers of the other show pinched so they could pay fines too? Or that provision men, hay men, grocers, bakers, and everybody else stuck the shows double prices, just



BUT WHEN THE MENAGERIE DENS ARE BRIGHT WITH PAINT, THERE HE IS——



READY FOR ANY KIND OF JOB, FROM RAZORBACK TO PONY PUNK.

because they knew they were fighting and could get it? Or that——"

Charlie's laugh cut me short. "I'm convinced! You've shown me enough. Now tell me one thing—why did it happen?"

"Why? Because there was a circus war on."

"But why the circus war? Neither side made any money at it."

"Correct."

"Either one of them could have switched their dates, as I believe you call it, and shown in some other town, couldn't they?"

"Sure."

"Then why? Why should they want to burn up their money, and cause each other trouble and damage and all that sort of thing?"

I could only laugh and shrug my shoulders. "You'll have to ask somebody older than I am, Charlie. It's born in us. Those

boys in the trenches over in Europe aren't any worse than we are when it comes to a 'clem' or a rough-house. We'll play our last pile of chips and bet our last penny and then back it up with our fists. It's circus nature—there isn't any 'why' to it."

After that, Charlie took me down to the sleepers, then sat looking at the conglomeration of busy beasts and humanity at the loading runs, before he said good-by. But when he shook my hand in farewell, he laughed a bit and said:

"It's a queer business, isn't it?"

That's it. It is a queer business—and it's primitive. The circus isn't a new thing. It had its beginnings back in the Coliseum, when lions and tigers ate up enemies of the emperors, and the audience yelled for more. It was a queer business then and it's been a queer business ever since.

For, let it be known, a circus is only tinsel



TENT-SQUIRREL OR SAWDUST-EATER, IT ALL GOES WITH THE LIFE.

as far as the towner is concerned. The only place you'll find tinsel behind the scenes of a "canvas opera" is in the property wagon—and it's kept there for exhibition purposes. It doesn't enter into the lives of the persons who make the circus—for to those who drag the "trick" from the chilling days of spring, on through the sizzling summer, and on to the frosty autumn, it's another story: a story of grief, of tribulations, of work, work, work; of danger and a steady fight for existence.

And the people who are in the game are there because of the primitive, wandering call of their blood, a call that dates back for generations. Anybody who's ever been with the big tops will tell you that he hates the business. It's dirty, it's rotten, it's nerve-racking, and if he can ever get to the place where he can have a little farm and a few chickens and a couple of hogs rooting around, no mud-colored circus big top is ever going to see *him* again. But when the bluebird sings in the spring, and the menagerie dens are bright with the paint that will remain gloriously shining until the first bad day in the mud, there he is, his eyes bulging, his whole being a-fret to "get with it" at any kind of job, from razorback to pony punk. And from the laboring class on up to the highest position, that call of the blood is all the same.

I believe I know. I've been a five-dollars-a-week clown and a one-hundred-dollars-a-week (private car thrown in) owner's representative. And I've done my swearing off, too, only to show up in the spring, tickled to death to start out again quarreling with business managers of newspapers; "squaring the sheriff" when the "bill car" is lying on a sidetrack, a half mile outside of town, and the entire city administration, from the mayor to the garbage collector, is busily causing the arrest of every man who even looks like a bill-poster—on the assertions of some other circus that he is guilty of everything from defacement of property to malicious mayhem.

It's a sort of wild-animal thing, this circus life. You fight the elements, and they're all against you. You fight against benighted public opinion that believes circuses are wicked and that every one of them carries a special train of robbers. Perhaps there was a time when they did; but the "educational department," in spite of the money it raked in through the shell game and the "cologne joint," proved unprofitable from a strictly business standpoint.

You fight against Fate—every railroad run may mean a wreck, with death from fire or liberated "cat" animals. Any wind may develop into a "blowdown," with the tents catching fire from the chandeliers, with the

seats crashing, the ton-heavy poles falling, and the "bulls" stampeding in the menagerie.

From the time the raucous-voiced twenty-four-hour man yelps his way along the train, in the mists of dawn until the "highball" sounds from the engine of the last train of paraphernalia at night, it's fight and work, work and fight, every inch of the way. And so, with fights of various sorts on every side, is it any wonder that circuses should fight among themselves—?

But whether there's a reason or whether there isn't, they do it. They fight as they live—by every means and with every ounce of strength that's in them. Say "clem" to a circus man and a grin will find its way to his face—for "clem" means fight, in circus parlance. He may pretend to hate it, he may pretend to be energetically pushing the circus upward, but down in his breast he just naturally loves to fight. And outside New York—for five million persons is too big a crowd for fighting purposes, affording no chance to swing the whole populace one way or another—he indulges freely.

Perhaps, if you're one of those persons who do not live within the radius of the subway, you've wondered at the fact that the flaring announcements of one show, plastered upon barns and fences and out-houses, sometimes disappear overnight, giv-

ing way to a coating of a differently owned set of marvels, advertised for a latter date, with the squawking announcement:

WAIT FOR THE BIG SHOW!

WAIT—WAIT—WAIT!

And the gently humorous thing about the whole affair lies in the fact that the first circus to appear is probably twice as large as the one that nips at its heels. But little things like real facts don't make much difference when a couple of circuses take it into their heads to start squabbling. For instance, several years ago, during one of the sieges of warfare that happened between two rival shows in Iowa, this announcement occupied a full page of a newspaper:

"Do you want your leg broken?"

"Do you want to be injured for life?"

"Do you want to be carried away in an ambulance?"

"Do you want to be a part of a panic?"

"No? Then do not attend the Blank and Blank circus—"

ITS SEATS ARE NOT SAFE!"

And the queer part of it all was that Blank and Blank had spent ten thousand dollars that winter, to install a system of seats that could stand twice the weight that might be piled upon them—while the show



AND THE SQUALL OF THE KIDSHOW BAND AND THE SHRIEK OF THE CALLIOPE.



THE TOWNER SEES ONLY THE "GRAND-D-D-D-D, GLITTERING-G-G-G-G AN' GLORIOUS-S-S-S PAY-RADE."

that had done the advertising clung to a system thirty years old!

But it all went with the game. When the bars are down in circus warfare, almost anything can happen. Last summer, a man leaped from a train at a small station in Oregon and rushed to the freight-agent.

"Listen, pal," he began excitedly. "I'm a circus guy. With th' Great Marvelous circus. Here, ol' kid, have a couple o' passes. They'll be good in Portland—we ain't comin' here. But that ain't what I wanted t' talk about. You've got some printin' here for th' Great Marvelous?"

"Yes."

"Fine and dandy. When's th' next train out o' here for Portland?"

"To-night at 8:50."

"Better and better. We've got to get that there printin' on that train. What'll the express be?"

"Express?" The freight-agent gasped. "Express on that stuff? It weighs more than a ton!"

"Can't help if it weighs ten tons. We've had t' change our route an' we've got t' get that stuff into Portland on th' first train! Get me, pal?"

Out came a roll of bills. The freight and express charges on the lithographing were paid for. The bills of lading were handed over. That night, when the 8:50 train left for Portland, it carried more than a ton of

boxed matter, which, on its arrival, was transferred and again sent, this time by freight, to Ballinger, Texas.

Three days afterward, a flaringly painted advertising car rolled into the little Oregon town and was switched to a side-track. A short, fussy man went to the freight-office.

"Howdy," he began happily. "Where's my paper?"

"What paper?"

"Why, that paper for the Great Marvelous! Ain't it here?"

"Here and gone," said the freight-agent; "your other man attended to it—had it sent by express to Portland."

"Express?" The car manager's face went white. "Who did it?"

"Don't know his name—but I guess it's on the bill of lading. Wait a minute."

But the little man swore instead, swore long and loud and fulsomely. He pulled at his tousled black hair and swore some more. He looked at the bills of lading and swore still louder. The name was fictitious—naturally. "Dirty opposition" had done its work. The man who had sent the paper to Portland wasn't an agent for the Great Marvelous. Instead, he was the opposition agent of a rival circus, who had worked as a bill-poster on the Great Marvelous bill car just long enough to steal those bills of lading, jump ahead, and send that paper out of reach—a month's supply of



THE ROAR OF THE BALLYHOO STAND RINGING IN THEIR EARS.

lithographs, banners, and other printed matter that had come from the printing-house back East, impossible to duplicate within three weeks! Hence the swear words.

For, naturally, the result was that the Great Marvelous went through weeks of territory practically unannounced, while the bills of the rival glared everywhere. It was just one of the tricks of the trade.

And what a glorious variety of tricks they are! Often, when a circus is infringing upon what another circus believes to be its own particular God-given territory, a perspiring, hurrying man, the fixer, shoots out of the "opening jam" of a circus lot, to seek the manager and lead him far to one side.

"Dirty opposition!" he gasps in a voice seething with indignation. "Dirty opposition, that's what it is! Of all th' dirty, low down bunch o' crooks in th' world, that Big Show gang's th' worst.

"Know what they've done? No? Well, lemme tell you somethin'—there's goin' to be more squawks around this dump in a half-hour than you can shake a stick at. I've got jerry to Woolly th' Wop, Soapy Mike, Pittsburgh Pete, an' Handy Harris! And how many more dips and guns and cons and mobmen there are out there is more'n I can guess. They've nipped half the pokes in that jam by now!"

From all of which the manager learns that dirty opposition is working, and that

his circus suddenly has been infested with everything from pickpockets to confidence men, who are robbing every one within reach. And the fact that they have been hired by an opposition circus to cause trouble, suits, losses, and disagreeable publicity, is all the more nettling.

So it goes. Sand finds its way into car journals, causing hot boxes and a delay in the arrival of the show trains. Poison sometimes gets into the meat that is fed the "principal" animal act, with the result that tigers and lions turn their toes to the sun and the circus loses one of its best acts. Wagon wheels come off mysteriously—it is easy to loosen the nuts of a wagon in the darkness of night on a circus lot. Health departments receive sudden announcements of epidemics among people or stock, and hold the circus until both can be examined. Working men are bought away, and delays created by every scheme and device. Fighting circuses have even accused each other of throwing railroad switches and causing wrecks. Taking it by and large, "dirty opposition" is a gay and exciting existence.

And where it all began is beyond the annals of circusdom. It was here before we came into the game. Grizzled old men around the stake-and-chain wagon tell stories that were history when they were children. Years of warfare, then short spasms of peace and "gentlemanly conduct"—such

is the history of the circus from the time of Barnum. Then men called each other thieves and cutthroats and robbers and embezzlers and burglars through the newspapers, and the circus magnate who owned the most vitriolic press-agent was, by far, the wisest showman.

Occasional declarations of peace between some members do not mean, in the least, a declaration for the whole world. The Balkans of the circus world are still at it.

Go into Sedalia, Marshall, or Booneville, Missouri; Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, and a hundred other towns and you will still find the plastered banners of one show atop the other, where various organizations fought last season. Go into California, and you will hear the stories of the fight between the Barnes Wild Animal Circus and Robinson Ten Big Shows that started while the snow was still on the ground back East in the winter of 1916, and lasted until Providence parted the pathways of the organizations. Go into the East and the West—it's all the same; you'll find shows fighting this year as they were last, and for years before that.

For peace is almost as uncertain a quantity in the land of the tops as it is in the trench-lined map of Europe. Indeed, it is a quantity which can be easily set aside in the circus world. The lust of battle is born in the circus man. To the bill-poster, an "illuminated lamp" is a privilege if it comes from a struggle to gain a location for his posters. And more than one time in the annals of circus warfare have battles come from absolute peace—have plots been born and "dirty opposition" brought forth from calm complacency.

Last year, in a southern Missouri town, the advance cars of two circuses stood side by side on their switch tracks. One car was "billing" the town. The other was awaiting a transfer to another road, that it might be taken to a small city twenty miles away. Peace reigned, through one of the many agreements constantly being made in the circus world. The first circus was not to "cover" the second circus's paper, and like "gentlemanly conduct" was to be observed by the other side. Each show was to bill the country to a division line between the two towns. All was calm and quiet and lovely. And then—

It was dawn. A fist banged upon the door of a car manager's stateroom.

"Look at that!" bawled a bill-poster, as he pointed to a flaring announcement on a brick wall opposite. Where the bills of the first circus had shown the night before, now glared the bills of the second. Wildly the car manager stared, gulped, and then turned, howling to the sleeping crew.

"Out o' them bunks!" he roared. "Out o' there! They're coverin' our paper! Get out an' grease everything they've got! Dirty opposition, eh? We'll show 'em!"

And for three glorious days they fought, covered and recovered billing, punched noses and got into jail. It spread to the management. From peace had come warfare, and all that went with it. And when the season was over, when the bill cars were closed for the season and the animals put away in their steam-heated menagerie houses, the truth came out.

That "covered" stand of circus paper which had caused two months of warfare had been done by the indignant bill-poster who had awakened the car manager! Quietly he had left his bunk, stolen into the other advertising car, appropriated enough bills to cover the paper that already had been put up, then gone forth and pasted the advertising matter of a rival circus on top of that of his own. And simply for the reason that the spirit of the circus was strong within him, and peace had palled. He wanted the warfare that every true circus man loves—and he got it.

Incidentally, two business organizations of the amusement world paid a premium of nearly ten thousand dollars.

But just as it is in real warfare, so is it in the warfare of the circus—dollars fail to count when the battle-cry goes forth. In fact, nothing counts save that call of a primitive heart: "Fight—fight—fight!"

But naturally, I couldn't have told Charlie Robins that. It would have taken too long; and, besides, Charlie still had the glitter and tinsel in his eyes, and the roar of the ballyhoo stand before the kidshow ringing in his ears. And to a towner, who sees only the "grand-d-d-d-d-d, glittering-g-g-g-g-g an' glorious-s-s-s pay-rade," who sits high on the seats and sees the performance go past smoothly and evenly, who thinks a circus just comes and just goes, it might be a rather hard proposition for argument. But many a queer thing is found beneath the surface. Often the finest mahogany is only cotton-wood under the veneer.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



HEADING AND SKETCHES
BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

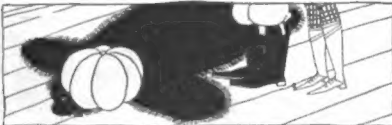
THE man who was seeking a home said to the agent: "What I want is a place with a fine view."

The agent, who was rich in places of all sorts, immediately exclaimed:

"Here, I've got just what you are looking for. But it will cost you a little more than the one I've just shown you."

"Are you sure the view is all right?" continued the home-seeker.

"Why, man, it couldn't be better! By simply going on your roof you can see a big-league base-ball game."



A YOUNG lawyer down in Florida was running for a certain office, and with the idea of getting their vote, undertook to cultivate the acquaintance of all the "crackers" (country people) for miles around.

Stopping his horse one evening in front of a little shanty, he inquired of the old man lounging against the door if he might spend the night at his home. "Sure, partner," said the old

man, "stop and 'light." The lawyer "'lighted" and followed him into his abode, which consisted of one room with a bear skin stretched out in one corner, the trophy of a hunt and also the only bed of the hunter. A pumpkin served him for a pillow. In answer to the lawyer's wondering look as to where he was going to sleep, the "cracker" pointed to the bear skin, saying with great magnanimity, "Stranger, I tell ye what we'll do—ye take the punkin and the b'ar skin, and I'll rough it!"



A TRAVELER who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle, hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump, he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

"Thank God, they are Christians!"

THE engineer of the limited blew his whistle for the man to get off the track. To his astonishment, the offender turned and commenced to run down the track as hard as he could go. The engineer, fearing that he would run over the man, put on brakes and came to a stop.

"You crazy fool!" he shouted, "didn't you have enough sense to get out of the way?"

"Be jabbers!" came the reply, "if I couldn't bate it on this smooth path, phat chance do yez think I'd have running across a plowed field?"



THE experiment tried by a railroad company, down in Oklahoma, of working section gangs composed of Mexicans and negroes has been abandoned, due to the war and the following incident: Negro Dick and Mexican Louis belonged to the same gang. They worked side by side in peace for several days, and were apparently the best of friends, until one afternoon when the hours lengthened and the shovel in the hands of each moved slowly. The conversation between them grew intimate and cordial. All distinctions of race and nationality seemingly had been obliterated, when Dick said:

"Louis, if de United States wuz to go to wah wid Mexico, what side would you fight wid?"

"I fight for Mexico, sure," said Louis, coming to attention and swinging his shovel to right shoulder. Dick, regarding both the speech and the attitude as belligerent, drew out:

"Am dat so? Wah am decla'd right heah and now," and landed with his shovel on Louis's head. The engagement was brief but sanguinary. As a result, Louis is receiving treatment in a local hospital, and Dick has been promoted to the head of a section gang composed entirely of negroes.



IN A small Southern city the first airship exhibition was about to be held. A large crowd was on hand, among them being an old negro. The aviator inspected his machine for the last time, took his seat, started his motor and was soon soaring above the crowd. The old negro gazed upward very thoughtfully for a minute and then was heard to exclaim:

"Sho thing dey won't need no Jim Crow cars on dem things!"

MULFORD: Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I have not heard her lately.

STILFORD: Since we have had children she has had no time.

MULFORD: Ah, children are such a blessing!



A KANSAS CITY man, who is very active in the affairs of his lodge, was spending the week-end at Excelsior Springs, a near-by mineral-water resort. He confided to a friend that he would like to scrape an acquaintance with a striking-looking woman they were both admiring.

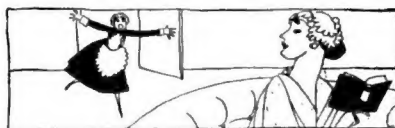
"Why don't you try?" asked the friend.

"Couldn't think of flirting with her," came the horrified reply. "Her husband and I are brother lodge-members."

The next week-end the friend again went to the springs. On one of the prominent promenades he soon saw the lodge member and the striking-looking woman they had admired, walking arm-in-arm and apparently much taken up with each other. At the first chance he asked his friend for an explanation.

"Thought her husband was a lodge brother of yours," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "I looked him up on the books, and he hadn't paid his dues!"



ELLEN rushed into her mistress' apartment and cried:

"Please, Mrs. Midgley, Kate has been tryin' to light the fire with paraffin, an' she's been blown out of the window!"

"Oh, well, it's her day out, is it not?" calmly rejoined the mistress.



"WAITER," he said indulgently but firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Why, then, why, do you bring me only eleven?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly.

"Sir," he said calmly, "none of our patrons cares to sit thirteen at table."